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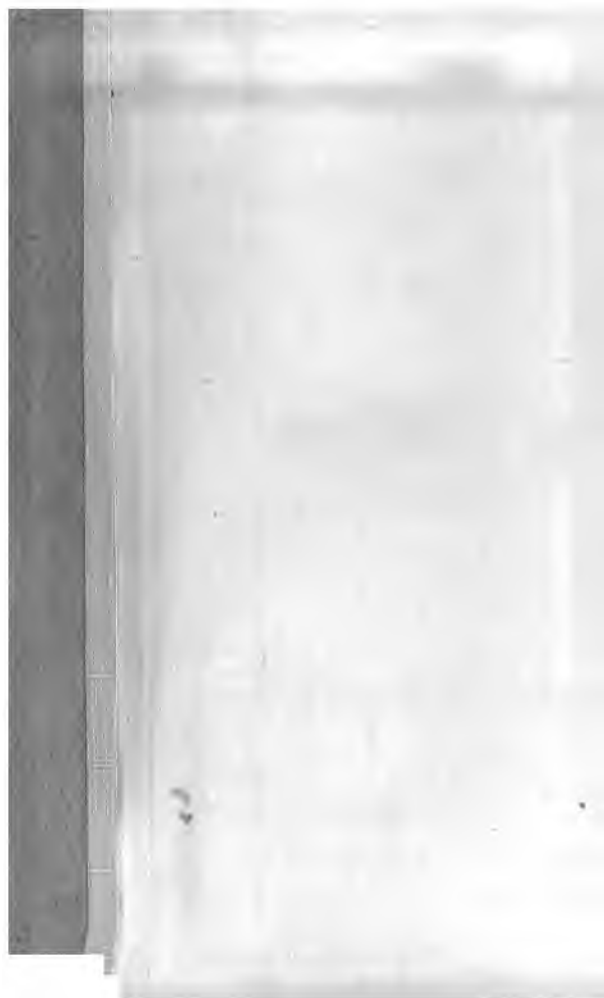




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# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION:

A Poem.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY THOMAS WARD, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE, LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, NOTE  
TO JUSTIFY THE FACTS RELATED, AND SEVERAL  
ADDITIONS FAITHFULLY EXTRACTED FROM  
THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT.

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## PUBLISHER'S PREF

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At a time like the present, when we thought that the foul tongue of religious calumny had sunk into the bosom of eternal night, we have been no further necessity for the author of this work, than barely to record its existence, and the misrepresentation which daily emanates from the pulpit and the press, for the express purpose of vilifying an innocent and unoffending body. It is therefore indispensably necessary that we should employ this latter weapon in our own defence. It is not only not consonant with the doctrines of our religion, but for its ministers to occupy their time, or of their hearers, in declaiming against the virtues of persons holding tenets opposed to their own; but when Protestants think proper to present the *whole* body of our religious community as guilty, they have an undoubted right to retort in the best possible manner. In this case we abide by truth, the justice of our cause is self-evident, and we abortive the wily machinations of our ene-

"Thrice is he armed whose cause is just,  
And he but naked, though wrapt up in  
Whose conscience with injustice is poll-

With this view, we cannot permit the opportunity to escape, without noticing some falsehoods which have been charged upon us. Not that we wish to enter the lists of controversy, or to give offence to any *particular* body, but merely to notice some of the many palpable errors which sectarians have endeavored to inculcate in the minds of their deluded proselytes, and to enter into the particulars of these

for the further illustration of the fact following pages, it will be necessary to give a short sketch of the rise of the preterite and the most conspicuous sects which have arisen since that event: thereby rendering the volume more conversant with the circumstances of the times.

About the year 1517, pope Leo X. for the purpose of rebuilding the church of St. Peter, which had suffered much from the corroding influence of the preceding twelve hundred years, finding the money in the treasury inadequate to the cost of so extensive an undertaking, his holiness, in the eleemosynary aid of the faithful; for the furtherance of the object, he annexed the grant of an indulgence to their religious contributions. In Germany, on similar occasions, it had been the custom to appoint the Austin friars to publish these indulgences in the pulpit. At this time, however, the Dominicans were appointed to this office. The consequence of the preference given to the Dominicans, and the dignity of their order considerably diminished the popularity of the Austin friars, who held forth warmly against the insult which they imagined had been offered to them. The forward person in these proceedings was the monk Martin Luther, a man of a most warm temper, fond of novelty, and enjoyed great delight in exposing and adopting the errors of John Hus. His sermons were full of invectives against the monks of the Dominicans, whom he charged with disgraceful crimes. Whether they were guilty of these excesses or not, his turbulent spirit suffered him to remain idle; and his nature, which was for innovation, no doubt, determined him in the work of reform. The elector of Saxony, and Philip of Hesse, both of whom he allowed the privilege of two wives at a time, openly espoused his cause. Encouraged by these persons, he not only attacked the Dominicans, but actually called in question the pope's ecclesiastical authority.

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Upon these proceedings becoming known in the several states of Europe, numbers of the faithful were alarmed; and several treatises were written against this daring innovator. In this number was our Henry VIII. who, in order to stop the further progress of his pernicious doctrines, wrote a Latin treatise against Luther's principles; and pope Leo, as a reward for his service, conferred on the king the title of *the Defender of the Faith*.\* Henry, however, was not always actuated with the same zeal for the faith: and the events we are now proceeding to relate, we conceive were the master-key which led to the so much boasted of reformation, and not the scruples of Henry's tender conscience, as asserted by Protestant writers.

It is stated by historians, that when Henry ascended the English throne, the people had promised themselves a release from the heavy burdens which had been placed upon them during the preceding reign resulting from the avaricious disposition of his father. They were, however, deceived in the good opinion which they had formed of the liberality of the young monarch; for this principle was sometimes carried to such a degree of profusion, and so ill applied, that it ultimately tended to the oppression of his subjects. He was fond of study, a friend to learning, and possessed all the polite accomplishments of the age. To all these qualifications, nature had given him a most engaging person; and his subjects were so prepossessed in his favor, in the early part of his reign, that the vices of vehemence, ardor, and impatience, to which he was remarkably addicted, were considered as the faults of youth, that time would eradicate; but which, in the latter part of his reign, degenerated into tyranny and cruelty. His first queen was Catharine of Arragon, Charles the Fifth's aunt, and mother of the princess Mary, who afterwards governed the kingdom. Henry, being enamored of Anna Boleyn, one of the

\* The work was entitled, "A Treatise upon the Seven Sacraments," and attracted universal notice on account of its royal author. Henry assumed to himself the whole merit of this elaborate work; though Bishop Fisher is generally thought to have had the principal hand in its composition. Ch. Hist.



queen's maids of honor, the object of his wish, with matrimony with the soliciting the pope for a divorce. To this measure he had minister, Wolsey, a keen, actor, who knew well his master. It appears that more by motives of reverence to his sovereign; for on that he aspired to the pontifical. Charles the Fifth had perceived Wolsey finding that the form his engagement, perceived his alliance with that monarch, him to sue for a divorce gratifying his own reverence to the licentiousness of his cardinal represented to Henry that he be accomplished, and an affair. Wolsey used his much-wished-for instrument then filled St. Peter's chair, interposed so effectually queen Catharine, that his marriage. The failure of Wolsey's first cause of Henry's dismissed of the cardinal available to ruin him. The king soon after seized upon and impeached him of high treason, were too severe for the king to bear; he died at Leicester, the just reward of Henry, with the advantage of whom he afterwards carried (whom he afterwards carried away), and several other persons over to the king's views, and methods for the attainment of his holy see, finding the pope's resolution, threw off all the yoke of a great part of his

heavy fine on the clergy, and endeavored to extort from them a confession, that "the king was supreme head of the church." Having thus set the power of the pope at defiance, he privately married Anna Boleyn. His new queen proving pregnant, he caused the obsequious Cranmer to annul his marriage with Catharine of Arragon; which was accordingly done Henry ratifying his alliance with his new consort. Upon information of these proceedings being received at Rome, the pope cited Henry to appear before him for the justification of his conduct; but the latter treating the mandate with contempt, and passing several decrees operating against the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the pope in England, his holiness pronounced the sentence of excommunication against him.

When this circumstance was made known to Henry, he became outrageous; and for the purpose of pacifying the minds of his subjects, he assembled a parliament in 1534, who, in compliance with his will passed several laws totally destructive of the authority of his holiness in England, and confirmed his recent acts relating to his first queen and Anna Boleyn. The king's supremacy, likewise, being established by parliament, orders were given out for all bodies of men to subscribe to the instrument; and large pecuniary offers were made to those inflexible defenders of the faith, sir Thomas More and bishop Fisher, to bring them over to the king's views, but without effect. In consequence of their non-compliance, these two patrons of virtue were attainted of high treason and suffered death. By virtue of parliament, Henry being declared "Supreme head of the Church," and possessing the power of receiving all ecclesiastical dues, "to visit and repress, reform, restrain, or amend all errors, heresies, abuses, and enormities which fell under any spiritual authority or jurisdiction," for the purpose of replenishing his empty coffers, he formed the plan of ruining the whole of the monastic institutions in the country. Persons of most notorious character were empowered to visit the different monasteries; and on their report, not less than

monasteries, 90 colleges, chapels, and 110 hospitals demolition was ratified by ture. The pretence set up the disburthening of the ulterior events showed the monarch. The whole and blishments was £161,000; among Henry's favorites. says the author of the History "passion pushed him on to the living. The rich shrine bury tempted his rapacity which that holy prelate had with a pretext the most virtuous tomb. Near four hundred martyr's death; his memoir held in singular veneration Henry ordered him to be against his sovereign, Henry on foot; the saint was arraigned, and condemned were dug up, burnt, and the rich donaries of gold, silver adorned his tomb, were treasury."

During the transaction stances, Protestantism was under the protection of Cranmer, and others. The giving orders for a new translation printed, gave the followers inexpressible joy; but unfortunately patroness being charged with headed. The absurdities in these copies of the Holy commented upon by the poem, in his Errata, &c. execution of the late queen mother of Edward VI. of whom Ann of Cleves was his next whom, he took such a disgust

## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

procured a divorce, and put her away. Henry married Catharine Howard, niece to the duke of Norfolk: her he accused of antinuptial incontinence, and caused her to be beheaded. A widow, Catharine Parr, was his next consort; who most probably have fallen a sacrifice to his cruelty, on the pretext of religion (she being suspected of Lutheranism); her death put a period to his despotic career. "In the eighteen years of his life," says Mr. Reeve, "he witnessed one continued scene of rapine, insult, sacrilege, bloodshed, and oppression. Under the tortures of a guilty conscience, and a rotten constitution, he died in

"Fame but from death a villain's name can save  
As justice tears his body from the grave."—*Pope*

The number of persons who suffered during the preceding reign, gives us a horrid idea of the character. Not less than 13 abbots and priors, monks and religious persons, the countess of Salisbury, sir Thomas More, bishop Fisher, his two queens, and numbers of the laity, suffered for denying his majesty's supremacy, &c. He made no distinction of age, sex, or religion, it being justly observed by a foreigner in this country, "that those who were against the king were burnt, and those who were for him hanged."

On the demise of Henry, his son ascended the throne under the title of Edward VI. The latter being a minor, the king had named sixteen executors, to whom was committed the government of the kingdom. The duke of Somerset, who was the head of this junto, soon contrived to have the power vested in himself. He was privately attached to the Reformation; and now that his will was no longer restrained, he openly avowed his principles. With the aid of Cranmer, he framed a new liturgy, private masses were abolished, and several other acts totally subverting the religion which had existed in England at that time. "In the year 1549," says a Protestant historian, "England was one continued scene of confusion. The war still continued with Scotland; and the rebellions had broken out in every county; the councils of the kingdom were divided and

selves. During this reign was rising with celibacy in the clergy; ing himself of it, brought forward of Osiander, an atheist, whom on a mission in Germany, during

Edward departed this life, July Northumberland (who had succeeded set) immediately published the v granting the succession in favor Northumberland's daughter-in-law Edward had been advised by the claimed in London; and Ridley condescended to preach at Charl the succession. On the approach towards the metropolis, Jane was the right of the former to the crown with universal acclamations. Not ing his schemes frustrated, by a became one of Mary's supporters; artifice would not answer the object he was shortly afterwards beheaded.

The first act of Mary after her endeavor to unite the jarring projects. The nation, during the t had suffered materially from int as a first step towards reconciliation of all the statutes enacted at the ancient mode of worship to afterwards a reconciliation took English nation and the holy see. measure was better calculated the nation, it had nevertheless m Several hundreds of persons, five or six of the deposed bishops formed clergy, emigrated to sever The disputes which took place gentlemen, when on the continent, ture in the following poem. A v says: "From Geneva they sent publications against government, dispersed in England. The tender to kindle rebellion, in addition to

sedition which the English ministry had witnessed, and patiently dissembled for near two years."—Many virulent remarks have been made by writers, relative to the conduct of Mary towards offenders, during her reign; most of whom, according to the *pious* John Fox, were holy martyrs. But the fact is far otherwise: for most of those who suffered, had rendered themselves deserving of death for crimes they had committed against the well-being of the state. Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Farrar, Cranmer, and others, suffered death by fire, which was no novelty at that period; the same method of punishment had been adopted by the reformers. The intolerant Calvin made no scruple of conscience in burning Michael Servetus: and from the general tenor of the writings of the first reformers, we have no doubt (had they had the power) but they would have burnt every one who had obstructed the dissemination of their heretical doctrines. With regard to the private character of Mary, in goodness it far exceeded that of her successor. Many parallels have been drawn of the two queens; and we are sorry that our limits will not admit of us entering into them at length. However, on the part of Mary, we shall subjoin some quotations from respectable and acknowledged authorities. "The queen's private life," says Mr Collier, (*Ec. Hist.*, 5, 2), "was all along strict and unblemished. The other world was uppermost with her, and she valued her conscience more than her crown. She was not of a vindictive, implacable spirit." "She much endeavored," says Mr. Echard (*Hist. Eng.*), "to expiate and restore the sacrileges of the two last reigns. She allowed herself few of those diversions belonging to courts; was of a strict and severe life; and constant at her devotions." "She hated to equivocate in her own religion," says Fuller (*Ch. Hist.*, l. 8), "and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or practice for fear or flattery."

On the death of queen Mary, the princess Elizabeth, *of pious memory*! succeeded to the English throne. It has been asserted by some writers, that Elizabeth's sole motive for the re-introduction of Protestantism originated in her own fears with regard to her legiti-

macy. By others, that he not on her legitimacy, but as settled by her father's vclined to believe the formstance of Henry being both the mother of Elizabeth, a degree of uneasiness resclaim to the crown. She marriage with the king cacknowledged by the see that she could not belong own policy, therefore, dict a new ecclesiastical esta the advice of Cecil, her se make "a thorough change the meeting of parliament Ten Commandments, the and the Gospels to be re elevation of the host at tion, prohibiting the preac She also invited over to who had emigrated to reign. When arrived in F which they had inculcate rendered them so opposite that their sermons were l most furious invectives. were carried to such a hei purpose of securing the pe under the necessity of forl by special license. The j in 1559, when all the stat for the maintenance of the pealed; and, shortly after, passed. In the same sessi on the queen the ludicrous *Church!* Several severe enacted by Elizabeth; and exertion for the extirpatio The number of persons, al the score of their reli, *Memoirs of Missionary*

chinations used by her for the murder of the lamented and pious queen of Scots; her amours with her favorite Essex; and the dreadful state of her mind previous to her death—lead us into an utter detestation for the character of the woman that has been trumped up to her posterity as the glory of the age in which she lived.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.—*Pope.*

The succeeding monarch, James I., was son to the unfortunate queen of Scots, and great-grandson of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. At the period of Elizabeth's death, he was king of Scotland, under the title of James VI. He was the first monarch that assumed the name of king of Great Britain. James had been baptized in the religion of his mother, but had been educated among the Puritanic party. It is said, that he had held favorable sentiments towards his Catholic subjects; but the designing policy of secretary Cecil, in conjunction with the Puritans, thwarted any good intentions he might have had towards his much oppressed subjects of that communion. He is allowed by many persons to have been an elegant scholar, and to have exercised his talents as a public writer with no small degree of ability; but when we reflect upon his descending so low as to advocate a belief in witches and apparitions, it must lead us into the conclusion, that his mind must not have received much refinement from his knowledge of literature. Neither does the commentary that he wrote on the Apocalypse, in which he attempted to prove the pope to be Antichrist, argue anything in favor of the soundness of his reason, or his talents as a writer. It was in this sapient monarch's reign, that the notorious Cecil contrived the conspiracy denominated the *gunpowder plot*; a circumstance which had no other foundation, but in the diabolical intentions of the secretary on the Catholic character. Many an hour have the congregations of the established churches been necessitated to listen to their over-loyal ministers' descriptions of the ten-horned beast, and the scarlet whore of Babylon, on the annual return of the



*pious festival.* But the good sense and enlightened manners of Protestants of the present century, have nearly exploded the ludicrous celebration of the *fifth day of November!*—Our limits will not admit of us entering into a further detail of this and other circumstances connected with the following cantos; but we once for all, refer the reader to the notes upon the work itself, wherein are supported the assertions of the author relating to James' translation of the Bible, the popish plot, riots in Scotland, execution of Charles I. and bishop Laud, Ryehouse plot, &c. &c.—Having brought to a conclusion our epitome of the rise and progress of the reformation; we shall now proceed to notice the consequences resulting from that event.

The two principal sects which emanated from the reformation, were Protestantism and Calvinism; subsequent to that event, innumerable ones branched from them. To enter into a detail of respective tenets would be an endless task, and a measure foreign to our purpose. It is not our business to descant on the spirituality of their doctrines; we leave to our pastoral guides; but so far as regards our character as a religious community, we are ourselves bound to defend it against the attacks of others. When the reformed religion first prevailed in England, under the fostering hand of the state, the most severe penal laws were enacted against the Catholics, and every art practised to stigmatise them with infamy. From the pulpit, and in the press, coupled with the moral instruction, this method of exhortation became general. It was the reformed clergy, that their orations produced in the minds of the people, nothing which savoured of the old religion. This line of conduct of the English church, under the sanction of the state, was necessary to support the pretension of their pretended notion to recommend their doctrines to the people. *popes* Luther and Calvin, who were ignorant of the knowledge, deriving his mission from Satan. Attempts have been made to delineate the doctrines

the aspersions thrown upon them by sectarians. But it is not any way necessary. All persons, the least acquainted with the fundamental principles of our religion, know that they were planted on earth by the apostles, and consequently, must be of divine origin; that they have been handed down without interruption or adulteration to posterity; and that they will flourish till time shall revolve no more. But let them inform the Protestant that he is wrong, when he charges the crimes of idolatry, disloyalty, and massacre, on his fellow Christians of the Catholic communion. The charge of idolatry is very ill applied; he utterly detests it, as the whole of his prayer books evince. That of disloyalty is equally absurd; and we challenge the whole body of Protestants to adduce a single instance, wherein a Catholic betrayed a trust reposed in him by his sovereign. History furnishes many instances of the firm and unshaken loyalty of Catholics. During the troubles in Charles' reign, when that monarch's son was under the necessity of fleeing from his unnatural foes, he was principally supported by his Catholic subjects. Those persons forming the Irish brigade, in France, gave every proof of their loyalty to the monarch under whom the severity of the laws of their own country had obliged them to serve. The annals of Spanish, Italian, French, Austrian, and Russian military history are illustrated with the names of many British heroes, whose country has been deprived of their services from the severe and uncharitable penal laws enacted against persons holding the Catholic faith. How, we ask, did the 88th regiment, composed of Irish Catholics, behave at Buenos Ayres, in that unfortunate expedition? How did that regiment, in conjunction with other Irish ones, behave at Corunna, Vimiera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and at the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo? Did they, in these instances, exhibit any degree of conduct that could constitute the charge of disloyalty? No; they showed that they were faithful to their allegiance, brave in the field, carrying terror and dismay into the ranks of their enemies, and, by the effusion of their blood, added laurels to the brow of the

trious Wellington! "W by a warring world," says Defence, "and one of her body, by the loss of by a victorious enemy, coasts, and Ireland destit loyalty and courage of he happy and fatal prejudice the Irish Catholics stand expectation of the event standard of their Protesta the signal, either to defend to mingle their blood in fellow subjects? Are t loyalty should be suspecte

If Protestants were to judices which they have they would find him a di is represented they w neither an idolator nor a moral and social virtues i selves. If instances are mitting horrid act again and these persons known it is not to be inferred th community are assassins prejudices of the lower o ed by Fox's lying Book of so stubborn in their own can convince them to th sion of any horrid crime, person perpetrating it be is without hesitation set Roman Catholic, being s derstanding of the ignora case on the apprehensi Williamsons' and the Ma ascertained that he was native of Essex. Mr. St mons, noticed these aspe nity, severely reprobati giving publicity to those

The most prominent of the existing sects, and who have taken a great deal of pains to render themselves conspicuous, are those denominated Methodists, with the *pious*, the *lowly*, the *meek*, and *unoffending* John Wesley, their founder: the author of the little society in Fetter-lane. The spirit of lying and hypocrisy, which this little gentleman possessed in an eminent degree, seems to have lost nothing in the disposition of his followers; indeed, they seem to have improved on his principle, if we take a review of the many "imminent dangers, hair-breadth escapes," and *miracles* undergone and wrought by his *apostles*, as recorded in that *impartial* oracle, the Methodist Magazine. The followers of Mr. Wesley, as if not satisfied with the heavy restrictions which the Catholics have laboured under, for crimes attributed to their ancestors, avail themselves of every opportunity to vilify their character. Every art has been practised by them to render Catholicity odious to their followers; idolators, accursed race, men of no principle, were epithets not uncommon to the primitive Methodists, in controversial arguments against Catholics. A tinker, cobbler, or weaver, inspired with a holy zeal for the faith of John Wesley, would rise from his stall or loom, assisted by Fox's Martyrs, the French Convert, or Burkitt on the New Testament, and rant away against the damnable doctrine called popery! But John Wesley seems to have held no very great opinion of the talents of his preachers or auditors, on a subject of this nature, if we may be allowed to judge from his work, entitled, "A Word to a Protestant," in which he makes the following interrogations: "Don't you call yourself a Protestant? Why so? Do you know what the word means? What is a Protestant? I suppose you mean one that is not a papist? If you don't know, say so. Acknowledge you cannot tell. Is not this the case? You call yourself a Protestant; but you do not know what a Protestant is. You talk against papists; and yet neither do you know what a papist is. Why do you use words when you do not understand?" It is a pity that the humble John Wesley did not take advice himself; if that were the case, he might

saved himself a vast deal of trouble against the Church of Rome.

Intolerance is an engine, in addition which Mr. Wesley has exerted in England of Britain; and even carried his intolerance to such a height, as to recommend the persecution of them. What can more persecute, than the infamous letter of a short time prior to Lord George's death in 1780? In this *mild* epistle, he says of the government, not Roman Catholics, but men of the Romish persuasion, "not tolerated by any government, Protestant or Pagan." One of his disciples is very conspicuous in defending his late master; but the fact is too plain for evasion. Luther, during the persecution, made use of similar language. "I would be hanged by the gallows," says this demagogue, "or by the sword, *heretics* by fire; with all attack, with all kinds of arms, with all persecution, these cardinals, these popes, these Romish Sodoms? and *wash* . . . . Were I master of the world, I would do: I would give orders to all rascals faggotted up together. There is a little hole, called the Turkish Sea, a bath of wonderful holiness and his papal holiness and his holiness gently dip them. In this way they will be cured of all diseases in the word for it, and my Lord Jesus." Luther's works, tom. 1. p. 10. The language of the *mild* and *humane* God! They that carried the Catholics of corruption and charge us with acts like that our faith is more so and instead of hating him more to inculcate the principles as delivered to his apostles, they burn him by fire and faggot.

to their proper use—the kitchen—as the learned Arthur O'Leary observed.

The recent and existing disputes which have taken place among the Methodists, bid fair to undermine the walls of Mr. Wesley's foundation. It is extraordinary that men, professing brotherly love and union, should quarrel about the filthy mammon of the world. But from the pamphlets we have seen, we are induced to believe something unfair is taking place. It seems that the senior *bishops* among the old connexion, arrogate to themselves the right of disposing of all moneys collected, contrary to the will of their proselytes. They conceive themselves not answerable to their congregations for any sums collected for their *pious* uses. These *elders* having the majority at the conferences, are rendered wholly independent of their followers: whatever business they wish to be executed, is done without any reference to their fellow Methodists; considering themselves infallible in their *holy Synod*. This line of conduct in the preachers of the old connexion, has given serious offence to many of their disciples; several of them having turned backsliders, and openly opposed their cause. As a specimen of the angry zeal of one of their renegadoes, we shall offer the following extract from a pamphlet, entitled, "Methodism condemned," by J. Douglas, lay-preacher: "O Methodists, may the Lord open your eyes! the conference are your absolute masters; they have the sole disposal of all chapels in the united kingdom; of collections everywhere made; and through their power and influence they make all arrangements in the societies. Wonderful and incredible as it may appear, a company of laymen, taken from their trades, and frequently from extreme poverty, who are cherished and fed by the people on account of their supposed simplicity, piety, and zeal to do good, have combined together to invade the rights of the people, and by trampling on the laws and prerogatives of King Jesus, assume a more absolute authority than ever was attempted by any arbitrary priest in a Protestant church." The disputes which frequently take place at the conferences, certainly place the Methodists in

most ludicrous point of view. Mr. J. letter addressed to Mr. Kilham, both preachers, complains in bitter terms of manner in which these meetings "The annual sight," says he, "of sitting round the table at conference each other; talking by turns, except them talked together; engrossing all while the rest sit round in sullen, stupid silence the devil perching in the front while love, meekness, and wisdom, to guardian angels, and even the Holy assembly; and the confused group weeping heavens somewhat like the cockpit."

It has been a primary object of the cite in the minds of their followers and lies are idolators; and that no more is paid to them, than to the Mahometan relative honor paid to the Son of God the name of Jesus, or before the Christians Methodists term "gross, open, and which can neither be denied nor excused the followers of Mr. Wesley think of calumnies of this nature, they ought into the motives which direct our species of worship. Any of our afford them that information—the receive we were not deserving of late meeting for the formation of a learned divine of the Wesleyan anecdote of an artilleryman, in He stated, that the natives of the idol, which they call *Buida*. They rally carved upon trees, for the The British soldier, actuated sallied forth with a hatchet in he met with an idol, he grat chopping off its nose and leg tainly be considered meritorious rather of a curious nature. dier imbibed the notions of

—  
regard to the gross, open, and palpable idolatry of persons professing our religion, his *holy zeal*, perhaps, would have carried him so far as to chop off the legs and arms of every Catholic he met with.—However, before we leave the subject, we have to recommend to the leaders of the Methodists a greater attention to the morals of their proselytes; and by inculcating the precepts of Him who never erred, eradicate from their minds the pernicious principle of calumny, which they have exerted against a body of unoffending Christians—the Catholics of Great Britain.





THE

# LIFE OF MR. WARD.

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

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BIOGRAPHY is generally considered as the most pleasing study of mankind; as the more we cultivate our knowledge of this science, the greater refinement is produced in our manners. In it we behold a mirror, which reflects unto us the virtues of the truly eminent, and the vices of the wicked; condensing in its focus, the luminous rays of divinity, learning and heroism; and collecting the scattered and opaque ones of the vicious. The scanty materials afforded to the biographer, in a compilation of the life of the author of the following poem, render the task somewhat difficult; but such information as he is able to collect from known and acknowledged authorities, he is happy in laying before his readers.

Thomas Ward was the son of a respectable farmer and was born at Danby Castle, in the Moors of Yorkshire, on the 13th of April, 1652. The early part of his life passed away undistinguished from that of ordinary children, and nothing remarkable of him is known until his fourteenth year, when he was at Pickering School, giving the first indications of his genius, and excelling his brothers in his taste and knowledge of the classics. Here he was initiated in the first principles of arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, in which sciences he became a great proficient. So much was his father pleased with his eldest son's early propensity to learning, and the abilities which he discovered, that he

terminated to rescue him from a life, and destined him for a life. Young Ward was accustomed to become a clergyman, and with a mind already made up, he hesitated—and at length he hesitated. In the practice of the law, many temptations to dissipation and firmness to resist them. repugnant to the delicate feelings of a clergyman, he feared the destruction of his mind more than the destruction of his body. Thus, perhaps, a too fast and ideas, left him without a subsistence into the world with very subsistence.

About this time his father began to introduce him to an invitation from a gentleman as a companion, and to retreat he had an opportunity of bias of his mind, and with incredible application then the rage of the day fathers, the Scriptures, and controversies, always of he still found occasion poetry and the classics. with the frivolity of one seeks only to arm himself for impertinent disputes of mind, to correct his unheart. To this serious action, must be attributed sentiments, which immediate and all his family were was educated in hostility liberal and penetrating wear the trammels of the authority of a parent contrary to conscience principles he had at six

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embraced the Catholic faith, which, together with marrying a young lady of the same persuasion highly incensed his father, that at his death, which happened soon after, he bequeathed all he possessed to his Protestant wife and children. This disappointment and blasting of his hopes, with his consequent destitute situation, it might be expected would have produced envy and irritation on his part; but his was no ordinary mind, and, raising himself above every little consideration of self, in the enthusiasm of charity, he directed his whole endeavors to the conversion of his mother and family. Providence blessed his exertions, and he had the happiness of seeing himself united to them in faith as well as in affection. His own good life did a little contribute to this; for his change of religion had an influence on his manners in general; and his improved conduct, and sweetness of temper, gave him the character of being beloved by God and man. A youth of uncertainty, disquietude, and separation from his family, succeeded the calm of domestic peace and the security of competence. For some years he remained buried and contented in his domestic retirement; but his genius opening with age, and expanding with increase of knowledge, began to be restless, and thirsted for universal information. Sated with books, he wished to know mankind; and, with this intent having, with much entreaty, obtained his mother's and wife's consent, he left his own country, and passed over to France. In France he continued for some time, learning the manners and language of the people; thence he went into Italy and settled himself at Rome. In this famous city, the wreck and monument of ancient greatness, he had a wide range to gratify his taste to contemplate the fallen and mutilated glories of ancient arts; he was continually in the churches, public buildings, and public libraries, and spent a great portion of his time particularly in the Vatican. Here he had an opportunity of seeing some of the best documents respecting the history of England, from which he did not neglect to make numerous and useful citations. Controversy again became his favorite study, which was soon interrupted by his accepting a

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This was the last publication that came from the pen of Mr. Ward, though he afterwards compiled and wrote the History of England. It is much to be regretted, that a coincidence of untoward circumstances, and particularly, his being obliged to fly the country and go over to France, prevented this work from being ever given to the world; the documents for it were collected by him with great diligence, and he himself esteemed it his best production. He died in the 56th year of his age, anno 1708, and was buried at St. Germain's, in France, where his obsequies were performed with a solemnity becoming so pious and learned a man; leaving one son and three daughters; whereof two of the latter were married, and the third died a nun at Brussels.

Mr. Ward was a man of a comprehensive and versatile genius, and embraced and cultivated studies of an almost opposite nature. He possessed a deep fund of ancient and modern learning. He knew the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and was well skilled in French and Italian. He was one of the best controvertists of his time, as Tillotson and Burnet both acknowledged.\* He loved poetry, particularly of the burlesque kind, to which a lively and eccentric fancy strongly inclined him. He often indulged in it for

\* The enemies of Mr. Ward, who, on account of his religious opinions, and his boldness in defending them, were many, seem to have conspired against his character, and have maliciously confounded him with another of the same name, a man of dissolute morals, and no education, but of a prolific turn in producing works of low ribaldry and shameful obscenity. The productions of this man, whose name was Edward Ward, and who all his life kept a public-house in Moorfields, have been attributed to our author by Jacob, Oldys, and even the writers of the Biographical Dictionary, published in London, 1798. The "London Spy," a book entitled "Apollo's Maggot," a dramatic piece called the "Humors of a Coffee-house," "Don Quixotte turned into Hudibrastic Verse," are among the number of those publications, which have been always, though wrongfully, imputed to the writer of the "Reformation." There is, moreover, a great difference as to the time of their death, for Edward Ward lived to the year 1731, and we find a poetical will of his printed in Appleby's Journal in the September of that year. See the Perth edition of the Encyclopædia, article Ward, where they are properly discriminated.

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# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

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## CANTO THE FIRST.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

I sing the deeds of great king Harry,  
Of Ned, his son, and daughter Mary;  
And of a nine days' inter-reign  
Of a mock queen, high lady Jane :  
The true religion's alteration,  
And church of England's first foundation ;  
And how the king became its head ;  
How abbeys fell, what blood was shed ;  
Whence England's common prayer-book sprung ;  
What canticles in kirks are sung ;  
Of rapine, sacrilege, and theft,  
And of the Protestants that left  
The land (in Mary's reign) and fled  
To Frankfort and the feuds they bred :  
How Horn and Chambers thence took flight,  
And stole their brethren's purse by night.

WHEN old king Harry youthful grew,  
As eagles do, or hawks in mew,  
And-did, in spite of pope and fate,  
Behead, rip, and repudiate,  
With axes, bills, and midwives' knives,  
Those too, too long-liv'd things, his wives :  
When he the papal power rejected,  
And from the Church the realm dissected,  
And in the great St. Peter's stead,  
Proclaim'd himself the Church's head :



When he his ancient queen  
 And buxom Anna Boleyn t  
 Then in the noddle of the 1  
 He bred the maggot, *Refor.*  
 So Jove himself, as poets t  
 Bred in his head his daugh  
 Whom Vulcan midwiv'd a  
 With hatchet nook clove i  
 Some think the maggot w  
 Should thus have been too  
 And heralds grave relate t

*That from old Harry's l  
 It had its rise, from whe  
 Its pedigree.*——A bl

Race like its parent, whom  
 A man to every vice inclin  
 Revengeful,\* cruel, bloody  
 Unjust, unmerciful, and lev  
 For in his wrath he spared  
 Nor in his lust spar'd any

\* Sir Walter Raleigh says of him, "merciless prince had been lost in the found in this one king." Heylin, p.

† Dr. Heylin says, he was not able He says also, that he brought Mrs. subjects of his lust, p. 258. He tells spared woman in his lust, nor man i Burnet, above them all, embellish splendid epithets, as for instance: "proud and impatient, a heinous viol of justice and government, inconsta travagantly vain, conceited of his ov irreconcilable persons in the world; hated nor ruined anybody by halves be expected by any who denied his s Burnet calls him the "postillion of "I do not deny but he is to be num cea." See Burnet's History of the B many other places. After all this, impudence to tell us, that "if we co were done by him, we must acknowl providence of God in raising up a kin the way to that blessed work tha

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Was never ruled by any law,  
Nor gospel valu'd he a straw,  
Unless when int'rest spurred him on,  
And then a zealot,——only then :  
Counsel he scorn'd, slave to his will,  
Impenitent of any ill :  
In short, he was close swaddl'd in  
The whole black catalogue of sin ;  
In sin confirm'd and drown'd in sense,  
An impious sacrilegious prince ;  
As by his actions will appear ;  
Then listen, sirs, they follow here.

He had a virtuous queen and fair,  
Whose bed he kept for many a year :  
Unless, by chance, that now and then  
He stept aside, few heeded when,  
Nor did the queen ; for her endeavor  
Was to continue in his favor :  
And so she did, while beauty lasted,  
And youth stood (maugre time) unblasted,  
But as her blooming years decay'd,  
So did the king's affection fade,\*  
Till at the last it turn'd to hate,  
And he must needs be rid of Kate,  
Under pretence that conscience grim  
Was ev'ry hour assaulting him ;  
At least when he approach'd the queen,  
It would with sharp remorse and keen  
As Turkish scymitar, or razor,  
Torment his soul beyond all measure,

hardly have been done but by a man of his humor." Ibid.—Burnet's divinity will have some good things *hard* for God without first raising up a wicked man to work for him. Men know that God did convert the nations of the world to Christianity, without making use of such filthy *scavenging* Henry VIII., to clear the way to that *truly* blessed work.

\* He began now, after seventeen years' marriage, says (den, to grow weary of Katharine, his wife, and fell deeply with Anna Boleyn. See his Introduction to the *Elizabetan Life of Queen Elizabeth*, Ed. 2.

Till even weary of his life,  
 He grew (cry-mercy !) of his  
 Mov'd thus within, but mo  
 He falls at last to look about  
 To see if happily he can  
 Find how to still the inward :  
 And those internal motions t  
 That set his outward man on  
 But naught could calm his res  
 But changing queen for mistr  
 Which if you'll know how't c  
 Read on, for thus it manag'd :

A cardinal\* the king had by  
 One, who, if fame doth not be  
 Was proud, aspiring, and am  
 Witty, revengeful, and malici  
 And, at that time, as pleas'd  
 Was the chief minister of stat  
 This man grew mighty big w  
 That Charles the Fifth would  
 (First butcher's son that e'er v  
 Aspiring to the triple crown)  
 And for a step to't, what does  
 But for the mitre of Toledo  
 He now makes humble suit to  
 Charles slights his suit in grea

\* The cardinal's hatred to the emperor of the secret springs of the king's avers  
 Burnet, in his Abridgment, p. 34.—Son  
 that it was a plot of Wolsey, thereby to  
 King Harry and the emperor, with whom  
 self, and for spleen to the nephew to be  
 Chron. p. 249, Edit. 1668. Dr. Bally, in  
 Life of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester,  
 told the king that there might be a way  
 have plenty of issue male ; whereat t  
 his thumbs under his girdle, and to  
 lawfully begotten ! Cardinal,—lawfully  
 fully begotten," replied the cardinal : w  
 him in plain terms, that the marriage be  
 was not lawful. p. 46.

Canto 1.      ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

Griev'd at this he seeks revenge,  
And studies how he may unhinge  
Th' imperial gates, and then let in  
The Gallic king\* with all his kin;  
Which was to be by bringing o'er  
King Harry from the emperor,  
And link him in perpetual league  
With France; the way of this intrigue  
Was by displacing of queen Kate,  
Whom Harry now began to hate,  
And getting him to wed the sister  
Of France, *but God had better blest her.*

Could I, thinks he, bring this to do,  
'Twould ruin Charles and Kath'rine too,  
And in requital of my trouble,  
I should procure a vengeance double,  
For I can freely vengeance take,  
Upon the aunt for nephew's sake:  
By this and other deeds, this varlet  
Basely profan'd the sacred scarlet.

To this same man in hopes of ease,  
The king reveals his grievances;  
For you must know king Harry's lust  
Jumpt with the time of his disgust,  
So was the matter eas'ly broke:  
And thus one may suppose they spoke:

*King.* You know, my lord, I must the crow  
Leave to a *girl*, when I am gone,  
Because I have no issue male:  
So will the house of Tudors fail,

\* Thomas Wolsey, says Cambden, bearing a grudge to the emperor Charles V., queen Katharine's sister's son, for denying him the archbishopric of Toledo, and because he had not favored him in aspiring to the popedom, and being now (out of malice to Charles) so devoted to the French king, that he designed to marry Harry a wife out of France, "he caused a scruple to be put in the king's head, that his present marriage with queen Katharine, before had been his brother's wife, was forbidden by the law of God." Cambden.

And our fam'd line of kings must be  
Brought to a period in me.

*Card.* Despair not, sir,—you're not so old  
But may have sons.

*King.* I pray thee hold.  
I cannot have a son by Kate.

*Card.* Well, tho' the queen be out of date,  
There many younger are than she.

*King.* I know there are: what's that to me?

*Card.* Yes, sir, leave Kate, and take a fair  
Young dame, whose brisk attractive air,  
Whose person, features, beauty, mien,  
Proclaim her fit to be a queen.

*King.* If this could legally be done,  
I might have hopes to have a son;  
But while the queen lives, that can't be.  
And she, perhaps, may bury me.

*Card.* Sir, if you'll follow my advice,  
You shall be eased in a trice.

*King.* What's that?

*Card.* My liege, your  
Is to solicit a divorce

From her; whom you have had  
Then you may wed one brisk and

*King.* I have no just pretence

*Card.* Yes, sir, she was your

*King.* But Arthur never with

And dying, left her still a maid

And marriage sure unfinished

Till Hymen binds the nuptial

Arthur was weak and impotent

And by a deadly sickness

And for maturity, you know

He never fifteen winters

This is not all: for *I am*

She came to me a virgin

*Card.* But that's not

Save only to yourself

So your own counsel keep in that,  
Or else, by Jove, you'll spoil the plot.

*King.* I shall be secret, and if you  
Can bring't about, I prithee do.  
But I would fain know how you mean,  
That we must act this wanton scene?

*Card.* I'll do it thus, maugre the right  
Of Kate or Charles the Fifth's despite.  
The first thing that you have to do,  
Is to make conscience plead for you;  
Conscience to all men does appear  
So stern, impartial, and severe,  
That e'en it's whisperings are awful;  
Pretend it *cries*; it is unlawful  
To wed the relict of your brother,  
Its pangs you can no longer smother,  
And therefore do desire to be  
From this remorse and Kate set free.

*King.* But yet again, I say, a maid  
She was when first with her I laid,  
And conscience tells me it is true.

*Card.* Conscience! my liege, what if it do?  
Conscience and truth are silly things  
To shackle and bind the wills of kings,  
They may inferior people bind,  
But kings their checks must never mind;  
But by the force of pow'rful will,  
Make conscience stoop to any ill,  
Ill!—Nothing's ill that princes do,  
'Tis to the people things are so;  
For what the king *forbids* or *wills*,  
To do the contrary are *ills*.  
When subjects therefore disobey,  
'Tis sin in them: but kings, I say,  
Are subject to no power, whereby  
They are oblig'd by any tie.

*King.* Yes, God decrees, and *sovereigns must*  
Obey in acting what is just.

Tis true, but God to kings has put  
 what's just, and what is not ;  
 efore, sir, no more but this ;  
 it's just and just it is :  
 id, let conscience not dispute,  
 s, like gods, are absolute.  
 Proceed, my lord, for I see plain  
 t of conscience 'tis you mean.  
 You may find sophists in the land,  
 a piece of gold in hand  
 their souls, provided that  
 y they deliver not ;  
 se, sir, to maintain your cause  
 livine and human laws :

Here's an ambassador\* from France,  
By whom the duke of Orleans  
Proposes to your daughter Mary  
A marriage. (—What of that? quoth Harry.)  
To him let me insinuate  
Your marriage null with madam Kate,  
And Mary illegitimate. }  
I'll tell him this design is new,  
And never yet disclosed to you;  
I'll bid him move it, as if he  
Had never heard a word from me,  
But that it is his own reflection,  
In which he would have satisfaction;  
And from this prudent doubt be freed,  
Ere in the marriage he proceed.  
'Tis certain that he will not rest  
Ere he has brought it to the test.

But you, sir, in this great affair  
Must act with cunning, when you hear  
The matter mention'd in this wise:  
Start! as amazed with surprise,  
Stand like a statue without life,  
Or that salt pillar of Lot's wife;  
Cast down your eyes, as in deep thought.  
Then curl your brows, and bluster out  
Like Æolus, when he discharges  
His piper-cheeks on Neptune's barges.

\* The bishop of Tarbe, the French ambassador, made a great demur about the princess Mary being illegitimate, &c. How far this was secretly concerted between the cardinal and the ambassador is not known. It is surmised that the king, or the cardinal, set on the French to make this exception publicly, that so the king might have a better color to justify his future divorce. Burnet's Hist. l. 1, p. 33.—Burnet adds, that other princes were already questioning it. Among the rest, he impudently affirms, that the emperor himself, and his council, imputed illegitimacy to the lady Mary. This is one of Burnet's fictions, and so unlikely and incredible, that nobody can believe it. On the contrary, the emperor always defended the queen's marriage with the king as lawful, and so far asserted the legitimacy of the lady Mary, that he married his own son, Phillip of Spain, to her.



Ask him how dares he, or his king,  
To call in question such a thing?  
Then with a little milder brow,  
Encourage him to answer you.  
Thus may the marriage into doubt  
By him, and not by you, be brought.  
Besides, I'll put into his head  
How this may stand you both in stead.

*King.* What way can that be? Tell me

*Card.* When he the matter has discov-  
And, by the pow'r of his dispute,  
You of your marriage seem to doubt;  
I'll bid him then propose another,  
Will faster link both crowns together;  
And closer rivet you to France,  
Than Mary's match with Orleans.

The French king's sister, sir, you know  
In birth is little short of you;  
Young, fair, and is as fine a piece  
As that which Paris stole from Greece:  
When France and you conclude the bed  
Of Kate unlawful, her you'll wed:  
All which I'll whisper in his ear,  
And sure 'twill please the Gallic peer  
And as to you, if her you wed,  
Then Kate's divorced from your bed  
Then, if the emperor contend,  
You have a potent king your friend  
Thus you secure yourself and stand  
'Gainst all the kin of madam Kat

Besides the French, in policy  
To your divorce, sir, will agree  
And what against it Charles can say  
They'll strongly bias t'other way

*King.* Perhaps the French  
And such a mad proposal he

*Card.* No! no! you'll see  
Will readily promote the

Because the emperor and he  
Could never in their lives agree,  
But have together by the ears  
Been tugging now these twenty years,  
And against him, you've now and then,  
Assisted Cæsar with your men.

No doubt, but therefore that wise nation  
Will readily embrace th' occasion  
Of bringing England to their side,  
By marriage of the Gallic bride.  
Where in'trest moves, 'tis sure the thing  
Will take from beggar to a king;  
State policy will stick at naught.

*King.* I'm troubled with another thought,  
The pope will never yield to this,

*Card.* If represented as it is,  
I grant ye, neither he, nor Rome,  
Will e'er allow your parting from  
Her, whom they judge your lawful queen,  
The marriage has confirmed been  
By Julius, a former pope.

*King.* Why then there's no pretence of hope.

*Card.* Despair not, for I do not doubt it,  
If we go dext'rously about it,  
But so to have the matter stated,  
That, when at Rome it is debated,  
'Twill take effect as you desire.

*King.* Then half my realm shall be thy hire.

*Card.* Send to the universities,\*

\* In the book entitled, "The Determination of the most famous and most excellent Universities of Italy and France," printed in London, an. 1533, cum privilegio, you will find that the propositions or queries to the universities, turn all upon the point of the marriage consummated. For instance, the question to the faculty of decrees of the university of Paris, was, "Whether the pope might dispense that the brother might marry the wife that his brother had left, if marriage between his brother dead and his wife were once consummated?"—Quest. To the rectors and doctors in law canon and civil, of the university of Angewer: "Whether it is lawful by the law of God, and the law of nature, for a man to marry the wife that is left of his brother, that depart-

And move the schools beyond the seas  
 To give their judgment in the case,  
 Whether to keep or to displace  
 Her, who has been your brother's wife ;  
 But this keep secret, on your life,  
 And let it never once be said,  
 Your brother left his wife a maid ;  
 And if it comes into debate,  
 The contrary insinuate,  
 And carry't in the negative,  
 Then will your undertaking thrive,  
 And they'll declare without dispute,  
 Your marriage null.

*King.* Of this I doubt.

*Card.* Doubt not: for if the case be state  
 Of Arthur's marriage consummated,  
 Nor law nor gospel will allow  
 That she's a lawful wife for you ;  
 Next, for the gaining of your end,  
 To Rome all their opinions send,  
 And to the pope your scruples tell.

*King.* I like the project passing well.

*Card.* Let subtle agents be employ'd  
 That he may make your marriage voi  
 And license you to wed another,  
 And leave the relict of your brother.

*King.* The pope is prudent, sage  
 He never takes a thing on trust,

ed without children, but so that the marriage v  
 To the faculty of divinity of the universit  
 "Whether to marry her, that our brother d  
 had left, and marriage between her and her  
 summate, and finished by carnal interm--  
 To the faculty of divinity of the univ  
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 without children is forbidden?" Th  
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 marriage was never consummated,  
 otherwise than they are, whereas,  
 marriage had never been consum  
 quite contrary.

'Till thoroughly he understand,  
And hath its circumstances scann'd.  
He all things to the bottom sifts,  
Nor can he soft'ned be by gifts;  
And being in a higher sphere  
By much than other mortals are,  
He looks impartially on things,  
Nor winks he at the faults of kings;  
Doubtless he'll therefore penetrate  
Into the justice of queen Kate:  
And therefore, what if he deny  
With these our wishes to comply?

*Card.* Well, if it happen so, when death  
(Which will be soon) has stopp'd his breath,  
Use all endeavors, foul or fair,  
To get me seated in his chair:  
When I am pope, I will consent  
To all your highness can invent;  
Or, if the pope his legate send,  
Get me in the commission join'd;  
The pope will never dare deny.  
What you desire.

*King.*                      Well, I comply,  
Thus having laid their whole design.  
The pious queen to undermine,  
To action forthwith they proceed,  
In form and manner as agreed.  
King Harry feigns his tender breast  
With a huge load of conscience prest,  
Especially if Kate come nigh hand,  
Its Etna on the paunch of giant.  
To ease his conscience, Kate must part  
From bed and board; and, cruel heart!  
Preachers are brib'd thro' all the nation,  
To spread the right of separation.  
The French ambassador, and schools,  
Are worked upon, and made the tools,  
To move, define, and authorize,

As Wolsey and the king devise.  
 They try the pope, but all in vain ;  
 Their orators return again,  
 Without effecting what they went for.  
 To end it here, a legate's sent for ;  
 Who is, upon the king's petition,  
 Conjoined with Wolsey in commission.  
 Campejus was the legate sent,  
 One just, who had a good intent  
 Not to be biassed any way  
 From that side where the justice lay.

Whilst Wolsey thus contrives his plot,  
 And thinks that he has surely got  
 What he design'd, his trusty Trojan  
 Who had for name Sir Francis Bryan,  
 Informs him of th' intrigue with Nancy,  
 And how she was the king's sole fancy :  
 Enrag'd at this, Wolsey replies,

*Card.* It can't, 'tis plain, be otherwise,  
 Than only to make her his whore,  
 The *ne plus ultra* of his score.

*Bry.* No, by your leave, he means to wed !

*Card.* May hell confound them both togeth  
 Says Wolsey, now if this be true,  
 And may they both their project rue.  
 Is this th' effect of my endeavor  
 In his divorce ?—*He shall not have her.\**

*Bry.* My lord, let's with respect and dut  
 Speak of the king : he likes her beauty  
 Much better than the French king's sister.  
 Though he give never so much with her

*Card.* Have I been plodding all this w  
 And tir'd myself with anxious toil,  
 To undermine the right of Mary,  
 And drive poor injured Kate from Har  
 And set him and the emperor

\* "We will have none of this Anna Boleyn," &c.  
 —See Dr. Bailey's Life of John Fisher, bishop of

At deadly feud, and endless war,  
By joining him and France in league;  
Is this the end of my intrigue?  
But yet things are not gone so far,  
But I may cross 'em.

*Bry.*                                Have a care,  
You must not cross the king's design.

*Card.* No! But I will, if he cross mine.

*Bry.* Strive not, my lord, I know his fancy,  
In spite of honor, 's fixed on Nancy.

*Card.* A vengeance take her wanton fetches,  
Which thus his majesty bewitches.  
That monster, not of nature's making,  
Has nothing in her that is taking:  
Her hair, black as the plume of crow,  
Encroaches on each side of brow:  
She's color'd like one in green sickness,  
When free from paint an inch in thickness,  
Large balls of cheeks, taper to chin,  
From ear to ear she's mouth'd, and in  
Her upper gum there sticks a tooth,  
That wants room for it in her mouth:  
Above her breast, beneath her chin,  
There grows an ugly sort of wen,  
As apple round, large as a walnut,  
Of dusky brown, like that of small nut,  
Clad with soft down, and here and there  
It bristles out a sort of hair,  
That's seen in threes or fours to stand:  
She has six fingers on a hand.  
All this consider'd, can a king  
Affect so hideous a thing?  
What sees he in her, she's so woo'd for?  
The murrain on her, what's she good for?  
Sir Francis, carry naught away,  
For ev'ry syllable I say  
Is the effect of love and duty.

*Bry.* My lord, you have no skill in beauty:

What seem to you deformities  
Are marks of beauty to the wise,  
Or nat'ral foils, proper enough  
To set her other beauties off.

Consider but those little swatches,  
Us'd by the fair sex, called patches,  
With which they sprinkle here and there  
The face, to make it seem more fair :  
If beauty rise from art's black spots,  
What must it do from nature's blots ?  
How glad we see that pretty soul  
Who has the blessing of a mole  
Upon her cheeks, or chin ; what care  
She takes to nurse the double hair  
That from the midst of wart arises ?  
Another, her black eye-brows prizes.  
If so small warts are of such value,  
By nat'ral consequence 'twill follow  
That larger and of deeper sable,  
Are yet by far more valuable :  
Provided, when too big for face,  
They take a more convenient place.  
So prudent nature saw it best,  
That Nan's should stand above her bre:  
And, as a foil, has fix'd it there,  
To render face above more fair.  
Thus by good argument 'tis plain,  
Her beauty's height'ned by the wen.

As to her teeth, 'tis better far  
Than want one, to have one to spare.

So that odd finger which does stan:  
In super-number on her hand,  
Is prince and regent plac'd o'er  
The thumb itself, and t'other four :  
Hence in every frame you see  
The emblem of supremacy.

As to her yellow hue, behold,  
No color's like to that of gold :

If gold's a royal metal, so  
 Its color must be royal too ;  
 Thus friendly nature has her blest  
 With what is deign'd not to the rest  
 Of the fair sex : for she's alone

*An extra-ordi-nary one.*

Card. Hold ! hold ! sir Francis, here's enough  
 Of nonsense and insipid stuff ;  
 So let us our discourse give o'er  
 With this conclusion,—*she's a whore.\**  
 The knight took leave and said no more. }

Campejus, as is said, being come,  
 Concerning the divorce from Rome,  
 The king commands his carpenter  
 To frame an amphitheatre  
 Of oaken boards, in some large room,  
 For all to see that pleased to come ;  
 For he, good king, would have it seen  
 How just he would be to his queen,  
 In a religious† house, that stood  
 On the east side the‡ Stygian flood  
 Over-against the palace Bridewell,  
 A§ bench was rais'd nigh to a side wall,  
 On which the legate judges sat ;  
 And for the king and madam Kate,  
 Without the bar, two chairs there stood,  
 Carv'd in old times from solid wood :  
 Behind the chairs for the spectators  
 (As Harry thought of mighty matters)  
 Benches were set half round the house,  
 In five or six ascending rows :

\* "Cum 15 esset annorum Ann. Bolena, ab eo qui Thoma Boleno a Poculis, atque etiam ab altero, qui idem a Secello fuit, sese deflorari passa. Mox in Gallias mittitur,—ibi tam impudice vixit, ut vulgo a Gallis appellaretur Hacnea, seu Equa Anglicana. Cum autem et in regis Galliarum familiaritatem ascita esset, capta est vocari Mula Regia." Vid. Sand. lib. de Schism. Anglicano, p. 17.

† Blackfriars.

‡ Fleet Ditch.

§ There was a court, says Stow, platted in tables and benches, in manner of a consistory. Fol. 151.



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ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

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the grandees sat on th' lowest bench  
and on the highest boys and wench  
the court is form'd, to which repair  
the king and queen ; and at the bar  
the royal crown'd head stands,  
To hold up one, or both his hands,  
Or both, I say, for rather than  
He'd lose his point he'd hold up ten,  
Or ten times ten, had he but had 'em.  
Rather than not be quit of madam.

Whoever knew a royal fancy  
Stoop thus to such a pug as Nancy ?

The crier, Cerb'rus like, a triple  
O yes, barks out as loud as able.  
And cries, king Harry now appear :  
The king as loudly answers, here.

The queen, when call'd, regarded  
The crier or the court a jot ;  
But falling on her bended knees,  
Speaks to the king,——*Her words*

“ Sir, I beseech you to do me justice  
take some pity upon me, for I am a sinner  
and a stranger, born out of your dominions  
no friend but you, who now being necessary,  
alas ! what friendship or assu-  
rancy in any council can I hope to find  
subjects ? What have I done ? What  
offended you ? How have I given you  
displeasure ? Why will you put me to  
such sort ? I take God to be my judge, I  
humble, and faithful wife unto you ;  
obedient to your will and pleasure. I  
cannot contradict or gainsay whatever  
you say, as I was I discontented at anything  
Whom did I love but those whom  
I had cause or not ? I have been  
twenty years ; you have had div

When you took me first into your bed, I take God to be my witness, I was a virgin, and whether that be true or not, I put it to your conscience. Now, if there is any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty, or the like, I am contented to depart the realm and you with shame and infamy; but if there be no such cause, then I pray you let me have justice at your hands. The king, your father, was in his time of such an excellent wit, as that for his wisdom's sake he was counted a second Solomon. And Ferdinand, my father, was reckoned to be one of the wisest princes that had reigned in Spain for many years before his days: these being both so wise princes, it is not to be doubted but they had gathered unto them as wise counsellors of both realms as they in their wisdom thought most meet; and as I take it, there were in those days as wise and learned men in both kingdoms as there are now to be found in these our times, who thought the marriage between you and I to be good and lawful. (Then she speaks to the cardinal.) But for this I may thank you, my lord cardinal of York, who having sought to make this dissension between my lord the king and me, because I have so often found fault with your pompous vanity and aspiring mind; yet I do not think that this your malice proceeds from you merely in respect of myself, but your chief displeasure is against my nephew, the emperor, because you could not at his hands attain unto the bishopric of Toledo, which greedily you desired; and after that was, by his means, put by the chief and high bishopric of Rome, whereunto you most ambitiously aspired; whereat being sore offended, and yet not able to revenge your quarrel upon him, the heavy burden of your indignation must be laid upon a female weakness, for no other reason but because she is his aunt, and these are the manly ways you take to ease your mind; but God forgive you. (Now she speaks to the king.) Where-

fore, sir, it seems to me to be no justice that stand to the order of this court, seeing on judges to be so partial. And if I should stand to the judgment of this court, what lours have I but such as are your own taken from your own council, to which they vy, and perhaps dare not go against it; who refuse to stand to their advice or plea or ament that is here, and do appeal unto the stolic, before our holy father the pope: hum seeching you, by way of charity, to spare I may know what further course my friends will advise me to; and if this may not be then your pleasure be fulfilled."—See Dr. Ba

Thus the poor injur'd queen gave o'er  
And ne'er appear'd before 'em more;  
But left the king in court alone,  
Who thus breathes out in pious tone,  
Her virtues, and his grief to leave her,  
If conscience could but let him have her

She's virtuous and good, quoth he,\*  
As ever man alive did see,  
And has to me as faithful been  
As chaste Lucretia to Collatin.  
In all her carriage meek and humble,  
You'll never once perceive her grum;  
As other curs'd queans will do;  
Beshrew my heart if she's a shrew.  
Her looks majestic, and possesses  
What's great and good in empresses  
All which (poor heart!) when I cor  
I die to think of parting with her;

\* Seeing now the queen is gone, I will dec  
that she has ever been to me a true, obedi  
Having all the virtuous qualities, &c. And  
I would, if it were lawful, continue her to  
all guess.

But\* conscience, conscience, who can bide it !  
 Few know it, sirs, but I have try'd it.  
 Conscience is such an awful thing,  
 'Twill scare a Turk, or Persian king,  
 'Tis sting all o'er, and when't begins  
 To check a sinner for his sins,  
 'Twill ne'er give o'er till he repent him ;  
 It's one of th' greatest troubles sent him,  
 Next to the rib that Adam lent him. }  
 The queen, good woman, has till now  
 My wife been :——(*Hence these tears do flow*)  
 And must I leave her, who my heart has ?  
 I swear a kingdom should not part us,  
 If conscience would but let me rest,  
 Free from its gnawing in my breast ;  
 But to be always pull'd a-pieces,  
 As sheep in brambles have their fleeces,  
 No horse is able to endure it ;  
 Cou'd he but know what way to cure it ;  
 Consider on't, my lords, I pray ye,  
 If ye have any pity in ye,  
 And free me from queen Kate, my wife,  
 Or conscience sure will end my life.

† When first this scruple mov'd within,

\* But conscience, conscience is such a thing. Who can endure the sting and prick of conscience, always stinging and pricking within his breast ? Wherefore, my lords, &c. See this speech at large in the said life of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, p. 73.

† I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, says the king, first to have your license to put this matter in question, as I did to all the rest, which you all have granted under your seals, which I have here to show. That is true, said the bishop of Canterbury, and I doubt not but my brethren here will acknowledge the same. No, my lord, says the bishop of Rochester, not so, by your favor, for to that instrument you have neither my hand nor seal. No ! ho, said the king, is not this your hand nor seal ? No, says the bishop, it is none of my hand or seal. How say you to that ? said the king to my lord of Canterbury. Sir, said he, it is his hand and seal. No, my lord, said Rochester ; indeed you were in hand with me often for my hand and seal, but I always told you I would in no wise consent to any such act, and my hand and seal should never be put to any such instruments. Indeed, said Canterbury, it is true you had such words with me ; but you were at last content-

And that I fear'd it was a sin  
 To live with her, who, tho' my queen,  
 Yet once my brother's wife had been;  
 I got your leaves, my lords, to state  
 And bring the question in debate,  
 As very plainly does appear  
 Under your hands and seals:—Lo, here.

That's true, my liege, quoth Canterbury,  
 True! Marry, it is true, quoth Harry.

Nay, hold, my liege, quoth Rochester,  
 My hand I'm sure came never there,  
 Nor did my seal come ever at it.  
 Quoth Warham, yes, my lord, you set it  
 Amongst the other bishops' hands.  
 Look! look! cries Harry, where it stands.  
 Says Rochester, whatever's there,  
 Is none of mine, I do declare:  
 My hand and seal I never set,  
 And my consent you ne'er shall get,  
 I know you prest me for the same,  
 But I deny'd both seal and name.

Says Warham, yes, my lord, you know,  
 That at the last you did allow  
 I thereunto should write your name,  
 And set your signet to the same.  
 No! no! my lord, says he, the *truth*  
 Comes not at present from your mouth:  
 I utterly deny the thing.  
 Well! well! no matter, says the king.  
 Argue no more, you are but one,  
 One swallow makes no summer, John.

ed that I should subscribe your name, and put your *seal*  
 and you would allow the same as if it had been *you*  
 no! said the bishop of Rochester, that which you *cha*  
 is not true. Well, well, says the king, you are but  
 worst fall out.—The rest of the bishops, says my *aut*  
 been dealt with in like manner, said not a word; so *i*  
 encounter on the queen's side was not so well *pe*  
 want of seconds. Life of J. F., bishop of Rochester.

Where's conscience now, that was of late  
 So tender in the cause of Kate ?  
 'Tis now, by frequent using made  
 Blunt as an egg, and dull as lead.  
 Tho' hands and seals they counterfeit,  
 It never checks them for the cheat.  
 O! pow'rful will! that has so soon,  
 Maugre its sting, conjur'd it down.

Now enter Harry's\* evidences,  
 With suppositions and pretences,  
 That sickly Arthur might have then  
 As potent been as able men.  
 But let themselves their stuff rehearse,  
 For I'll not have it stain my verse ;  
 And therefore, in the margin read it,  
 If so ye list, or never heed it.

Against their evidence, in reply,  
 Comes in the † Bishop, lord of Ely,  
 Who *confessarius* to the queen,  
 And her *director* late had been.  
 This priest she liceps'd to declare  
 All that he knew in this affair.

\* George, earl of Shaftsbury, deposed, that he believed prince Arthur knew his wife carnally, and was able so to do, because he himself knew his before he was sixteen.—Thomas, marquis of Dorset, supposed him able for the business.—Robert, viscount Fitzwater, said he heard prince Arthur say, "I have been in Spain the last night." Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, spoke to the same effect ; so did also Thomas, duke of Norfolk, and added, we believe that the prince carnally knew her, because himself had performed the like at the same age.—Sir Anthony Willoughby said he had heard the prince say, "Give me a cup of ale, for I have been in the midst of Spain the last night."

† Against the evidence on the part of the king, the bishop of Ely deposed, that he had heard the queen often say, sub testimonio conscientie sue, "that she was never carnally known by prince Arthur."—Then spoke the bishop of Rochester. All this, says he, is no more than what hath formerly been deposed, examined, and thoroughly debated by the best and most learned divines and lawyers, &c. All the allegations against the marriage were judged vain and frivolous, whereupon the marriage was concluded, approved and ratified by the see apostolic, and that in such a large and ample manner, that I think it a very hard matter now again to call the same before another judge.

He did so, having her commission ;  
Observe, in short, his deposition.

*The Queen to me has often said  
She to the king's bed came a maid ;  
And this upon her conscience tender  
She did declare, so God defend her.*

You may suppose king Harry knew  
That what this prelate said was true,  
Because the matter he denied not,  
And to queen Katharine he reply'd not,  
When in a very solemn sort,  
She this affirm'd in public court,  
Nor had the confidence to blame  
Her affirmation of the same,  
And certainly he would have done it,  
If for a truth he had not known it,  
Seeing on this he knew depended  
The matter of divorce pretended,  
Which only could by this be ended.

\*The rest of those immodest fancies,

\* Then spoke Dr. Ridley, another of the queen's coun-  
ing: My lords the cardinals, we have heard the queen  
here in the face of the whole court, and in the presence a  
ing of the king himself, call the great God of heaven and  
witness, "that she was a pure virgin when she first came  
king's bed;" and how she put it to the king's conscience  
ing unto him face to face; and if it were otherwise, w  
imagine that either the queen durst so appeal unto his  
king so spoke unto, if unworthily, would not have con-  
her; besides, we have here the testimony of the bisho  
who hath deposed upon his oath, how the queen hath o  
*testimonio conscientie suæ*, said unto him, "that she m  
any carnal knowledge of prince Arthur." Now, my lo  
such a frolic or a jest as that about a cup of ale, or the  
Spain, which, together with all the rest that has been  
but mere conjectures and presumptions, should stand in  
tion with so great a testimony as a sovereign princess'  
attestation of her cause upon the king's conscience, and i  
science clearing her from such presumption by its own  
should cause us to lay aside all reverence which we ow  
mer power and authority, as that of even the see apost  
should become void by your calling this matter into qu  
a thing in my conceit most detestable, &c. See both thi  
and that of the bishop of Rochester at large, in Dr. Be"  
of John Fisher.

Advanc'd by Harry's evidences,  
Seem'd to the council of the queen,  
Foolish conjectures and obscene :  
They nullify'd 'em, and in short,  
Made them appear to all the court  
Vain stuff, a frolic, or at best  
But mere surmises, from a jest.

The sage Campejus understanding  
The justice of the cause depending,  
To be on Kath'rine's side, who from  
The legate's court appeal'd to Rome ;  
Resolv'd with Wolsey there to send it,  
That by the pope it might be ended.

At this the king grew desperate hot,  
And Brandon on the table smote,  
His eyes struck fire, he breathed smoke,  
And a most bloody oath he took,  
That cardinals did never good  
In England, since the nation stood.  
This struck the courtiers all with fear,  
Till one by one they disappear,  
Not liking such unwelcome sport,  
And so dissolved was the court.

To Rome, in haste, Campejus goes,  
And tells pope Clement all he knows.  
The king on his side also sent  
His orators, to represent  
The matter in another sort,  
Than what Campejus would report,  
And diff'rently the cause was stated,  
And *pro* and *con* it was debated ;  
Which when his holiness had heard,  
And saw on what side right appear'd,  
The king's pretences he denies,  
And with the queen's suit he complies.

King Henry finding it was so,  
Was at his wit's end what to do,  
And for advice he runs out straight,



To an old bard, Tom Cranmer hight :  
Cranmer could tune his rev'rend song  
To Harry's fancy, right or wrong,  
Swallow huge oaths, and when he swore,  
Protest his oaths should bind no more  
Than Samson's cords : could conscience loose  
From sacred ties of solemn vows,  
Could break his faith and plighted troth,  
And sacrifice to interest both :  
Could play the hypocrite, and lie,  
A sinner of the deepest dye,  
Stain to his character and coat,  
Lustful he was as any goat,  
And wheresoe'er he went, they say,  
With him he did his miss couvey ;  
Yet in close manner : for the man  
Contriv'd for her a strange sedan,  
Yclep'd\* a chest, made fit for stowing  
That precious stuff his German frow in :  
It was in Dutchland he trepan'd her,  
And she was niece to Osiander.

Such, in his youth, were Cranmer's crin  
But he had worse in after-times ;  
So that the king had scarce a sin  
But Cranmer had a share therein ;  
Nor was a sin by th' one invented,  
But what the other so contented,  
That readily he would allow it,  
And frequently add something to it,  
By which 'twould daily greater grow,  
As snowballs do when roll'd in snow.

With ev'ry vice they stock'd the nat  
To fit it for a reformation.

\* Mr. Mason, in his book of the consecration c  
ops, says, " Cranmer kept his wife secret for fear  
that they reported she was carried up and dow  
that at Gravesend the wrong end of the chest  
p. 73.

From lusts of both, from both their sins,  
The English heresy begins,  
The lewdest, and the grossest one,  
In all the refo—rmation.

The king with this arch villain meeting,  
After salute and friendly greeting,  
Lays open case of conscience tender,  
As Saul did once to the witch of Endor ;  
And, from the first, to him relates  
His whole concern, and madam Kate's ;  
Then his advice demanded ; who,  
Having directions from below,  
Does thus advise him what to do.

*Cran.* Sir, if the pope will not comply  
With you, do you his power deny,  
And banish his supremacy.

**King.** Could I the papal power unhinge,  
I durst not take that sweet revenge.

*Cran.* Why so, sir? Follow my direction,  
Affirm he has no jurisdiction  
Over your realm, or any in it.  
Sir, if you think there's any sin in't,  
Charge that on me; I'll answer for't  
To God, the pope and Roman court.  
When this is done, proclaim yourself  
The Church's head.

*King.* Thou damned elf,  
Dost thou suppose me such a Turk,  
To make a schism in the kirk?

*Cran.* But, sir, to this you must be forc'd,  
Before the queen can be divorc'd

**King.** Is there no other way but that  
For me to free myself from Kate?  
The cure is worse than the disease.

**Cran.** Vainscruple, vain such thoughts as these.  
The pope, as I can make appear,  
Can claim no jurisdiction here  
By any law divine or human.

*King.* I doubt thy doctrine is not true, man ;  
Yet since it fits our case so well,  
I'll take't for once, as oracle :  
And hence I'll thy directions follow,  
For thou shalt be my great Apollo.

*Cran.* As soon as Warham dies, king Harry,  
Get me install'd in Canterbury ;  
Which, as the times are, must be done  
By papal approbation.

*King.* But this you know, we cannot do  
Without the oath ; and how can you  
Obedience swear unto the pope,  
And I for Church's headship hope ?

*Cran.* Yes, swear I must, but on my troth  
I swear I'll never keep my oath ;  
In oaths of disagreeing kinds,  
The first, and not the second, binds.

*King.* Well, when you are in primate's chair,  
Then what's the next ?

*Cran.* Take you no care,  
I so to pass will matters bring,  
You shall be pope as well as king ;  
And then do you, by power supreme,  
Commission me, and I'll proclaim  
Your marriage null, and give a bill  
For Kate's divorce :——Ay, that I will.

*King.* And wed me to my daughter Nan ?

*Cran.* Yes, that I will.

*King.* O blessed man !  
But prithee, Cranmer, how can't be  
That thou shouldst make a pope of me,  
Who am a layman, I protest, one  
Not fit at all to make a priest on ?  
I'll ne'er pretend to such a thing.

*Cran.* Great sir, you are\* anointed ki

\* The clergy placed the king's supremacy in some e  
grace conferred on him by the anointing in the coron  
net's Abridg. 1. 2, p. 56.

Canto 1.     ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

By virtue of the regal unction,  
You may perform the priestly function.

*King.* What, tho' no consecrated priest?

*Cran.* Sir, consecration's but a jest;  
One that's elected needs no more,  
And kings have patriarchal power;  
They may ordain and consecrate,  
Absolve and excommunicate.  
May teach and preach, and may dispense  
As well as pope all\* sacraments,  
So may any elected layman.

*King.* By crown and globe, thou art a gay-man!  
But yet I fear this doctrine's new.

*Cran.* No matter, so it seems but true,  
And in the Bible it is said,  
*You are an holy priesthood made,*  
Which being spoke to all, 'tis plain  
That all are priests.

*King.*                     Only the men,  
I hope you mean not women too?

*Cran.* Not women! Yes, sir, but I do;  
They're part o' th' all, as well as we.

\* Dr. Burnet, in his History, in his Collection of Records, record 21, entitled, "The Resolution of several Bishops and Divines of some Questions concerning the Sacraments upon the sacrament of Holy Order." Cranmer, in answer to the question, says: "All Christian princes have committed unto them immediately of God the whole cure of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word for the cure of souls, as concerning the administration of things political and civil," &c. Barlow agrees with him, both affirming, that the apostles, lacking a Christian king among them, made bishops by that necessity: not by authority given by God. In answer to the tenth question, Cranmer, Barlow, Cox, &c., say: "That at the beginning bishops and priests were all one." To the eleventh question, Cranmer says: "Princes and governors may make priests." He, Barlow, Cox, &c., affirm, that laymen may make priests by election. To the twelfth question, says Cranmer, in the New Testament, "he that is appointed to be a bishop or a priest, needeth no consecration by the scripture; for election or appointing thereto is sufficient." Barlow says, only appointing with imposition of hands is sufficient, without consecration.

*King.* Oh, Tom ! if you'll be ruled by me,  
Put not the women into pulpits,  
For they'll deride our sex for dull pates,  
And ev'ry one aspire as high  
As I do to supremacy :  
They'll murder with eternal din,  
Both one another, and us men.

But to be serious : for 'tis now  
Time to consider what we do.  
Our English clergy never will  
Consent that we the pope expel.  
Nor will our spiritual lords allow us,  
Or pay their ghostly homage to us.

*Cran.* Doubt not, great sir ! I know a way  
If you'll proceed in't, how you may  
Oblige the bishops to proclaim  
The king the church's head supreme.

*King.* I doubt the task will be as hard  
As great Mogul to take by beard.

*Cran.* No, sir, I read a while ago  
An ancient book of statute law,  
In which I find a statute extant  
(That was recorded in good text-hand  
When Dick the second rul'd the land),  
Which on our clergy laid command  
In penalty of premunire,  
Not to own any legate here,  
Without commission from the prince.

*King.* And what can you infer from t

*Cran.* Wolsey, you know, has acted  
As pope's legate many a year  
Without your majesty's consent  
(I mean, by public instrument  
Under your hand and seal). Beside,  
The bishops too with him comply'd  
For doing which I'll make appear,  
They've all incurr'd a premunire.

*King.* Nay hold, for I a while -

Commission'd\* Wolsey so to do,  
And what was done without consent  
Of me, or of our parliament,  
Is pardon'd him, as he can show.

*Cran.* Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do :  
I am acquainted with this man.  
As arch a rogue as ever ran,  
One who, I know, for gold will sell  
His, and his master's soul to hell.  
Let's bribe with gold the cunning knave,  
To get the patent back you gave ;  
For where the cardinal did lay it  
He knows, and can from thence convey it.  
‡ When you have got that buckler from 'em  
Then fall with tooth and nail upon 'em,  
Convict them ev'ry mother's son  
By Richard's statute ; when that's done  
Threaten to put 'em all in hold,  
As close as misers do their gold :  
E'er they'll endure such walls of stone,  
As holy anchorets have done,  
They'll yield to all you can require,  
And pardon on their knees desire ;  
But pardon not, till they agree  
To grant your grace supremacy.  
Thus was the subtle project laid,  
And Wolsey by his man betray'd.

\* The author of *Church Government*, part 5, p. 22, the cardinal pleaded, " that it was well known to his majesty, that he would not presume to execute his power legatine before the king had been pleased to ratify it with his royal assent, given under his seal." See *Goodwin's Annals*, p. 107. And p. 119, he says, " it is certain that Wolsey was licensed to exercise his legatine authority."

† Dr. Bailey, in his *Life of John Fisher*, bishop of Rochester, says, that the cardinal procured a confirmation of his legatine authority under the great seal, as well for that which was past as that which was to come ; which the king remembering, thought the cardinal too hard for him, but he so deals with a servant then belonging to the cardinal, and in great trust about him, that by his means he regained the said ratification under the great seal into his hands, and then to work he went, p. 106.

His pardon and commission lost,  
And all in premunire cast.

At Harry's mercy now they stand,  
With bended knee, and cap in hand,  
While over them he falls to hector  
Like Sultan or a noll-protector,  
And positively tells 'ein, they  
Must ev'ry man consent to lay  
The pope's supremacy aside  
(As he had done his former bride)  
And Church's head acknowledge him;  
Or else, by royal diadem  
He swore, they must expect no pardon.  
To soften this, for 'twas a hard one,  
They must for ransom to the crown,  
One hundred thousand pounds pay down.

Nor must you grumble at it, sirs,  
(Says he) nor make the least demurs,  
Deny the pope, proclaim you me  
Head of the Church; for head I'll be.  
I swear I will, by good battoon,  
By sceptre, globe, by sword and crown;  
Tho' all the pow'rs above resist it,  
And Christ and holy Church detest it.

He said: and with an angry brow  
Left them consulting what to do.

At this schismatical request,  
Wise Rochester spoke to the rest:  
His learn'd oration\* was so clear,  
It satisfy'd all that were there.

This learned and profound oration  
So biassed the convocation,  
That, *unâ voce*, all deny  
To grant the king supremacy.

\* You will find the bishop of Rochester's speech, Dr. Bailey's Life of John Fisher, bishop of that speech, says my author, so wrought upon the king that the king's purpose for that time was clear.

At which,\* quoth he, my lords, I pray  
 Be not so stiff, mind what I say ;  
 I solemnly on word of king  
 Protest, that if you'll grant the thing,  
 I will not in the least abuse it,  
 But as coactive only use it.  
 Nor will I ever touch the helm  
 Of Peter's ship, for all my realm ;  
 Nor order, judge, or change, or meddle  
 In spirituals.—Oh ! that's a riddle,  
 Quoth *Rochester*, I'll therefore tell,  
 My lords, a certain parable.

† The heart desir'd to be the head,  
 And to the other members said,  
 Make me your head, and I declare  
 I'll neither speak, smell, see, nor hear ;  
 Nor act as heads are wont to do,  
 But play the heart, as I do now.  
 They all consent. The heart now made  
 The head, it forthwith acts the head :  
 And having got mouth, nose, eyes, ears,  
 It speaks, tastes, smells, it sees and hears.  
 The members finding this, complain  
 Of breach of promise.—But in vain.  
 This parable mov'd all the rest  
 Still to deny the king's request.  
 The king displeased went his ways,  
 And said no more for sev'ral days,  
 But bid Sir Audley go and try,  
 If they but thus far would comply,

\* He protests unto them, on the word of a king, that if they would acknowledge and confess him for supreme head of the church of England, he would never, by virtue of that grant, assume unto himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them, than all other kings of England had formerly assumed ; neither would he take upon him to promulgate or make any new spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, &c.

† See Dr. Bailey's *Life of J. F. bishop of Rochester*, in which you will find this parable at large, and abundance of excellent speeches, p. 120.



To give the title that he sought,  
With this restrictive clause put to't,  
*As far as God's law will allow.\**  
This they were willing all to do,  
Not minding that it was a step,  
When granted, for a further leap,  
Which he design'd, at fitter season,  
Over the bounds of law and reason.

Now grown impatient, in short while  
He tempts 'em in a rougher style.  
What though, my lords, you granted me  
The title of supremacy?

Yet what is added to the same,  
Restrains it to an empty name;  
And therefore, take away that clause;  
For I'll not bounded be by laws;  
See that no longer you dispute,  
For head I'll be, and absolute;  
I'll at my pleasure rule at large,  
And steer at will St. Peter's barge.

The bishops, urged thus severely,  
Expect no good from further parley,  
Assume a Christian courage, and  
By Audley let him understand,  
That he in short must either want it,  
Or take it as it had been granted.

But while this doing was, came home  
The king's ambassadors from Rome,  
And the unwelcome tidings bring  
That Kath'rine's marriage with the king  
The pope confirm'd and ratify'd  
By bull, and the divorce deny'd.

His majesty, now out of hope  
Of being divorced by the pope,  
And in despair of e'er prevailing  
Upon the bishops, for entailing

\* *Quantum per legem Dei licet.* Life of J. F., bishop  
ester.

On him, and on his diadem,  
Over the church a pow'r supreme ;  
Into most desp'rate madness fell :  
*Don* who with *windmills* under sail  
Engag'd in battle, never had  
A brain so furiously mad.  
Groans echoing from his griev'd soul,  
About his fiery eye-balls roll  
And sparkle from their scalded holes,  
In lustre like two glowing coals ;  
His brow in rolling tempests furls  
Itself into ill-boding curls ;  
Out sulph'rous smoke flies when he speaks,  
A flaming scarlet stains his cheeks,  
But sits not long upon his face,  
E'er dreadful paleness takes its place :  
All tokens of a desp'rate rage,  
The Church's ruin do presage.

With trembling tongue, his words at thrice  
He stutters out, his dreadful voice  
He seems to check, and then to force ;  
'Tis hollow now, now shrill, now hoarse ;  
So that his rage in divers tones,  
Like Cerb'rus from his triple sconce,  
Thus vents he——Am not I a king ?  
And shall I stoop to anything ?  
Shall I be rul'd by good or ill,  
Contrary to my boundless will ?  
Shall I to prelate cringe, or priest,  
To council, Peter, pope, or Christ,  
Contrary to my inclinations ?  
No ! e'er I'll do't I'll damn my nations,  
I'll tear Christ's seamless coat in two ;  
Thou, Peter's great successor, know,  
Thy jurisdiction hence I'll chase,  
And set myself in th' holy place :  
And you, my bishops, I will be  
Revenge'd on your prelacy ;

grind you all as small as dust,  
or daring thus to cross my lust :  
the English church without control  
of pope or Christ, I mean to rule,  
and with my kingdom damn my soul.

Come, ye infernal pow'rs ! and join  
All your united force with mine :  
Come, thou black prince of sulph'rous Sty:  
Come, spirit of Eastern schismatics ;  
Come, Arius, Nestor, Ebion's ghost,  
From hell, as swift as swallows post :  
Come, Simon Magus, Judas, come on  
All you old heretics I summon,  
That like to salamanders room  
In fire eternal ; rise and come !  
Leave your vulcanian grottos, and  
Bask your broil'd limbs on cooler land :  
New bodies take in this my nation,  
By Pythagorean transmigration :  
What heresies you ever knew  
Bring in, and broach 'em here anew.

Yet whilst my reign lasts, if you please  
Forbear ; because to live at ease  
Is my desire, and all men know  
Disturbances attend on you ;  
As factions, dire debates, and jars,  
Rebellions, treasons, blood, and wars ;  
For schism only is the thing  
That I'll be for, whilst I am king ;  
But soon as ever I am gone,  
And my successor's on the throne,  
Flock hither thick and threefold, and  
Bring all your plagues upon the land  
I in the meanwhile will prepare  
All things for your reception here,  
And by damn'd schisms will make  
For all old heresies in play  
To come ; behold ! I do begin ;

He said, and call'd each deadly sin;  
Pride, wrath, lust, envy, avarice,  
Slóth, gluttony, and all excess:  
To which he both his states gave up,  
Who greedily quaff off the cup  
Of base delights, till in a trice  
They drunk become with ev'ry vice;  
And fear and cowardice took place  
Of Christian fortitude and grace.

Thus they prepar'd with vice and fear,  
Ease, idleness, and little pray'r,  
He sets upon them once again,  
Unbounded headship to obtain;  
Supposing, if he closely press'd it,  
They would want courage to resist it.  
And thus he speaks;—My lords, no ill is  
In my demand, and this my will is,  
To be chief vicar in Christ's stead,  
And church of England's supreme head.  
This you, I say, must not dispute,  
For head I'll be, and absolute.  
This is the last time I'll demand it;  
Whoe'er he be that dare withstand it,  
Shall in close dungeon be immur'd,  
'Till by an axe or halter cur'd.  
This said, the tyrant turns about,  
And with a haughty pace struts out,  
To show that he was resolute.

Thus planet-struck, amaz'd they stood,\*  
Like blockheads hewn from logs of wood;  
Threaten'd without, and check'd within  
By the approach of deadly sin,  
Were seized with a panic terror,  
Which shock'd their very souls with horror,  
Till Cranmer, who was steel within,  
And brass against all checks of sin,

\* See what excellent speeches were spoken against it. *Historical Collections*, p. 17.

Taught all of them how they might be,  
Just like himself, from conscience free.  
I tell ye, sirs, says he, 'tis nonsense  
To talk of such a thing as conscience,\*  
When kings command : unless you'll say  
Conscience forbids to disobey :  
And then indeed the scruple must  
Be held for righteous and just.  
Do not those consciences of yours  
Bid you submit to higher pow'rs ?  
The scripture does, I'm sure ; and therefore  
If conscience doth not, tell me wherefore  
You plead religion ! that pretence  
Is vain, when't contradicts the prince :  
Our faith is only sound so far  
As with the king's it doth not jar,  
Nor can it ever be amiss,  
So long as it agrees with his.  
For my part, solemnly I swear it,  
Nor care I if a thousand hear it,  
If Harry were Mahometan,  
I would not be a Christian ;  
Nor would I hold the primate's place,  
But as chief mufti to his grace.  
Nice conscience, my lords, ye ken  
Belongs to women, not to men ;  
Our's free as fancy, large as thought,  
And unrestrain'd, must stick at naught,  
But have the liberty of ranging  
Thro' all religions, and of changing  
As often as the king sees cause  
To alter faith and Church's laws.

\* When Sir Thomas More pleaded before Cranmer, he could not in conscience take the oath of supremacy, Cranmer replied, that seeing he was not certain of his conscience, but was a thing certain he must obey his prince, therefore he reject that doubtful conscience of his, and stick to the which was undoubted. Winstanley's Worthies of F p. 316.

Thus irreligious Cranmer pleaded,  
And laid before 'em all they dreaded ;  
And might have talk'd till he were weary,  
Had there not been a premunire.

After a long debate,\* at last  
This damn'd determination past :

*The king shall have supremacy,*  
Tho' we pope, faith, and Christ deny.

Good Rochester, with grace endu'd,  
With reason, truth, and fortitude,  
Did openly the thing detest,  
And contradicted all the rest ;  
But all he said could not prevail  
With those new worshippers of Baal.

The king perceiving their compliance,  
Sets them still farther at defiance ;  
Rejects with scorn their base submission,  
Until they court him by petition,  
To take them to his gracious favor,  
And pardon all their bad behavior :  
In which petition† there was writ  
His new-got title :—This was it,

*Protector and Supreme Head*

*Of the English Church and Clergy.*

To that petition they their names  
Did all subscribe, to all their shames ;  
To show submission more profound,  
They pay an hundred thousand pound  
For ransom to the king, and he  
Receives 'em into clemency ;  
At which, with tears, and thanks, and praise,  
They kiss his hand, and go their ways.

\* The lord Fitzherbert records an admirable speech against the supremacy. Hist. Collec., p. 17.

† They in their convocation concluded an humble petition in writing, and offered the king 100,000*l.* to have their pardon by parliament, which after some labor was accepted, in which submission the clergy called the king supreme head of the church. Baker's Hist. p. 299. See Heylin's Hist. p. 19. He says this instrument bears date the 12th of March, 1530.

A parliament his highness summons,  
Pack'd of a crew of servile commons,  
Such as he knew would ready be  
To fix on him supremacy.  
This in the space of fifteen days,  
Brought forth a few stout statute laws.

It first votes lawful ev'rything  
That had been acted by the king,  
As sending Rochester and More  
Pris'ners (unjustly) to the Tower.  
Next it enacts the king supreme  
O'er English church, as well as realm :  
And gives him power to detect,  
To censure, judge, damn, and correct,  
And when he pleased to neglect  
All errors, heresies, and what  
Might hurt the church as well as state.  
For to the priests alone he gave  
Authority to damn or save.

Nor can the bishops use the keys,  
But when and how their lay-head please  
And further to corroborate  
The headship of the magistrate,  
It makes it treason to deny  
His *spiritual supremacy*.

Another act\* was also made,  
Which a strict prohibition laid  
On all the bishops in the nation  
Never to meet in convocation,  
Till they were summon'd by his writ.  
For thus the church's head thought fit,  
To license th' body when to sit.

That statute† also, at their meeting,

\* 25 H. VIII. 19. The convocation shall be assembled by the king's writ, and shall not enact any constitutions or orders without the king's assent. See Wingate's Abridg. of the

† The convocation promised, upon the words of prior to make any canons without the king's assent. Burnet p. 112.

And in full convocation sitting,  
Prohibits taking aught in hand,  
But what the head shall first command,  
Nor canons make, nor sign decrees,  
But such as shall the lay-head please ;  
Neither promulge nor execute 'em :  
In short, they must do naught without him.  
Since that, those cyphers of the down,  
Have naught to do but sit 'em down  
In synod house, and there remain  
Till lay-head sends 'em come again.  
To make a gay, grave, empty show,  
Is all the head will have them do.

Nor can they multiply their kind,\*  
Unless their lay-pope have a mind ;  
For he must license each to this,  
In his respective diocese,  
And give them power to ordain  
And consecrate new clergymen.  
Nor does their sacred mission spring  
From other fountain than the king ;  
Unless a woman have the crown,  
Then from a she-pope it's brought down,  
And at her hand they must receive it,  
As kindly as if Peter gave it,  
And own themselves beholden to her,  
As mistress of all ghostly power :  
Which by this strange oath will appear,  
That Bess obliged them to swear.  
I, A. B., swear by wounds and blood,†

\* The king did empower the bishops in his stead, to ordain, give institution, and do all other parts of the episcopal function ; which was to last during his pleasure. Burnet's Abridg. 228.—Cranmer held, that ecclesiastical offices that were derived from ordination was only a ceremony that might be used or set aside, and that the authority was conveyed to churchmen only by the king's commission. See Burnet's Abridg. l. 1.

† *The oath.* I, A. B. do utterly testify and declare in my conscience, that the queen's highness is the only supreme governor of this realm, &c., as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal : and that no foreign prince, prelate, state,



By gospel, God, and all that's good,  
That he or she, prince or supreme,  
A child that bears the diadem  
Is so too, and head in all  
Matters ecclesi—astical :  
And whatsoever foreign pow'r,  
Or jurisdiction heretofore  
In English church as well as state,  
By council, pope, or potentate,  
Was had, or held, or exercis'd,  
I do renounce ; as when baptiz'd,  
I did renounce three fatal evils,  
*Pomps of the world, the flesh and devils ;*  
Yet with this difference, I protest,  
'Gainst those in earnest, these in jest.

Thus was the church of England broke  
By schism from its native stock,  
And since has wither'd and decay'd  
As branches rent from tree do fade ;  
And thus it was our king became  
The church's head, with pow'r supreme  
A pow'r ecclesi—astical  
O'er bishops, councils, popes, and all  
The pow'r on earth eccles'astic,  
Whether foreign or domestic.

A pow'r so vast, and so egregious,  
As turn'd to laics vow'd religious :  
Judg'd whom they pleas'd for heretic  
Then burned them with faggot-sticks  
Th' ancient canons it abrogated,  
And points of faith annihilated,  
Alter'd the church's liturgies,  
And did her rituals despise.

or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical within this realm. And therefore I do utterli-  
sake all foreign jurisdictions, powers, supersti-  
ties, &c. See the book entitled, *The Form of  
opr, Priests, and Deacons.* Printed by Charl

It fram'd new forms of *ordination*,  
Such as before were ne'er in fashion.  
It holy sacraments abolish'd  
And consecrated kirks demolish'd ;  
The choirs transformed into stables,  
And altars into fuddling tables :  
The *Mass* abolish'd, and the mass-days,  
Turn'd fasts to feasts, and feasts to fast-days,  
In place of all which they devise  
New creeds, new pray'rs, new homilies.  
Harry the Eighth set out the first creed,  
Ned made the second, Bess the worst creed.  
Of common pray'r books, Ned made two,  
And homilies compos'd a few :  
Bess mends his pray'r books, and made more  
New homilies, above a score.  
Each prince thus, as he gets the crown,  
Makes a religion of his own.

By this new pow'r, the new pope, Harry,  
Made Cranmer lord of Canterbury ;  
Who gave him by his boundless pow'r  
Full liberty to wed his whore,  
And free her from her coffin bed,  
In which, poor girl ! so long she'd laid :  
And Cranmer, who was grateful ever,  
Requites him with as kind a favor ;  
To Anna Boleyn\* weds him first,  
And afterwards queen Kate divorc'd

\* The king's marriage with Anna Boleyn was performed by Dr. Rowland Lee, on the 1st November, 1532. None present at the nuptials but archbishop Cranmer, the duke of Norfolk, the father, mother, and brother of the new queen ; but long it could not be concealed ; for being with child, on Easter-eve, the 12th of April, she showed herself openly as queen ; and an order was issued from the parliament, then sitting, that Katharine should no longer be called queen, but princess dowager : Cranmer, the new archbishop, cites Katharine in fifteen days to appear before him, and in default of her appearance, proceedeth judicially to sentence of divorce, and caused it to be openly published on Friday the 22d of May, 1533. See Stowe, fol. 563, and Heylin, p. 161.

a commission had for this,  
om supreme high and mightiness.  
Should Jove set Vulcan o'er the gods,  
o rule them with his nail-string rods,  
and dictate from his bellows hollow,  
Sage sentences to wise Apollo,  
And send away the heel-wing'd post,\*  
With his commands to ev'ry coast,  
To charge lord Phœbus for his cars,  
Not to distinguish days and years,  
Or bid him at dark midnight shine,  
And Bacchus leave off toping wine,  
And Æolus to cease from breathing,  
And Neptune's belly t' leave off heaving,  
And Mars no more to huff and swagger,  
But keep in sheath his trusty dagger;  
And Chronus t' leave his Spanish place,  
To trip the twelve in three days' space;  
And Phœbe with full face to run,  
When in conjunction with the sun;  
Sure such disorder in the skies  
Wou'd argue Jove no longer wise;  
For to allow such work as this is,  
Wou'd speak him mad amongst his misses,  
And strike the universe with wonder,  
At trusting Vulcan with his thunder.  
Yet Harry acts as far amiss,  
His deeds run parallel to this.

No sooner was king Harry made  
Of English church the supreme head,  
But he a blacksmith's son† appointed  
Head in his place; one, who *anointed*  
Had never been, unless his dad  
Had in the sleek-trough wash'd the lad

\* Mercury.

† Thomas Cromwell sat in the convocation house  
bishops, as head over them. Baker, p. 303.

With the intent that that should do  
For christ'ning and for priesthood too.  
Thus Cyclops, as historians tell us,  
Leaving his anvil, forge, and bellows,  
Listed himself in Bourbon's wars ;  
Whence flying for avoiding scars,  
Kind fate ordain'd his lot should fall,  
To serve my lord, the cardinal ;  
Where he gain'd credit with the king,  
For dext'rous handling ev'rything ;  
And at the last was look'd upon,  
As for his turn a fitting one ;  
And by degrees was by his grace  
Exalted to vicegerent's place ;  
Made vicar general in all  
Affairs ecclesi—astical.  
And now a blacksmith sits at helm,\*  
O'er all the bishops in the realm,  
Makes them submit to his *injunctions*,  
Prescribes them methods for their functions ;  
And sets them bounds how far to go,  
Both in divine and canon law.  
Base was his carriage to the rest,  
The poor and helpless he opprest,  
Was deaf to orphans' cries and pray'rs,  
Laugh'd at afflicted widows' tears :  
Look'd on the gentry with disdain,  
Contemn'd the peers and noblemen,  
Insulted o'er the clergy, and  
Griev'd all the honest in the land.  
Errors in faith the fool commended,  
And impious heretics defended.

\* In the convocation house, at his coming in, all the bishops did the same honors unto him, as to their vicar-general ; and he saluted them, and sat down in the highest place. Thomas Mason's *Abstract out of Fox's Martyrs*, entitled *Christ's Victories over Satan's Tyranny*, p. 197.—He sent forth *injunctions* to all bishops and curates throughout the realm, charging them, &c. See *Stowe*, p. 574.

one worse than he in pagan times  
 or sacrilege, the worst of crimes.  
 What can I add? The impious thief  
 did nothing good in all his life;  
 and here it is I mean to tell  
 How the religious houses fell,  
 For 'twas this monster mov'd the crown  
 To seize their lands, and pull them down.  
 The king convenes a parliament,  
 Well chosen for his good intent:  
 The first thing that the house began with,  
 And what he press'd their going on with,  
 Was to examine misdemeanors,  
 To post us monks and nuns for sinners,  
 And make the clergy's lives as black  
 As were the gowns upon their back;  
 And Cromwell, the chief stickler there,  
 Is made the master visitor;  
 Who presently picks up a crew  
 Of all the greatest rogues he knew,  
 And, with commission, sends 'em in,  
 To ev'ry cell to search for sin,  
 And find out all the least abuses,  
 That might be in religious houses:  
 And these to magnify as far,\*  
 As Sol in light outshines a star.  
 They authorize the mob to bring in  
 Complaints against the clergy's sinning  
 And lay commands on ev'ry brother  
 To charge with vices one another,  
 And bitter grievances express  
 With exclamations for redress,  
 Which the base scoundrels gladly do  
 Regardless whether false or true:

\* They represented their offences in such manner  
 as made them seem both greater in number as  
 nature than indeed they were. Heylin, p. 282.

Nor did the visitors care whether  
'Twas true or false,\* took all together :  
For when it chanc'd they found no more  
Than one or two in twenty score,  
That they for vice or sin could blame,  
On the whole house they charg'd the same,  
And for the failing of a few,  
Charg'd all with sins, which they ne'er knew ;  
Now all those crimes imagi-nary,  
Were sent to Cromwell and king Harry,  
By a black not'ry, whom they took  
To write them in their Doomsday book.  
And by this scandal made the people  
Wish for the downfall of the steeple,  
And shake their heads at the religious,  
As criminals the most prodigious.

Thus having clear'd the way to what  
The king designed to be at ;  
He moves the parliament to grant  
Relief for past and present want  
And gave him cash to pay the score,  
He had been at to gain his whore.  
The way that he would have it done,  
Was by a *dissolution*  
Of such small abbeys, as were found  
In annual rent two hundred pound,  
Or under : and join, as his own,  
Their lands and livings to the crown.  
But Rochester† dislik'd the thing,  
And vig'rously oppos'd the king,  
Foretelling such a grant would soon  
Bring all the greater abbeys down ;

\* The commissioners threatened the canons of Leicester, that they would charge them with adultery and sodomy, unless they would submit to *give up their house*. See Hist. Collec., p. 36.—Burnet owns, that there were great complaints made of the violence and briberies of the visitors ; and perhaps, says he, not without reason.—It was complained, says Dr. Burnet, that Dr. London had corrupted many nuns. Abridg. p. 152.

† See Rochester's speech. Hist. Collec.

And in a very little while,  
Not leave one standing in the isle ;  
Which after came to pass ; but now  
All his endeavors would not do ;  
Cromwell prevails : the parliament  
To please the king, gave their consent,  
And down the lesser houses went ;  
Which were in number, at their fall  
Three hundred seventy six in all :  
Their yearly rent was that day found,  
Upwards of thirty thousand pound  
In ancient rents, which would be more  
Than that at this day ten times o'er.  
He seiz'd their jewels, took their gold,  
And at half price their goods were sold :  
Sent the religious\* up and down,  
With forty shillings and a gown.  
Thus the small houses :—now the great  
Come next, and share the self-same fate.

Abbeys six hundred forty-five,  
If we may history believe,  
They levell'd to foundations, and  
Unjustly seized all their land.  
Chant'ries and chapels they threw o'er,  
Twenty-three hundred seventy four.  
Good hospitals one hundred ten,  
Which long had kept poor pious men,  
They seized with their impi'us hands  
And turned poor saints to vagabonds  
And colleges almost one hundred  
Into their ancient chaos hurled.

\* Ten thousand of the religious were sent to  
with forty shillings and a gown a man ; they  
were estimated at 100,000*l.*, and the valued  
at 32,000 ; but was really above ten times  
thought strange to see the king devour what  
dedicated to the honor of God and his :  
Abridg.—Baker tells us, that "the number  
pressed were 645, besides 90 colleges, 100 hospitals  
and free chapels, 2374." p. 305.

Scarce stone on stone, or brick on brick,  
Was left of any one fabric,  
Save here and there a scrap of wall,  
To show a glorious abbey's fall,  
And the old footsteps yet of stones,  
To meet the ground it cover'd once.  
The revenue of abbey lands\*  
Seiz'd by the king's and nobles' hands,  
Were then in yearly value found  
One hundred sixty thousand pound  
In good old rent, such as might be  
At this day trebl'd three times three:  
The treasure seiz'd on by the prince,  
In gold and jewels, was immense.  
Pride, gluttony, and drunkenness,  
Rebellion, lust, and all excess,  
Is now maintain'd by that, which then  
Was the support of holy men,  
And dedicated to God's honor,  
By the intention of the donor.

Where once the lark on flutt'ring wing  
Call'd drowsy brothers up to sing,  
Lauds, matins, thanks to God above,  
Now, not a tongue is heard to move,  
Unless of owls or birds of night,  
Or dismal shrieks of haunting sprite.  
Those sacred cells, where votaries were  
In peaceful contemplative pray'r,  
Are lurking dens of wild beasts made,  
And foxes howl where hermits pray'd.

\* The acts and statutes made by parliament concerning the Reformation, are more fit to compose a volume than for a margin; as those relating first to the divorce of Queen Katharine, to Anna Boleyn, to Cranmer, to the division from Rome, to the death of Sir Thomas More, and the holy bishop of Rochester; with many others, to the *supremacy and fall of abbeyes*, with many other acts relating to those affairs. I therefore refer the kind reader to the statute books and records themselves; the books are more public among *attorneys* and *pettifoggers*, than Bibles are among *persons*.



Ye lofty tow'rs, and sacred piles,  
That once adorn'd our happy isles,  
Ah! who can record your o'erturning,  
But in deep sighs and bitter mourning?  
Besides the lines my papers bear,  
Let injur'd justice take her share,  
And sigh thro' all the liquid air;  
Till the whole world perceives the noise,  
And falls to listen to the voice:  
Then let it *form* such words, that *all*  
May understand, and weep your fall.  
With the sad fate of all your saints,  
And innocent inhabitants,  
Who were so violently hurl'd  
From bless'd abodes to cursed world.

This thunder-clap now scarce was o'er,  
When in his brow a bloody show'r  
Contracts itself, and hence a flood  
Is poured down of martyrs' blood;  
The deluge flow'd o'er all the land,  
Swept all away that durst withstand  
His late usurped supreme pow'r:  
Of which were Rochester and More,  
Two martyrs pious, wise, and learn'd,  
As any age has since discern'd.

Fam'd Avalonia,\* where 'tis said  
Arimathea's bones were laid,  
Was moisten'd with a purple stream,  
That from its martyr'd abbot came:  
The greedy earth drank up the flood,  
And gave free passage to the blood,  
Which sunk as if it gladly sought  
To honor that which Joseph brought

\* Glastenbury, where St. Joseph of Arimathea's body in two phials that he brought with him filled with the very blood that he washed from the sacred wounds and body of Saviour, after he took him down from the cross. See the story of Glastenbury and Capgrave.

This holy abbot's head they nailed  
Upon his gate, his limbs impal'd  
In cities four, adjoining near,  
Bath, Wells, Bridgewater, Ilchester.

The learned abbot, Farringdon,  
And commissary Peterson,  
John Beck, abbot of Colchester,  
And Jennison,\* renown'd in war,  
Were put to death; and Richardson,  
Powell, Owen, and Fetherston,  
Rug, Abell, Bolhelm, and the prior  
Of Doncaster; in short there were  
Two cardinals condemn'd to death,  
And thirteen abbots lost their breath;  
Archdeacons, canons, seventy-four;  
Priests, priors, monks, five hundred more;  
And fifty learned doctors dy'd,  
Dukes, marquises, and earls were try'd,  
Of which a dozen suffered,  
To satiate this bloody heap:  
Twenty-nine knights and barons fell  
Sad victims to his headship's will;  
Of gentlemen were eighteen score,  
Townsmen one hundred thirty-four,  
And ladies full an hundred more.  
The weak sex here no mercy found,  
More than the hare before the hound.†  
In all, king Harry sent to heaven  
About twelve hundred eighty-seven;  
And more, if more had still deny'd  
His pow'r supreme, had surely dy'd;

\* A knight of Malta.

† England sat sighing and groaning, says Cambden, to see her wealth exhausted, her money embased and mingled with copper; abbeyes demolished, which were the monuments of ancient piety; the blood of her nobility, prelates, papists, and protestants, promiscuously spilt, and the land embroil'd in a war with Scotland. Hist. Eliz., Intro. edit. 3.

For ne'er was heathen prince before  
More prodigal of Christian gore.

And here was laid the deep foundation  
For Ned's and Bess's reformation:  
As on this basis up they rear'd  
Their church of England, they besmear'd  
It still with blood: with blood each stone  
Cemented was, as 'twas laid on;  
And blood her builders to this day  
Make use of for their lime and clay.

Astrea, as wise poets say,  
Left earth, and took the milky way,  
To the blest palace of the gods,  
Where resting in secure abodes,  
On mortals sometimes from on high  
Looks down with an all-seeing eye,  
That all their darkest secrets heeds,  
She wink'd not long at those black deeds;  
But pour'd on each reformer's scull  
Revening wrath, whole phials full.

First on that girl,\* who caus'd the strife  
Between king Harry and his wife,  
Ann Boleyn; she, so dear of late,  
Is now the object of his hate;  
And has her veins by him quite drain'd  
Of the black blood which he had stain'd.  
Stern fate, in prime and blooming years,  
Turn'd all her laughter into tears,  
And whilst she thought herself secure,  
Sent her from Greenwich to the Tower;  
In which for incest she was cast,  
Condemn'd, divorc'd, and her head lost.

\* Anna Boleyn, tried by her peers, and found guilty, had  
ment pronounced against her by the Duke of Norfolk. See  
Immediately the lord Rochford, her brother, was condemn  
who, together with Henry Norris, Mark Smeeton, William  
ton, and Francis Weston, about matters touching the queen  
beheaded. Queen Anna herself was beheaded within the

Rochford, her brother, lost his head  
For his acquaintance with her bed.\*  
Weston and Brereton grim death  
Pack'd hence, to wait on her beneath;  
And Smeeton with another rival,  
These were her lovers when alive all.  
And therefore Harry kindly sent her  
All four, lest three should not content her.  
This was the wicked wench's fate,  
Thus heav'n reveng'd poor injur'd Kate.

New heretics, as Fox confesses,  
Lost one of their chief patronesses:†  
For, whilst she liv'd, the king conniv'd  
At Lutherans, the Zuinglians thriv'd,  
And strange religions prospered;  
For she was head o'er Church's head.

Here Cranmer's death cannot come in,  
Till he his measure fills with sin;  
But vengeance still the rogue pursues,  
'Tis Mary paid him all his dues.

That impious minister of state,  
The wicked Cromwell,‡ had the fate  
First of an unexpected prison,  
And then to lose his head for treason;  
Not suffer'd for his innocence  
To plead, or make the least defence;

\* The crimes for which she died were adultery and incest. See Baker. This author and some others are inclined to believe her innocence; nor do I judge her. But, I say, if she was innocent, what was the king and her judges? If the king scrupled not to shed her innocent blood, can we believe it was a scruple of conscience that forced him to divorce Katharine?—The very day after queen Anna's death the king married Mrs. Jane Seymour. See Heylin, p. 5.

† For her religion, says Baker, she was an earnest professor, and one of the first countenancers of the gospel. *Supra*.

‡ The lord Cromwell, sitting in the council chamber, was suddenly apprehended and committed to the Tower, was attainted by parliament, and never came to his answer, by a law, as some reported, he himself caused to be made. He was beheaded for heresy and treason. See Baker.

By a new law condemn'd unheard,  
That he himself had just prepar'd ;  
A law the villain did invent  
For murdering the innocent ;  
But was himself the first was try'd b't  
And, as just heav'n would have it, dy'd by't,  
Like wicked Haman on his gallows,  
Or in his burning bull, Perillus.

Next of the Zuinglian crew we hear on,  
Was old Hob Barns, Gerrard, and Hieron,  
Three rogues about reforming busy,  
And with strange faiths made all uneasy ;  
And would have folk esteem them, when  
They preach'd, for apostolic men ;  
But faith and mission being wanting,  
And Harry liking not their canting,  
At last, with fire and Smithfield faggots,  
He burn'd all three to roast their maggots.

Tyndal, another of the gang  
That Harry meant to burn or hang,  
By help of heels escap'd his hand,  
Yet dy'd by fire in foreign land.

Some anabaptists hither came  
From Dutchland, each one with his dream,  
And between ev'ry two a woman,  
For all but faith they held in common.  
They preach'd and pray'd by inward light,  
Not caring whether wrong or right.  
Nor did king Harry value whether,  
But broil'd them all by threes together ;  
And that because the sex is frail,  
On each side of 'em plac'd a male.

But at last the spirit of preaching  
Inspires the king,\* and he'll be teaching,

\* Another time he, as head of the church, preached a sermon to his parliament, set down by Stowe at large. He acknowledged their love to himself, but found fault with their want of love to one another: "For," says he, "what love where there is not concord? What concord, where one calleth another heretic and

And boldly falls to act th' apostles,  
 And in converting stoutly bustles.  
 In hall of Westminster the sage  
 And grave king-preacher mounts a stage,  
 That all about might see and hear him,  
 That ever pleased to come near him,  
 And see the stock he did inherit  
 Of Peter's apostolic spirit,  
 As being highly fit all men should know  
 That with the keys he had the virtues too,  
 He calls one Lambert\* to appear,  
 And to his gospel gives good ear,  
 That Harry might before their parting,  
 Obtain the honor of converting  
 A Zuinglian, as Lambert was;  
 But things came otherwise to pass:  
 For after that he falls to prate,  
 Lambert becomes more obstinate,  
 And where he seem'd to have before  
 But one false point, has now a score.

Th' apostle disappointed thus,  
 From temper calm, turns furious,  
 And breathes out fire and faggot-stick  
 If he persist an heretic;

anabaptist, he again calleth him papist and hypocrite? And this not only among the temporality, but the clergy themselves preach one against another without charity, or discretion; some be so stiff in their old *Mumpsimus*, and others so curious in their new *Sumpsimus*, that few or none preacheth truly and sincerely the word of God; now, therefore, let this be amended; fear and serve God, be in charity amongst yourselves, to the which I, as your supreme head and sovereign lord, exhort and require you." Baker, p. 312.

\* One Nicholson, alias Lambert, being accused for denying the real presence in the sacrament, appealed to the king, who was content to hear him; whereupon a throne was set up in the king's palace at Westminster for the king to sit; and when the bishops had urged their arguments, and could not prevail, then the king took him in hand; hoping, perhaps, to have the honor of converting an heretic, when the bishops could not do it; and withal promised him pardon if he would recant. But all would not do, Lambert remained obstinate, the king missed his honor, the delinquent his pardon; for shortly after he was drawn to Smithfield, and there burnt. Baker's Chron. p. 105.

But Lambert laughs at all his threats,  
And Harry miss'd of doing feats,  
But over to Jack Ketch he turns him,  
Who quickly goes away and burns him :  
Hewart and Frith were also fry'd  
In the same fire, where Lambert dy'd.  
Thus schismatics agreed together,  
And heretics burn'd one another.

Nor scap'd the king, kirk's supreme head,  
Just punishment for what he did.  
For after he his queen divorc'd,  
And from the chair St. Peter forc'd,  
His issue, life, and death, were curs'd. }  
He had, in twice six years, six wives ;  
Four he divorc'd, from three their lives  
He took ; the last, design'd for death,  
Had luck to see him out of breath.  
Good authors also further tell ye,  
He ript up poor Jane Seymour's belly.  
Ann Cleve, the fourth wife whom he wedded  
He soon got quit of, tho' she was bedded,  
And only under this pretence,  
Because she pleas'd not any sense.

The lady Howard in her stead  
He wed, but soon cut off her head.  
And Kath'rine Parr, the last of six,  
Because she favor'd heretics,  
He to the Tower had confin'd,  
But that the mitt'mus which he sign'd  
She chanc'd to find before its date  
Commenc'd for her intended fate.  
At which by humble sweet behavior,  
She got again into his favor ;  
In fine, this lewd adult'rous prince  
Had thrice two wedded wives at once.

Curs'd in his issue, little Ned  
At six years' reign was poisoned.  
Mary, the queen, his lawful daughter,

Expir'd of grief but five days after :  
Queen Bess, sprung from incestuous blood,  
Dy'd mad——Thus ended Harry's brood.

His life was curs'd : since the divorce  
It seems but one continued curse :  
Whate'er he undertook or did,  
Set sin aside, naught prospered ;  
Unhappy was he in his pleasures,  
And maugre all his ill-got treasures,\*  
Involv'd in debt, by lust and pride,  
At last a wretched beggar dy'd.

But e'er his soul from carcase fled,  
And left its huge unwieldy bed,  
He sent for Cranmer, that arch knave,  
Who told him only faith would save ;  
But neither bade him love, nor hope,  
Nor reconcil'd be to the pope,

Now drawing near his cursed end,  
Black sacrilege, blood spilt, blood stain'd  
And schism brought into his nation,  
Stern conscience, and black desperation,  
Affrighted his expiring ghost,  
And his last words were, *All is lost !*  
A fearful exit.——Exit, dad,  
Now enters in the puny lad.

Edward, that from his mother's womb  
Came not the way that others come,  
But as is said of vipers, he  
Broke out at navel of the she ;  
For when he could no longer stay,  
The midwife's gully hack'd his way.

Ill omen 'twas, and did portend,  
Mischievous life, and wretched end

\*The treasures of the crown were exhausted, says Heylin, by prodigal gifts, and his late chargeable expedition against the French, &c. The money of the realm so debased and mixed, that it could not pass for current among foreign nations, to the great dishonor of the kingdom, and the loss of the merchants.



nd so it happ'd. I sigh to sing  
he cursed reign of this boy-king.

At nine years old he took the crown,  
and at fifteen he laid it down :  
For's age he was not short, nor tall,  
Nor very thick, nor very small,  
But had for brains, the dev'l and all.

All arts and sciences he knew,  
As skill'd in tongues as wand'ring Jew ;  
In subtilty deep learn'd as Cardan,  
Could solve a riddle tho' an hard one,  
And by a sympathetic play,  
Heal venom of tarantula :  
For manners some think, who have seen him,  
He had no vice, nor virtue in him,  
Unless his zeal : for he'd pretend  
The faith and church of Christ to mend.

The first work that this little thing  
Took under hand, when crowned king,  
Was to reform, poor child ! the kirk,  
Whom Cranmer then taught how to work.  
Seymour and Dudley lik'd the sport,  
And so did all his greedy court ;  
They long'd to practise sacred theft  
Upon what things old Harry left.

Those acts which his grandsire had ma  
'Gainst heretics, aside he laid,  
And heresy does now begin,  
To be no longer counted sin.

Conscience and law no longer tie,  
But faiths increase and multiply,  
And those who please may all deny

The tares that choke the better s  
Began o'er all the land to spread,  
And in a very little while,  
Was every corner of the isle  
With strange opinions overspread  
And by new doctrines pestered,

Commissioners\* the babe prepares  
 To look into all church affairs,  
 To whom he fitting preachers joins,  
 To cry down images and shrines,  
 Mass, altar, crucifix, prayers said  
 To saints above and for the dead.  
 Now these he sends thro' all the nation,  
 To propagate the reformation,  
 And well they manag'd without doubt,  
 The great affair they went about ;  
 For images in ev'ry town,  
 And altars too were broken down ;  
 Upon which spoil and chantry lands,  
 His courtiers laid rapacious hands ;  
 Vestments, and copes of cloth of gold  
 Adorn'd with pearl, rich to behold,  
 And richer antependiums sold :  
 Plate, candlesticks, and silver flagons  
 Were turn'd to brass and pewter noggins,  
 And silver chalices to tin ;  
 Nor did they look upon't as sin,  
 When pleas'd to take their merry sups,  
 To turn them into fuddling cups :  
 On beds they antependiums laid,  
 Of sacred vestments cushions made,

\* Injunctions were prepared, and commissioners sent down with them into all parts of the kingdom. They were accompanied with certain learned preachers to instruct the people. They were to leave some homilies with the parish priests, which Cranmer composed. The preachers were instructed particularly, to persuade people from praying to saints, from making prayers for the dead, from adoring images, beads, mass, &c. Heylin's history, p. 43, 34. —The Injunctions are entitled, Injunctions by the most excellent Prince Edward the Sixth, &c. To all and singular his loving subjects, as well of the clergy as of laity ; "a fine young pope to pretend so peremptorily to enjoin such hard rules to his laity and clergy." First, they are enjoined to observe and keep all laws and statutes made for the abolishing the power and jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome, as also for the establishment and confirmation of the king's authority, jurisdiction, and supremacy. They are also to open four times in the year against the pope's power, and for the king's supremacy.

And albs the parsons' wives convert,  
To smock of wife and parson's shirt.  
'Twas noted for a papist-house  
Had none of these for profane use :  
The very bodies of the dead,  
That many hundred years had laid  
Intomb'd in silent beds of lead,  
Naked as they were born they left  
And of their leaden shirts bereft ;  
Who ever saw a town in plund'ring ?  
What ruffling, tugging, tearing, thund'ring,  
Among rude soldiers is, till they  
Are each one glutt'd with his prey ;  
Such work or worse, if worse could be,  
In English churches might you see :  
Their sacrilege was without measure,  
Till they got temple clean of treasure ;  
For 'twas its riches rais'd the storm,  
And set those heathens to reform.  
This done, they fall by cunning tricks,  
T' expose church lands and bishoprics,  
To the rapacity and rage  
Of the court harpies of that age.  
And thus it was they fell to work  
In kicking bishop out of kirk.  
The first step was to undermine  
The bishop's claim to right divine,  
And thus 'twas done ; an act was sign'd  
In which the little lad ordain'd,  
*That bishops shall be, so it said,*  
*By the king's letters patent made ;\**

\* It was ordained, says Heylin, that bishops should be in the king's letters patent, and not by election of the chapters ; that all their processes and writings should be in the king's name, only with the bishop's *teste* added to sealed with no other seal but the king's.—The intent of the trivers of this act, says Heylin, was by degrees to weaken the papal order, by forcing them from their stronghold of divine institution and making them no other than the king's ministers only, his spiritual sheriffs to execute his will, and disperse his man-

And in his name their holinesses  
Must make their warrants and processes,  
And not their own seals set, but his,  
And write their names as witnesses ;  
That dean and chapter shou'd no more  
Exist ; but give their office o'er.  
Nor might the bishops orders give,  
Till license\* and especial leave,  
The post or paritor should bring,  
Seal'd and subscribed by the king,  
T' enable 'em to confer the same  
By virtue of his power supreme.

Besides, the sacred character  
With which the clergy stamped are  
When they're ordain'd and consecrated,  
Was by a statute abrogated ;  
That is, the form by which they're made,  
Was by an act abolished.  
'Twas made the third year of his reign,  
And in the sixth, but not till then,  
New forms were by twelve men devis'd,  
Six laics, six were canoniz'd ;  
I do not mean for saints : for then  
I'd wrong 'em : they were clergymen,  
Such as their reformation brought forth,  
Fall'n priests, that all men know for naught worth.

For then, sway'd by the Zuinglian faction,  
King Edward's clergy held election  
Sufficient for 'em, therefore sought  
No form or one that's next to naught,

\* Of this act such use was made, that the bishops of those times were not in a capacity of conferring orders, but as they were thereunto empowered by special license, the tenure whereof was in these words following :—The king to such a bishop greeting ; Whereas all and all manner of jurisdiction, as well ecclesiastical as civil, flows from the king, as from the supreme head of all the body, &c. We therefore give and grant to thee full power and license to continue during our good pleasure for holding ordination within thy diocese of N, and for promoting fit persons unto holy orders, even to that of priesthood. See Heylin, pp. 51, 52.

To wit, a form which they affected,  
To show them solemnly elected :

Not to give priests a character,  
Or grace episcopal confer ;  
For then a bishop or a priest  
Were held for limbs of antichrist :  
And it was then they thought it best,  
T' obliterate the name of priest  
And bishop, and not once to name  
In either of their forms the same,  
As may be seen, for thus they run :  
If't please ye, read 'em, then go on.

*The form of ordaining Priests.*

Devised, for this is the word, by K. Edwa

Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins th  
forgive, they are forgiven : and whose si  
dost retain, they are retained. And be  
faithful dispenser of the word of God,  
his holy sacraments ; In the name  
Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy  
Amen.

*The form of consecrating Bishops.*

Devised by K. Edward VI.

Take the Holy Ghost, and remember th  
stir up the grace of God, which is in the  
imposition of hands ; for God hath not g  
the spirit of fear, but of power, and lo  
soberness.

The first form's that by which their se  
Their preaching elders did elect :  
And this the second form they use,  
When they superintendents choose.

From these blank forms, 'tis evident  
Ned's church of England never meant  
To have a priest or bishop in't.

The bishops from *jure divino*  
Thus brought, what cannot kings and queens do?  
Are now become no other thing,  
Than simple vassals to the king;  
And, as such, he from sees ejects,  
As often as he finds defects  
That he's not willing to endure:  
And all this does by pope-like pow'r.

And now the game begins at court,  
And bishoprics make noble sport:  
The stake put down, each courtier plays  
With all the cunning that he has:  
But Seymour and Northumberland,  
Were always on the winning hand.

Good bishop Tonstal, lord of Durham,  
They fell upon, full bent to worry him;  
And got his bishopric by act  
On purpose made, dissolv'd and wrack't:  
And all his revenues and lands  
Were seized into the prince's hands:  
Which Dudley would have hindered  
From being parcell'd out by Ned:  
He aiming, you must understand,  
To join 'em to Northumberland;  
So that his dukedom might by these,  
Extend itself from Tweed to Tees.

The bishoprics of Winchester,  
York, Westminster,\* and Rochester,  
Scap'd not the fury of the storm:  
A godly method to reform!  
They tore from Coventry and Litchfield  
Whole limbs: from Lincoln many a rich field,  
For in the months that it lay vacant  
So many hands there were to take from't,  
That when the last new bishop came,  
Of all his manors in the same,

\* The bishopric of Westminster was dissolved by the king's letters patent. Heylin.

But only one the thieves had left :  
'Twas Budgen call'd that scap'd their theft.

And now comes in great Somerset,  
With whom all's fish that comes to net :  
Uncle to Edward, infant king,  
The scurf of all his mam's' offspring :  
One drunken with his brother's blood,  
An impious atheist, own'd no God :  
Yet chief reformer of his days,  
Wick'd as Nero's were his ways.  
Most sacrilegious and profane,  
Proud and extravagantly vain,  
Bloodthirsty, cruel, and unjust,  
A traitor to his king and trust :  
Ambitious, avaricious, and  
A plaguy griper after land :  
Greedy of gain, as mouth of hell 's :  
A wolf that eat up Bath and Wells ;  
Which by what sleight he seized upon,  
We'll tell you here, and then go on  
From this discourse of bishoprics,  
To other of his impious tricks.

He with one Barlow scrapes acquaintance,  
A hungry dog that wanted maint'nance,  
And ready now to eat his nails,  
Starv'd by a bishopric in Wales,  
Which old king Harry\* gave his worship  
To serve a turn with, tho' no bishop ;  
And there he lived as long as't lasted,  
But left it then, when all was wasted.

This Barlow† was a Zuinglian,

\* Master Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (p. 70), says, that king Harry, to strengthen himself against the pope, &c., procured Cranmer's advancement to the see of Canterbury, and more of the Protestant clergy to other bishoprics and high places.

† Now we may not without reason suppose, that this Barlow was one of those Protestant clergy so promoted ; because, though king Harry put him into a bishopric in Wales, yet it cannot be found, either in the records of that place, or anywhere else in the world, that ever he was consecrated bishop. It is very pos-

Yet was for him the fitter man,  
That he from twenty score could pick,  
With whom to share a bishopric ;  
To him duke sends, and in short space  
Barlow appears before his grace :  
Where after he had made a bow,  
And roughly scrap'd a leg or two,  
Without much further compliment,  
Demands the reason why he sent.  
To whom the duke in friendly wise,  
Bids him sit down, and thus replies :  
Come, master Barlow, you I hear,  
Wou'd gladly have a bishop's chair :  
If you'll be grateful to the giver,  
I'll either fit you now, or never.

Grateful, my lord, yes marry will I,  
Quoth Barlow : for my lord, I tell ye  
If you'll do this, I will not stand  
To give you two-thirds of its land.  
You shall my help have, quoth the duke,  
For like an honest man you look ;  
Here's Bath and Wells lie vacant now,  
I'll bid king Edward give 'em you,  
And make you lord of the diocese,  
Provided when you this possess  
You'll me remember as the actor,  
And well reward your benefactor.

Doubt not, said Barlow : for, my lord,  
I'm always better than my word ;  
As for reward, you need not crave it,  
Hint what you'll have, and you shall have it :  
Provided that you leave behind,  
As much as will this carcase find,

bable that the king promoted him, a Zuinglian Protestant, for the ends that would never require him to be consecrated. The Zuinglian Protestants in general, and Barlow in particular, being against consecration, as is shown above. I note this, because this Barlow was the pretended consecrator of Dr. Matthew Parker, queen Elizabeth's first bishop, and yet was not a bishop himself.



Clapping his hand upon his belly,  
And pointing to his wife ; I tell ye  
I would not want support of life,  
Nor what is fitting for my wife  
And pretty babes ; for we have five,  
That must, you know, be kept alive,  
Pish, pish ! quoth Seymour in a huff,  
Doubt not but I shall leave ye 'nough ;  
Turn me but nineteen manors o'er,  
'Tis strange he made them not a score,  
And on my soul I'll ask no more.  
Yes, that I will, my lord, quoth Barlow,  
So both are pleas'd, and end the parley.  
Thus Barlow got a diocese,  
And Somerset but little less :  
For both perform'd what was agreed on.  
The next thing that we are to read on,  
Is a large palace, which the peer,  
Fitting his greatness, meant to rear  
From falling temples, sacred stone ;  
And Westminster is pitched upon :  
The minster close he also chooses,  
In which to build his lofty houses.

Abbot-dean Benson\* hearing tell,  
That Seymour lik'd his kirk too well ;  
And dreading he would quickly seize on't,  
Steps to his brother† with a present :  
Begging of him to keep the peace  
Between St. Peter and his grace ;  
And he to gratify his honor,  
Would add upto his Sudley manor,  
Sev'nteen sufficient tenements  
And manor houses with their rents,  
By lease of nine and ninety years ;  
This sounded well in Seymour's ears,  
And sev'nteen more for the same reason,

\* Benson was the last abbot and first dean of Westminster.

† Sir Thomas Seymour, the duke's brother, lord admiral.

He does present to Sir John Mason\*  
For his great master's use : but's grace  
Unwilling was to take the lease,  
'Till he had Islip join'd to these,  
For yet an hundred years to come  
Save one ; and for their annual sum  
Of rent, was tax'd one corn of pepper.  
Thus in a storm the prudent skipper,  
Tho' richly laden, thinks it best  
To heave out part, to save the rest.

The builder thus prevail'd upon  
To let St. Peter's church alone ;  
It was not long before his grace,  
Bethinks him of another place.

About the middle of the Strand,  
Did three old bishops' houses stand ;  
And a large church was by them seated,  
T'our blessed lady dedicated,  
With four great fabrics he pull'd down,  
And built his house with Holland stone ;  
But not sufficient were they all,  
So he makes bold with good St. Paul ;  
And *by your leave* was scarcely said,  
When level with the ground he laid  
The *cloister* joining to the kirk,  
Encompassed with *curious* work

Two chapels he demolished, and  
The charnel-house fell by his hand.  
Which to the Strand were all convey'd,  
And into Finsbury field the dead.  
For thither all the bones were sent,  
That in the charnel-house were pent,  
St. John's church at Jerusalem  
Unwilling was to go with him,  
'Till by a blast of powder laid  
Flat with the ground, it then obeyed.

\* The duke's great favorite and minister.

And Smithfield left its ancient stand,  
To wait upon him in the Strand.

Besides, there follow'd other four,  
As Barking chapel, by the Tower,  
St. Ewen's, St. Martin-le-grand,  
St. Nicholas. All to the Strand  
Were led away for Seymour's use,  
In building of his sumptuous house.

In short, the Theban stones ne'er flew  
So fast, when great Amphion blew  
His bag-pipes, or his lyra strung,  
As did those kirks when Seymour sung;  
For all then flew at his command,  
From their foundations to the Strand.  
Thus from the hallow'd stones of those  
Old churches this new palace rose.

Scarce was this fabric finished,  
When Edward sent without his head,  
The duke\* to lodge among the dead  
In a dark vault, and bed of lead:  
As with his brother† he had dealt  
Whose blood not long before he'd spilt,  
Mov'd by their disagreeing wives,  
The church-lands saved not their lives:  
Nor was for them in holy ground,  
From death a sanctuary found;  
Where let us leave them, and prepare  
To entertain the *Common-prayer*.

As Prodrumus to its intrusion,  
A Babylonian confusion,  
Under pretence of reformation,  
Invades all churches in the nation.  
At Windsor, Ned and Somerset,  
With Latimer and Cranmer met,  
Where into deep consult they fell,

\* The duke of Somerset, beheaded for felony.

† He had cut off his brother's head, Sir Thomas Seymour's, a while before, for treason.

How to amend things that were well,  
On purpose that it might be said,  
They had a reformation made ;  
At least, that now they had begun  
What they design'd to carry on,  
And perfect after, at their pleasure,  
As time allow'd 'em better leisure,  
And bring't at last to such a pass,  
As to be void of faith and mass.  
Now with the mass they first begin,  
Turn inside out, and outside in ;  
Leave part in Latin, th' other part  
They into English do convert,  
And a new form fall on inventing,  
To celebrate the sacrament in ;  
Which being done, they set it out  
To all the churches round about,  
Or else it would have serv'd for naught ;  
By this their new form of communion,  
Breaking the ties of ancient union,  
The stream that flow'd before in one,  
Now in't an hundred channels run.  
Some would not leave the ancient way,  
Others would by the new form pray.  
Some were for both, and some for neither,  
Some half the one, and half the other ;  
Some would in English mutter o'er  
Psalms, lessons, and confiteor ;  
Some others would in English read  
Th' epistle, gospel, and the creed,  
But keep the canon of the mass  
In Latin, as before it was ;  
And in the Latin tongue go on,  
'Till at the benediction,  
Which they pronounc'd in mother tongue,  
Making a medley all along :  
Whilst some who would not imitate  
The church refused to consecrate

In words divine, which Christ had taught,  
But at the institution laught ;  
They of their own, new forms invent,  
To consecrate their sacrament ;  
More strange and uncouth, bless us all !  
Than e'en the ministers of Baal  
Could have devised in their cries,  
For fire to roast their sacrifice.  
Some, that they might not miss the true one,  
Wou'd to the old form join the new one :  
As country housewives do their spinning,  
When woollen yarn they mix with linen.  
Thus some took wine, some water single,  
Some would their wine with water mingle :  
Some yet preciser, would for fear  
Of superstition, bless strong beer ;  
Thus not long since a Welsh divine  
Bless'd Weobly-ale instead of wine.  
Some would not use unleaven'd bread,  
But lumps of leaven in its stead.  
Thus doctor Horneck\* at this day  
Affirms, that where's no bread you may  
Make use of any other meat,  
That in the place of bread you eat ;  
Yea, tho' 'tis made of roots of trees,  
Or even of a good cow's cheese ;  
For milk and millet he'll allow,  
And cheese is made of milk you know ;  
But if you think it is not bread,  
Cast in it a little millet-seed  
Among the curd when first 'tis made,  
So have you milk and millet-bread ;  
And this, he does assure you, may  
Be us'd when other bread's away ;  
Yet this fam'd doctor cannot grant,  
That you may use, when bread you want,

\* See Dr. Horneck's book, entitled, *The Crucified Jesus*, printed 1696, p. 112.

Turnips and carrots, or potatoes ;  
Tho' seamen say that in Barbadoes,  
The last of these was all the bread  
That the first English planters made.  
Apples and pears he'll not allow,  
Nor cacao, tho' Indians know  
No other bread but cacao.

The reason he admits not these,  
Is, 'cause they are the fruit of trees ;  
But why he should reject the fruit,  
None knows, when he admits the root,  
Unless it be the fool's so wise,  
To expose his damn'd absurdities.  
But leave we Horneck, and again  
Return to blessed Edward's reign

Some would admit the elevation ;  
When such as us'd right consecration,  
Held up the host to be adored,  
Some would not bend their knees before't,  
Others would turn their heads awry ;  
Whilst some would quit the kirk, and cry  
Idolatry ! Idolatry !

Thus at that time the giddy rabble  
Ran like the builders of old Babel,  
And more distracted were they then,  
Than Nimrod's tongue divided men ;  
During the two first years of Ned,  
No other form the chaos had,  
But indigested, rude, confus'd,  
Were all religious rites then us'd ;  
Till't pleased th' Almighty Lord Protector,  
That spring of motion and director,  
To inspire with zeal Cranmer and Ridley,  
And Latimer to patch a medley  
Of sentences pluck'd here and there  
From Roman Missal and Brevier :  
Which soon as 'twas in shape of book,  
For title **COMMON-PRAYER** it took ;

Which name't has holden ever since,  
Tho' often alter'd by the prince.

When news was to Geneva brought,  
For Fame will fly as quick as thought,  
That English sophists were about  
A liturgy ; grave Calvin thought,  
'Twas meet he should his service offer  
To Cranmer, tho' he slights his proffer,  
To help him in composing prayer ;  
John itch'd to be a doing there ;  
But Cranmer scorn'd it should be said,  
That England's Common-Prayer was made  
By foreign workmen ; and therefore  
Ridley and he, and Latimer,  
Their cunning skulls together laid,  
And by themselves the Prayer Book made.

Tho' by the king and parliament  
'Twas authoriz'd, approv'd and sent  
To all the churches that then were,  
As code of universal prayer ;  
Yet scarce three years it did remain,  
Before 'twas called in again,  
The Catholics could not abide it ;  
The Zuinglians did all deride it ;  
The Lutherans did not care for it,  
And Calvinists did all abhor it :  
So that king Edward's church was then  
Not like the kirks of other men ;  
And at this day, if you'll but mind it,  
A monster of a kirk you'll find it.

Those who this liturgy compil'd  
Affirmed (but they were beguil'd),  
That then they saw the Holy Ghost  
Close at their elbows take his post,  
And heard him help them, to extract  
From antichrist an holy tract ;  
Which if then true, who help'd 'em when  
'Twas three years after made again ?

But Bucer, as his books relate,  
Believ'd it no divine dictate.

This Bucer was at first a monk,  
But left his order for a punk ;  
A lewd, inconsistent hypocrite,  
Who did teach heresy in spite.  
When he at Zuinglians was offended,  
Then Luther's errors he commended,  
And so *e contra*, when again  
At Luther vex'd he chang'd his strain ;  
Till four times, e'er the man had done,  
He changed his judgment off and on.  
Yet this blasphemous doctrine he  
Held always most tenaciously,  
To wit, " That God had ever been  
The author of all sorts of sin."

Thus Bucer, and one Peter Martyr,  
At that time kept an heavy quarter  
About inventing new religions,  
With which to fit those silly gudgeons,  
That had a mind to preach and pray  
Themselves to heaven some other way  
Than that which Christ himself had brought 'em,  
And by his holy Church had taught 'em.  
Those two, and one call'd Bernard Ochin,  
A bungling fellow, always botching  
His faith, it seems, with an intention  
It should appear his own invention ;  
For nothing was with him less taking,  
Than what was of another's making.  
Ochin, than whom Calvin himself  
Was not a more blasphemous elf,  
Deny'd the blessed Trinity,  
Impugned Christ's divinity,  
Taught it for lawful to have two  
Wives at a time : he died a Jew.  
Those three, I say, and several more,  
Were by duke Seymour sent for o'er,



To help him in his reformation,  
And fit religions for the nation ;  
But Bucer, 'mongst all that were there,  
Was busiest with the Common-Prayer,  
Which Cranmer had so very late  
With all his skill been hamm'ring at !  
And which, as Bucer thought, from hand  
He'd sent ill-polished o'er the land.  
Hooper and Rogers also storm,  
Two that came over to reform  
With Peter Martyr and Ochinus,  
Zealots as eager, and as keen as  
Bucer for Prayer-Book's reformation,  
But each would have't in his own fashion ;  
For all were perfect in religion,  
As were Mahomet's ass and pigeon.  
John Calvin and his agents sought  
To stop his Prayer Book's coming out,  
Till they had lick'd it very near  
To th' ugly shape of Calvin's bear.  
But Cranmer scorned to submit  
To them, and therefore publish'd it.  
Nor wou'd the duke have time delay'd  
In getting new corrections made ;  
But needs must have it, good or bad,  
To hinder people's running mad,  
And uniform the multitude  
In prayer, and join the jarring crowd :  
For now the mob had all begun,  
As mad as hares in March to run ;  
As scarce a private man was known,  
But had a strange prayer of his own,  
Quite different from his neighbor's prayer ;  
But when in church, that all might hear,  
They wou'd in disagreeing tone  
Bawl out their prayers, each man his own :  
So that the hideous din of Babel  
Was less confus'd than that of rabble.

The book being publish'd, as is said,  
An horrid bustle Bucer made ;  
For growing lavish of his sweat,  
And moved with reforming heat  
And furious zeal, but more with drink,  
Sits down and calls for pen and ink ;  
You must suppose for paper too,  
For ink without it would not do.  
Pen, ink, and paper having got,  
He drinks a draught of spritely pot,  
Which wise reformers take delight in,  
When preaching, arguing, or writing ;  
For as their greatest prophets think  
The truest spirit's in the drink.  
Then he with peevish pen begins  
To censure all the Prayer-Book's sins.

He held it for a sinful matter,  
In baptism to bless the water ;  
The holy oil and exorcism,  
He took for anti-christianism.  
'Gainst pray'r to saints, and for the dead,  
A doleful racket Martin made,  
And not a little fault he found  
With sacramental bread's being round ;  
For yet they us'd communion bread,  
In form as formerly 'twas made ;  
Yet thicker, and thereon no prints.  
He quarrels with priest's ornaments,  
As albs, copes, vestments ; wishing they  
Would throw canonic gowns away.  
That long gown, says he, I'll not trouble it,  
Go German-like in four-lapt doublet ;  
And for your breeches let them be,  
As Calvin wears 'em bound at knee,  
And wide like the Genevan cut ;  
Or if that fashion please you not,  
Use German shape your mid-leg reaching,  
With knees unbound, like those I preach in.

And use short cloak, for th' dev'l-a-bit  
Of superstition is in it.

And pray ye never shame to wear  
That ornament of beard and hair ;  
For look not I a deal more grave,  
Than those that ne'er a whisker have ?  
Now tho' he was thus mad at small things,  
Yet what vex'd him the worst of all things,  
Was pray'rs, that at the consecration  
Imply'd a transubstantiation :

For in the book did still remain  
Those pray'rs the Missal did contain,  
And most o' th' time that Edward reign'd,  
The real presence they retain'd,  
And still reserv'd the sacred host  
Whilst that first pray'r-book kept its post ;  
And to sick people they thought fit,  
With rev'rence great to carry it.

Water with wine, in the oblation,  
They mixed for the consecration ;  
These customs Bucer rudely handles,  
Nor will allow of lighted candles ;  
Their use, says he, for ornament  
On God's board may be innocent ;  
But do not light 'em as on stages,  
So may two candles last for ages.  
Yet better 'twere you used none,  
For shunning superstition !

The godly must with Satan fight,  
By inward, not by outward light.  
'Thus, in his censure, 'gainst all these  
Fell Bucer bitterly inveighs :

Hooper and Rogers also blam'd  
This first prayer-book : being thus defam'd  
They sent it over to John Calvin,  
Who curs'd it e'en beyond absolving,  
And sends it back again to Ned,  
To have it utterly forbid.

—  
This made the huge wise little king,  
Take cognizance of everything ;  
Calling old Cranmer fool and ass,  
For having made his book half mass,  
And charging him by strict *mandatum*,  
To call in 's prayer book : for I hate 'em,  
Says he, and am resolv'd, that you  
Shall model common prayer anew,  
And publish such a book as shall  
Not have a word of mass at all.

Nay soft, my liege, quoth Cranmer's grace,  
Some bits of mass may keep their place,  
Epistles, gospels, scraps of prayer,  
We yet may use as they stand there ;  
But what may seem in any wise  
To favor daily sacrifice,  
All such we'll take care to pull out,  
And from our book contraries cull out.  
Odds-life, my liege, and now I think on 't,  
Here is a gulph, we're just at brink on 't ;  
So that if Scylla we escape,  
We shall into Charybdis leap :  
You with the parliament, and we  
Who first compos'd this liturgy,  
Have told the world, that heaven did aid  
Our synod, when the same was made ;  
The Holy Ghost we say was there,  
And help'd to frame this common-prayer ;  
Conceive ye this ? Wise sir, I fear,  
We shall come off but bluely here ;  
For if 'twas true the Holy Ghost  
Was present, as we boldly boast :  
Then God and man will us condemn,  
For changing what was done by him ;  
But chiefly if we go about  
To make out one contrary to 't.

But if he was not present, when  
We made this book, 'tis certain then

That's but a human work at most,  
And falsely charg'd on th' Holy Ghost  
And all the land has cause to cry,  
That we abus'd them with a lie;  
For if then absent, pray ye how  
Can folk believe, he helps us now?  
Nor can hereafter any tell,  
That either book is framed well;  
Besides, says he, and fell a storming,  
We shall till doomsday be reforming.

Well! well! quoth Edward, this I know,  
Without your telling, that I do,  
And must confess 'tis very true, sir;  
But yet this busybody Bucer,  
By Calvin put, it seems, upon 't,  
Makes all the land so eager on 't,  
That I had better fairly yield,  
Than be constrain'd to quit the field;  
Our nearest friends are for it; and  
Who dare oppose Northumberland?  
And I must tell ye, none more keen  
Than he, this pretty while has been:  
Yes, all our court says, fie upon 'em!  
*We palm the Mass in English on them.*  
Till I am deaf'ned with their clamors,  
That beat my brain-pan worse than hammers.  
But that's not all, one reason hear,  
Which most convincing doth appear  
And moves me more than all the rest;  
They say, if this book be suppress,  
'Twill open easy ways to bring  
Vast heaps of treasure to the king,  
Which is well known we stand in need on,  
My dad left but small stock to breed on;  
He being forc'd to coin his boot tops,  
And ride in black jack-legs without tops:  
His sending out of coined leather,  
*Shows gold and silver he left neither*

To his poor son : and what a pox is  
A coin worth, made of hides of oxes ;  
Or what avails our coffers full  
Of patches stamp't from skin of bull ?  
I therefore say, if putting down  
This prayer-book will enrich the crown,  
It is but fitting that we do it ;  
And therefore, Cranmer, buckle to it ;  
Call Ridley to ye, and prepare  
Another sort of common-prayer ;  
With Calvin too, do you advise,  
And see that neither *sacrifice*,  
Nor *real presence*, nor a *prayer*,  
For souls that hence departed are,  
Nor any *saint* be named there.  
For those put out we may with ease  
The *riches* of the altar seize ;  
And golden shrines, and chantry lands,  
Will fall of course into our hands :  
So that you quickly will behold  
Your leathern prince a king of gold.

Nay then, quoth Cranmer, if't be so,  
You shall have my vote for it too ;  
For when the state may gain by it,  
'Tis reason that the church submit ;  
And so it shall, I promise ye,  
While I hold England's primacy ;  
Nor should I scruple 't as a sin,  
To bring old paganism in,  
Provided that the king desire it,  
Or private interest require it.

Tom thus consenting, all went well,  
And to reform again they fell ;  
Yet never after durst pretend  
The Holy Ghost his aid did send.  
Now Cranmer, Ridley, and king Ned,  
With Latimer, who had a head  
As full of brains as a black-pudding

Took out of boiling pot it stood in,  
 Falling to work with pen and ink,  
 With little wit, and store of drink,  
 In twinkling of an eye they made,  
 For things were done as soon as said,  
 Their second Common Prayer Book, and  
 Gave to the first a countermand;  
 Yet tho' they did abolish it,  
 Oh, wonderful reformers' wit!  
 They did declare the same to be  
 "A very godly liturgy,  
 And with the word of God agreeing."  
 The act itself is worth your seeing,  
 'Tis in the margin\* here, Oh, strange!  
 How they extol the thing they change,  
 They own 't a very godly order,  
 "Agreeing with God's word; nay further,  
 Fitting to the ancient Church's fashion,  
 And profitable for the nation,  
 And comfortable to all that use it,  
 And hell to all that do refuse it."  
 Yet, for all this, even they reject it,  
 And as erroneous detect it,  
 And use another quite contrary;  
 And thus in points of faith they vary.

\* The act of parliament for establishing the second common prayer book, entitled "An Act for the Uniformity of Services." See stat. 5 and 6 Ed. VI. Whereas there hath been a *very good order* set forth by the authority of parliament for common prayer and administration of sacraments, &c., agreeable to the word of God and the primitive Church, very comfortable to all good people desiring to live in Christian conversation, and most profitable to the estates of the realm, upon which the mercy, favor, and blessing of Almighty God is in none so readily and plentifully poured, as common prayer, due use of the sacraments, &c. And yet, this notwithstanding, a great number of people do wilfully and damnable before Almighty God abstain and refuse to come to their parish churches, where common prayer, &c., is used upon Sunday, &c. And therefore, the king's most excellent majesty, with the assent of the lords and commons in the present parliament assembled, and the authority of the same, hath caused the aforesaid order of common service, entitled the Book of Common Prayer, to be faithfully and godly perused, explained, and made fully perfect."

Let no man take this for a fiction,  
But know, eternal contradiction  
Was the first ground, for a foundation,  
On which to ground their reformation.  
The real presence now, which they  
Had held till then, they cast away  
Placing a rubric at the door,  
That Christ may never enter more,  
Nor adoration e'er be giv'n  
To him on earth, 'cause he's in heaven ;  
For this they made the reason, why  
They did his presence here deny.

This second book, in other rubrics,  
Had also many pretty new tricks ;  
As turning altar into table,  
And setting minister to gabble  
At the north side, and on the south  
Communicants with open mouth,  
To take in lumps of leaven'd bread,  
On trencher in square goblets laid ;  
And none being stinted to their parts,  
Drink hearty draughts of wine in quarts,  
And what escapes their greedy throttles,  
The drunken parson puts in bottles ;  
What bless'd communion bread remains,  
Falls to the sexton for his pains,  
Where waiting for 't, the hungry gull  
Crams both his leathern pockets full ;  
Water with wine they do not now  
Mix, as before they us'd to do,  
Nor do the sacrament reserve ;  
The sick for ghostly food may starve.  
Some kneeling take communion, which  
Another sort receive on breech.  
Vestments and copes they cast away,  
And hoods and crosses, when they pray ;  
Only the surplice is put on,  
That men may know who is sir John.



Commemoration of the saints,  
And extreme unction this book wants;  
Unction of infants in baptism,  
Blessing the font, and exorcism;  
Pray'rs for the dead are now giv'n o'er  
And purgatory is no more.  
In fine, all these old customs were  
Retain'd i' th' first, but wanting here.  
Whatever Bucer deem'd amiss  
In that first book, was chang'd in this;  
As far as they could well imagine,  
They did abolish all religion.

But, reader, prithee lend thine ear  
To Hopkins' psalms, that follow here:  
Jigs by these godly fiddlers made,  
As sung to Ned the Sixth, and play'd  
On bagpipe, sackbut, violin,  
And when inspir'd, made a din  
On hautboy, gelder's-horn, and shaulm,  
And living voice in metre psalm,  
As charming as that piper play'd  
Who all the Hammel rats betray'd  
To dance Morisco to his sound,  
Without regarding feet or ground  
Till they were in the Weser drown'd;  
**Then** six score Hammel children led,  
**Into** a hill that opened,  
To dance unto his pipe below,  
What tune, or where, no mortals know.  
What kind of canticles they were,  
By two or three inserted here,  
Guess at the rest, like him who drew  
Whole Hercules from print of shoe.

*Metre Psalm xvi. v. 9, 10.*

Wherefore my heart and tongue also  
Do both rejoice together;  
My flesh and body rest in hope,

When I this thing consider,  
Thou wilt not leave my soul in grave,  
For, Lord, thou lovest me, &c.

*Prose as in the Protestant Translation.*

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope, for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, &c.

REFLECTION.

As into *rhyme* he turns the story,  
That is a *tongue*, which *prose* calls *glory*.  
And for the want of one poor foot,  
On which the third verse ought to strut,  
He thrusts whole *body* in for prop;  
*My flesh and body rest in hope*,  
And to shun Limbus, thus the knave  
For *hell* in prose, in rhyme writes *grave*;  
But this is nonsense of the noddie,  
Unless he buries soul with body.

*Psalm cxix. v. 130.*

When men first enter into thy word,  
They find a light most clear,  
And very idiots understand  
When they it read or hear.

PROSE.

The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple.

REFLECTION.

By paraphrasing thus, they mean  
To make the simple people keen  
Of *Bibles*; as if every clown,  
Or whistling cobbler in the town,  
Young girls, old wives of eighty year,  
When they the scripture read or hear,

Can every one the sense on 't tell,  
And every text expound as well  
As Austin, Hierom, or Aquine;  
Thus every fool must turn divine,  
And judge of all the scripture saith,  
And pick from thence what they call faith.

*Psalm cxx. v. 5.*

Alas! too long I slack  
Within these tents so black,  
Which Kedar's are by name;  
By whom the flock elect,  
And all of Isaac's sect,  
Are put to open shame.

PROSE.

Wo is me! that I sojourn in Mesech, that  
dwell in the tents of Kedar.

REFLECTION.

'Tis for the sake of this word *slack*,  
He's forc'd to make his tents so *black*;  
Whereas, for aught he knew, they might  
Be of some other dye, or white.  
And for a word to rhyme to *name*,  
Three lines he adds to bring in *shame*;  
And Isaac's offspring for a *sect*  
Must pass in Hopkins' dialect,  
As if the holy Isaac were  
An heretic, or sect-master;  
John wanted one to authorize  
His sect, and therefore boldly flies  
To Isaac to supply the want;  
So brings him in a Protestant:  
Thus the psalm-singer doth abuse,  
And rob of patriarch the Jews;  
Likewise in this that follows next,  
Two lines are added to the text,

To justify their breaking from  
The doctrine and the laws of Rome,  
Which they about that time forsook,  
That they compos'd this metre book.

*Psalm ii. v. 3.*

Shall we be bound to them? say they,  
Let all their bonds be broke,  
And for their doctrine and their law  
Let us reject the yoke.

PROSE.

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast  
their cords from us.

REFLECTION.

The ignorant for gospel take,  
That David bids 'em here forsake  
Rome's yoke, her doctrine, and her law,  
And off her jurisdiction throw.  
Whereas, in prose, th' inspir'd king  
Is treating of another thing,  
To wit, how captive Jews might free  
Themselves from their captivity.

*Psalm cxxix. v. 5. 6. 7. 8.*

They that hate me shall be asham'd  
And turned back also,  
And made as grass upon the house,  
Which withereth e'er it grow.  
Whereof the mower cannot find  
Enough to fill his hand;  
Nor can he fill his lap, that goes  
To glean upon the land

PROSE.

Let them be as grass upon the house top,  
which withereth afore it groweth up, wherewith

the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that gleaneth sheaves his bosom.

## REFLECTION.

Deep intellects they had, that knew  
How grass could *withen e'er it grew* :  
Or how one can a handful mow  
Of *withered grass before it grow*.  
But easy 'tis to understand,  
That he who glean'd *upon the land*,  
Is never like to fill his lap  
With grass *ungrown* on house's top.

*Psalm xlii. v. 9.*

I am persuaded this to say  
To him with pure pretence,  
O Lord, thou art my guide and stay,  
My rock and sure defence.

## PROSE.

I will say unto God, my rock, why hast thou forgotten me ?

## REFLECTION.

In God they have small confidence,  
For when they call him their defence  
'Tis but, you see, a *pure pretence*.

*Psalm li. v. 5.*

It is too manifest, alas !  
That first I was conceiv'd in sin,  
And of my mother so born was,  
And yet vile wretch remain therein.

## PROSE.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin  
*did my mother conceive me.*

## REFLECTION.

The sin that into th' world he brought,  
It seems the poet carried out :  
An argument he has devis'd,  
To show he never was baptiz'd,  
But as by birth a child of wrath,  
Void of hope, charity, and faith,  
So he remain'd without e'er mending,  
Which shows he made a hopeful ending ;  
And that he was a blessed man,  
To make a church reformer on.

Well, sirs, if yet ye are not weary  
With singing psalms, nor mad, nor merry,  
Go on, for you shall have enough  
Of Sternhold's precious metre stuff.

Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,  
And hide it in thy lap ?

O pluck it out, and be not slack

To give thy foes a rap.

*Ps. lxxiv. 12.*

So I suppress and wound my foes,

That they can rise no more ;

For at my feet they fall down flat,

I strike them all so sore.

*Ps. xviii. 37.*

The man is bless'd, whose wickedness

The Lord hath clean remitted ;

And he whose sins and wickedness

Is hid, and also covered.

*Ps. xxxii. 1.*

O God, break thou their teeth at once

Within their jaws throughout ;

Their tusks, that in their great jaw-bones,

Like lions' whelps, hang out.

*Ps. lviii. 6*

And now, sirs, 'twill not be amiss,

If here we give you *more and less*,

And a *for-ever-and-for-aye* ;

With a *for-ever-and-a-day*.

Nor let it grieve ye, if we come  
To *least-and-most* and *all-and-some*,  
And to the *great-and-cke-the-small*,  
And likewise to *also-withal*,  
*Evermore-daily, ever-still*,  
We'll come to : and at last we will  
Show, what good use the psalmist made,  
Especially of the word *trade*.

For every wicked man will God  
Destroy both *more and less*. *Ps. xxxvii. 9.*

All kings, both *more and less*,  
With all their pompous train. *Ps. cxlviii. 11.*

The children of Israel,  
Each one, both *more and less*. *Ps. cxlviii. 14.*

The Lord was set above the floods,  
Ruling the raging sea ;  
So shall he reign as Lord and king,  
*For ever and for aye.* *Ps. xxix. 10.*

What, is his goodness clean decay'd,  
*For ever and a day?* *Ps. lxxvii. 8.*

All men on earth, both *least and most*,  
Fear God and keep his law. *Ps. xxxiii. 8.*

But of his folk the time and age  
Should flourish *ever still*. *Ps. lxxxi. 17.*

And likewise laws both *all and some*  
For gain are sold and bought. *Ps. lxxxii. 6.*

Them that be fearers of the Lord,  
The Lord will bless them all,  
Even will bless them ev'ry one ;  
The *great and eke the small*. *Ps. cxv. 13.*

For *why?* they did not keep with God  
The covenant that was made,

Nor yet would walk or lead their lives  
According to his *trade*.      *Ps. lxxviii. 10.*

For why? their hearts were nothing bent  
To him, nor to his *trade*.      *Ps. lxxviii. 37.*

And set all my commandments light,  
And will not keep my *trade*.      *Ps. lxxxix. 31.*

For this is unto Israel  
A statute and a *trade*.      *Ps. lxxxix. 4.*

To them he made  
A law and a *trade*.      *Ps. cxlviii. 6.*

To these another psalm we'll add,  
By Robin not by David made,  
One time when Wisdom was afraid  
That Turk and pope should have undone him,  
And antichrist have over-run him.

## ROBIN WISDOM'S PSALM.

Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,\*  
From Turk and pope defend us, Lord,  
Both which would thrust out of his throne,  
Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy dear Son.

When Dr. Corbett† had the parts,  
The pains, the zeal, and the deserts  
Of this Bob Wisdom seen, tho' 'twere  
After his death a hundred year;  
He could not choose, but thus accost,  
In modest terms, his naked ghost;

“Thou, once a body, now but air,  
Arch botcher of a psalm or prayer,

From Carfax‡ come  
And patch us up a zealous lay,  
With an old *ever-and-for-aye*,

\* In the back end of their metre psalms.

† Dr. Corbet, bishop of Norwich, his address to the ghost of Robin Wisdom, the psalm poet.

‡ The place where he is buried in Oxford.



Or *all-and-some* ;

Or such a spirit lend me,  
As may a hymn\* *down* send me,  
To purge my brain :  
Then Robin look behind thee,  
Lest Turk or pope do find thee,  
And go to bed again."

Thus common Prayer Book made complete  
And psalms in metre bound up with 't ;  
The next work that they went about  
Was turning churches inside out,  
Thereby to make room for the same,  
Against it from the printer came.

Had you in being that day been,  
You would have bless'd ye to have seen  
For every one about him laid,  
O horrible ! what work they made ;  
There might you see an impious clown,  
Breaking our Saviour's image down ;  
And there you might behold another,  
Tearing the picture of Christ's Mother.  
Here you might see another stand  
Hacking, with axe in cruel hand,  
The Infant in our Lady's lap ;  
Others as busy clamb'ring up  
To break down all the painted glass,  
That in the church's window was,  
And others trampling in the street  
The twelve apostles under feet.  
The peaceful tombs in which were laid  
The sacred ashes of the dead,  
Might now be seen in pieces broke,  
And thence the holy bodiees took.

\* He means a hymn that's *downward* sent,  
From wind in hypochondria pent.

Or, a hymn composed of *half farthings*. Measure the word *farthing*, and by the time you come to the middle, you will find the value of a *half farthing*, and its fitness to *purge the brain*.

Bless'd martyrs now you might behold,  
Who died for Christ in days of old,  
Torn from their tombs, and made to come  
T' endure a second martyrdom.  
If here and there a church remain'd  
Which yet the sacred mass retain'd,  
Straight thither would the rabble hurry,  
And ruin all things in their fury.

The sacred ornaments they tore,  
Trampled Christ's body on the floor,  
Rent corporals, and missals burn'd,  
And chalices to bullion turn'd.  
Here altar-cloths lie scatter'd—and  
There does a broken altar stand :  
One steals away the crucifix,  
And some the silver candlesticks.  
Rich vestments others some convey,  
And antependiums bear away ;  
And what they thought not fit to steal,  
They burn'd thro' an effect of zeal :  
Some of the rabble might you meet  
In vestments stalking through the street,  
Who bitter execrations vent  
Against the holy sacrament,  
And wickedly blaspheme the same  
By many a hideous ugly name.  
For me to write, and you to read  
Their blasphemies, our hearts would bleed ;  
Our eyes would in salt streams be drown'd,  
And ears shut out the wicked sound.

The holy altar of our Lord,  
They'll not call altar, but, God's board :  
Nor must it now stand any more  
In east of choir, as heretofore ;  
But from the east must move to west,  
From south to north and never rest ;  
For to what quarter e'er it went,  
They still found superstition in't ;

Nor could the parson solve the case,  
On which side he shou'd choose his place ;  
Whether eastern or western end,  
Or north or south, should be his stand ;  
Or whether folk must kneel, or sit,  
Or at what side or end of it.

As altar, so they priesthood scorn,  
And name of priest to elder turn ;  
Which uncouth name they did devise,  
T' extinguish thoughts of sacrifice ;  
For while the ancient names remain'd,  
People the memory retain'd  
Of what they signified before ;  
So mass, priest, altar, are no more.

Kirks thus prepar'd for common prayer,  
In new-erected closets there  
They sit 'em down ; I mean in pews,  
As close as hawks are penn'd in mews ;  
And the *young elder* takes his way  
Into his desk, and falls to pray,  
Or read his Common Prayer Book o'er ;  
A form ne'er read in kirks before.  
Pray'r done, and elder growing calm,  
The clerk then sets a metre psalm,  
Well tim'd to make those in pews merry,  
That are with th' elder's praying weary ;  
Or from the drowsy nap to free 'em,  
That haunts the pews where none can see 'em,  
The psalm set out from stretched throat  
By hem, well tun'd as stags at rut ;  
They of all sexes, sizes, ages,  
Warble from pews like birds from cages,  
The rhymes that dreaming Sternhold gave 'em  
And Robin Wisdom deign'd to leave 'em :  
Chanting their notes in artful turnings,  
Like those of rooks in April mornings ;  
'Till deafn'd with each other's din,  
They cease, that th' elder may begin :

by this time from his desk  
it got : where taking text,  
words of it what they will,  
a damning, deep as hell,  
urch and faith of former times,  
as his text to prove its crimes ;  
to list'ning auditory,  
, I shall lay before ye,  
ipture wrote in reign of Saul,  
anti-christian Rome did fall ;  
ng from Exodus a score  
s, that she's the scarlet whore.  
ling nonsense thus he vents,  
tock of which he never wants,  
ner-glass is empty run,  
n his Sunday sermon's done ;  
y, glass, and elder's head,  
time are emptied ;  
must, ye know, be filled again,  
ss with sand, the head with brain.  
mon done, he prays for king,  
e should, and then they sing  
sdom's psalm 'gainst pope and Turk,  
ngregation leaves the kirk.  
s thus king Edward carried on  
ge-podge reformation ;  
th in season did appear,  
pt him in his full career :  
n the moment that we breathe,  
dy, ghastly goblin ! Death,  
n-faced, bare-boned skeleton,  
tal enemy to man,  
us with unwinking eye,  
ching opportunity,  
ches one by one away,  
s us down as men do hay :  
en he has a mind to kill,  
what instruments he will :

So poison was, 'tis said, the tool  
Which drove out little Edward's soul,  
Hid in a venom'd new year's rose,  
Into his blood it pass'd thro' nose.  
Some authors say it enter'd in  
\*By poison'd shirt thro' pores of skin:  
For washing it, as story tells,  
Depriv'd his laundress of her nails.  
In short, he dwindled fast away,  
After the Dudleys near him lay;  
The just effects of reformation,  
And dying left his crown and nation  
To Suffolk's daughter, called Jane,  
By will: mark now her nine days' reign.  
But in the first place I shall tell,  
What mov'd the king to make his will.

Ned having cut his\* uncle's weasons,  
For their ill management and treasons,  
And after them had sent a train  
Of traitors; Arundel and Vane,  
And Stanhope and Miles Partridge fell.  
This last was hang'd; (in rope of bell,  
Perhaps) for he, as Heylin, tells  
Cast dice with old king Hal for bells,  
And by this sacrilegious fling,  
Won Jesus' bells, the finest ring  
That ever England had before:  
The dev'lish throw no sooner o'er,  
But Partridge goes and melts 'em down,  
And sells the metal as his own.

The king's two uncles gone, I say,  
And their best friends thus sent away,  
Ned fell of course into the hand  
Of Dudley of Northumberland,

\* See Baker's Hist. p. 810, &c.

† The lord protector Seymour, and his brother Sir Thomas Seymour, lord admiral.

A zealous bigot Protestant  
Who cunningly in godly cant  
Cloak'd his designs, and pass'd for saint;  
Seeking his end in scripture phrase,  
After the manner of those days,  
When texts of bibles were brought in  
To authorize all sorts of sin.

We read, quoth he, in sacred writ,  
How holy David thought it fit  
\*To make successor to the throne  
The wise religious Solomon  
And not the hare-brain'd Absalom.  
Now his design, as we may guess,  
Was to secure the church by this:  
I therefore take upon me now,  
O pious king, to counsel you  
To imitate the good king David,  
That congregation may be saved,  
My bowels in my belly bleed,  
To think that Mary should succeed;  
She'll spoil the vineyard you ha' been  
These five long years a toiling in:  
Our kirk, I mean (heav'n bless the founder),  
Must fall as flat as any flounder;  
Our Common Prayer Books neatly bound up  
With metre psalms by Hopkins tun'd up,  
Must be laid by to take their rest  
In some old musty fusty chest:  
Tho' Moll's your sister, and the heir  
Of crown, yet (godly king) take care  
Of this our blessed reformation,  
And rivet gospel in our nation  
So thoroughly, that after ages  
Shall not remove 't with maul and wedges.  
But this cannot be done, ye know,  
If Moll the throne mount after you;

Consider, therefore, and contrive it  
For gospel's good, while you're alive yet  
So 'twill in after times be said,  
You left secure the faith you made :  
Which mighty deed in godly rhymes,  
Upon record for future times,  
Shall be engross'd by zealous poet ;  
Hopkins and Sternhold shall do it ;  
Bob Wisdom too, the best of these,  
Shall put it on your elegies ;  
And with our singing psalms we'll bind 'em  
That folk in after times may find 'em,  
For great and small, and all and some,  
To sing your praise till day of doom ;  
And tell how you our faith invented,  
And safe to future ages sent it,  
By leaving crown secure from papist,  
And church of England void of a priest.

This likes me well, quoth little Ned,  
And were I up, as I'm in bed,  
I'd go and fight, as sick as I am,  
My sister Moll, like son of Priam,  
And kill her outright, for I mean  
That she shall never come to reign.

Nay, quoth Sir Dudley, if you please,  
Things may be done with greater ease :  
This is a better way I think,—  
Call Cecil in with pen and ink,  
To draw your will, he'll quickly write it,  
And you b'ing sick, sir, I'll indite it :  
The Lord he knows, there is no way,  
But t' give your crown to lady Gray.  
The king consented, will was made,  
And Edward turn'd about and pray'd  
For holy flock, and future reign  
Of queen elect, the lady Jane.  
Nor was he heedless of religion,  
*Less than the pious famed Trojan,*

to carry'd thro' the flames a pack  
 wooden gods upon his back.  
 pray'd that it, as authors say,  
 ght last for ever and a day,  
 st as he left it at his ending,  
 cept that when it wanted mending,  
 at then some godly men would clout it,  
 some convention sit about it.  
 ving concluded thus his pray'r,  
 ; soul departed—God knows where,  
 e crown is offered to poor Jane,  
 io very faintly falls to reign.  
 een they proclaim her, and for honor,  
 ey put the royal robes upon her,  
 ptre and globe she takes in hand,  
 regal badges of command:  
 d humbly they kneel down before her,  
 d in the usual way adore her,  
 roking her, and then the Lord,  
 d sit 'em down at council board,  
 d fall a pumping each his brain  
 r sage advice, but pump in vain,  
 w to support queen Jenny's station,  
 ainst queen Mary's indignation.  
 urce was this senate set together,  
 en Mary's letters were brought thither,  
 which she claims the crown by right  
 her belonging: this they slight,  
 d having got their reason penn'd  
 black and white, to her they send  
 eir letter, sign'd by all their hands,  
 th wholesome counsel, and commands  
 cease her claim, and haste amain  
 make submission to queen Jane.  
 l Cranmer first did set his hand to 't,  
 d bloodily did swear to stand to 't,  
 ntrary to the oath he swore  
 Harry, but six years before;



The perjur'd villain never minding  
That vows are sacred, oaths are binding.

Soon after this comes news of forces,  
By Mary rais'd, of men and horses,  
As if she were resolv'd to fight,  
And by the sword to try her right,  
This put them in a plaguy pickle,  
Made Cranmer stir, and Ridley stickle;  
The rest, while the amazement lasted,  
Sat as if planet-struck, or blasted,  
'Till Cranmer's words began to sally  
Out of the wicket of his belly.

What mean ye, sirs, quoth he, to sit  
Like wooden blockheads, void of wit,  
And not endeavor to prevent  
What threatens thus our government?  
How can ye suffer poor queen Jane  
To lose the crown, and Mary reign;  
When you are certain, if 't fall out so,  
That she will rattle us about so,  
That not a man, or mother's son,  
But will be utterly undone,  
And our religion go to pot,  
By which our riches we have got,  
And articles and Common Prayer,  
And three times fifty psalms, that are  
Than honeycomb or sugar sweeter,  
Since Hopkins turn'd 'em into metre,  
Must be put down; and which is worse,  
What from the kirk we took by force,  
We must restore, and this ye know,  
Will leave us bare as Æsop's crow.  
Bestir ye, therefore, gentlemen,  
Defend yourselves and good queen Jane:  
You who are sword-men, to your sword,  
We who are word-men, we'll to th' word.  
Get up and fight in blood to knee,  
We'll preach and pray for victory:

Rouse ye, great Dudley, our protector,  
And lay about ye like Troy's Hector:  
Duke Suffolk, and your kinsman Gray,  
Call all to arms 'tween Thames and Tay,  
Fight like old Goths, or Moscow's Czars,  
Zerobabels, or Shezbunezars,  
'Till all your foes lie dead before ye:  
Thus you'll triumph, and we'll adore ye.  
This said, they bid Northumberland  
Of th' army take the chief command,  
And lead to battle. Soft, quoth John,  
There's something else must first be done;  
I ought to have, before I go,  
Commission for whate'er I do;  
That what I undertake may be  
By Jane's and your authority.  
That's true, quoth Craumer, and I'll draw  
A full commission without flaw,  
Which I and all the rest will sign,  
And the great seal we'll to it join;  
So that for all the blood you spill,  
You're authoriz'd by hand and seal;  
Go therefore boldly to the wars,  
And shield ye heav'n from wounds and scars.  
And now the tall gigantic John  
Puts back, and breast, and headpiece on,  
And trusty blade with basket-hilt,  
Which foes in former fights had felt,  
Puts into pocket his commission,  
Then piously makes his petition,  
That Cranmer would draw from the skies  
A blessing on his enterprise:  
And tho' in armor stiffly buckl'd,  
On knees he down to Cranmer truckl'd:  
At which Baal's high priest takes upon him  
To call down astral blessings on him,  
Laying both hands upon his crown,  
To keep him on his knees while down,

Turns up the whites of both his eyes,  
And blesses thus in canting wise :

May you, sir, prosper where you go,  
And may your look affright your foe.  
May killing rays dart from your eyes  
Mortal as those of cocatrice.

May one man of your army chase  
A thousand, and may ten displace  
Ten thousand, when they come to fight,  
Scare as with goblins in the night.

May all your men be fierce as lions,  
As mastiffs fell, and stout as giants ;  
And when engag'd, for ever fight on,  
Till all are kill'd that e'er ye light on :

And may you, when return'd again,  
Bring back as many heads of men,  
That by your own hand have been slain,

As may for every day you march,  
Build up a large triumphal arch.

Take now your sword, and gird it to ye,  
Go on, ye have my blessing with ye.

Thus ending what he had to say,  
Dudley gets up and goes his way.

While things at court were acting thus,  
\*Ridley was canting at Paul's Cross.

This Ridley was, as most agree,  
The picture of a Pharisee,

In Calvinism most deeply learn'd

His living by his preaching earn'd ;

Could hold forth, when the spirit press'd him,

From morn to night, and never rest him ;

A fawning, flattering hypocrite,

That canted gospel out of spite :

Had at command his tears, and could

His face into strange figures mould,

Dr. Ridley, bishop of London, says Baker, on the 16th of July, at St. Paul's Cross, preached a sermon, wherein he invited the people to stand firm to queen Jane, whose cause he affirmed to be most just.—See Baker's Hist., p. 215.

And in his eyes could make appear  
Love, hatred, joy, grief, zeal, and fear,  
Successively one after t'other,  
And when he pleas'd, show all together,  
Or any one, or all dissemble,  
And had a tongue as glib and nimble  
As tail of eel, and for his treason  
Pretended scripture, sense and reason.

This wicked canting counterfeit,  
Gets him into his pulpit seat,  
With all the rabble gaping round it,  
To swallow that which he expounded ;  
Where having three times of his eyes  
Turn'd up the white, to blue of skies,  
Th' enthusiastic spirit moves him ;  
To utter what he thinks behoves him  
Mary's a papist, O beloved,  
You know, and so I need not prove it ;  
I've told you a thousand times e'er this  
What a frightful thing a papist is,  
And have to you explain'd the word,  
As reveal'd to me by the Lord,  
From Genesis to Revelations,  
Against the papist faith and fashions ;  
By which I've shown that Rome's a beast  
With six or seven heads at least,  
And ev'ry head has half a score  
Large horns upon it, if not more :  
What therefore now I must hold forth is,  
That papist Moll, for all her birth, is  
No lawful heir to th' crown ; because  
Her faith's repugnant to the laws,  
Which blessed Edward made of late,  
While he reigned head of church and state.  
He, to prevent a papist's reign,  
By patent gave his crown to Jane ;  
And made us swear to see her crown'd,  
As soon as he was laid in ground :

So that her highness being thus,  
By will of king and oath of us,  
Own'd for our queen, 'tis plain the crown  
Is indisputably her own.  
Besides, she does inherit it  
As heir of old Plantagenet :  
It follows then that Moll, the princess,  
To heirship can have no pretences.  
Besides, if e'er she gets the crown,  
Then wo's my heart for this poor town :  
She'll banish Protestants from London,  
And new religion will be undone ;  
Hang us apostles by the necks,  
For rebels and for heretics.  
But good queen Jane, pray heaven save her,  
And let us praise the Lord we have her,  
'Tis she that must defend us from  
The seven-head ten-horn'd beast of Rome.  
Then does he set her virtues forth,  
Her piety and passing worth ;  
Her hatred great 'gainst popery,  
And zeal for gospel liberty :  
Then from her birth he does declare,  
That to the crown she is right heir.  
This, brethren, is unquestionable,  
Assist her, therefore, godly rabble ;  
Arm, arm, brave boys ! and to the field,  
Make Mary and her forces yield ;  
Let every man gird on his sword,  
And fight the battle of the Lord :  
The Lord of Hosts before will go,  
And lead you on before the foe,  
As he did Gideon and his bands,  
That carried pitchers in their hands ;  
Smite hip and thigh with edge of sword,  
Of all that do resist the Lord :  
And, as of old, so now the sun  
Will stand stock-still till you have done.

Thus he went on, but let us leave  
The profane hypocritic knave,  
And back return to former stand,  
Where late we left Northumberland.

The manner of his marching forth,  
Some authors tell us, and his worth,  
His stature, courage, strength, and age,  
His armor and his equipage,  
His warlike feats in former days,  
Perform'd in Scots and Gallic frays;  
His battles won, and great achievements,  
Wounds, bruises, bangs, and other grievements  
Which happen'd oft to be his fate,  
For no man's always fortunate.  
All which I leave in ancient story;  
Now see the end of all his glory.

Armed with commission, sword, and folly,  
From council board he makes his sally;  
Takes leave of fortune, and his friends,  
And to the head of army tends:  
Where being come, his men he musters,  
And officers together clusters,  
Gives out the word, which when exprest,  
He of queen Mary goes in quest.

Scarce had he led his army down  
Thrice three days' marches from the town,  
When news he gets, that Mary queen  
\*In London had proclaimed been,  
By order of the council, who  
Commission'd him awhile ago:  
To save themselves they now betray  
Their knights, and leave the lady Gray.

Surpris'd at this John's courage fails him,  
No need of pulse to tell what ails him:

\*The lords fell from their side who assembled at Baynard's castle, first the earl of Arundel, then the earl of Pembroke, fell in invectives against the duke of Northumberland. And then the lords joining in opinion with them, they call for the mayor and in London proclaimed the lady Mary queen. See Baker's H

His army's daunted, and forsakes him :  
Thus left, he to his wits betakes him,  
Standing awhile, with casted eyes  
Down to the ground in musing wise,  
He summons politics together,  
Which now are stray'd he knows not whither  
And musters up his store of thought :  
Yet all, poor John, avails him naught :  
Faint thoughts put him in mind of flying,  
And desp'rate thoughts in mind of dying  
On point of sword set to his breast,  
But wiser thoughts did these detest :  
And thoughts more manly bid him fight,  
Tho' now alone, like errant knight.  
But prudence charg'd him not to warrant  
Himself on courage of knight errant ;  
Nor trust himself on his own force,  
Now that he wanted foot and horse.  
But finding 'twas not safe to fight,  
Resolves to play the hypocrite ;  
And this his wisest resolution,  
Was quickly put in execution.

To Cambridge he returns, and there  
Call'd out the Alderman and Mayor,  
And to the market-cross repairs,  
And his feign'd loyalty declares ;  
Of which to evidence the truth,  
From ear to ear he rives his mouth,  
Proclaims queen Mary ; letting fly  
His feather'd cap against the sky :  
To wash his grief with liquor down,  
Taps all the barrels in the town ;  
To Mary's health sends glasses round,  
And swore by Jove he wish'd her crown'd.  
Bonfires he makes to warm his zeal,  
And with his pistols rings a peal,  
And thunders from these little guns,  
*Jane Grey's confusion and his son's,*

As if he valu'd not a filbert  
His late queen Jane, and\* son king Guilford.  
But all this not a whit avail'd him :  
But friends and his dissembling failed him,  
For the next morn as day did peep,  
To call him up, who scarce could sleep,  
Earl Arundel, so late his friend,  
Enters his chamber with a band  
Of frightful-looking musqueteers,  
Hung round with sword and bandileers :  
And on the shoulder claps the man  
With, *Here I do arrest you, John,*  
My warrant 's in queen Mary's name,  
And I, quoth John, obey the same :  
And on his knees, for now his legs  
Could scarcely bear him, falls and begs  
For mercy, owning all his treason ;  
But pray'rs and tears were out of season,  
You should have thought on this before,  
Says Arundel, so pray give o'er :  
Secure him, captain of the guard,  
'Till further orders are prepar'd.  
He's now in durance, who of late  
Presum'd he had a power o'er fate,  
And could at pleasure rule the state.  
But Dudley long remain'd not there,  
E'er he was sent for to the bar,  
Where holding up his traitor's fist,  
He pleaded guilty to th' inquest ;  
And being condemn'd, the traitor's head  
For his rebellion ransom paid.  
Thus like a dream the nine days' reign  
And projects ended of poor Jane ;  
Ended as if they ne'er had been ;  
Then royal Mary† was crown'd queen.

\* The duke of Northumberland's fourth son, Guilford Dudley, married the lady Jane Gray, daughter to Henry Gray, duke of Suffolk.

† Camden gives queen Mary's character thus: "A princess



And now the land that groaning lay  
Under a dire anathema,  
Is reconcil'd to God and Rome  
And banished faith invited home :  
Those impious acts by Harry made,  
And statutes hatch'd in days of Ned,  
Were all annull'd by Mary's pow'r,  
As if they'd never been before ;  
And she abandons now the claim  
Over the church of pow'r supreme.

Now Protestants, with mighty care,  
Pack up their Psalms and Common Prayer,  
And from the realm begin to scud,  
Where they had never acted good ;  
Some make for Frankfort while they may,  
Some for Geneva ; others stay  
Still to infest the peaceful land,  
By acting treasons underhand ;  
As making Edward, lately dead,  
To rise again, and show his head,  
And voices from old walls to break out,  
And stones or something else to speak out :  
You'll understand me, from the cheat  
Of Betsy Crofts of Aldersgate,  
A thing that was suppos'd by most,  
A speaking stone, or talking post,  
That preach'd from thence in croaking tone,  
Like Gray's old toad in lintel-stone.  
But to be plainer, thus it was ;  
In an old wall they hid a lass,  
Where through a whistle that she had  
On purpose for th' imposture made,  
She made a hideous kind of noise,  
That drew together all the boys,

never sufficiently to be commended of all men, for pious and religious demeanor, her commiseration towards the poor, and her munificence and liberality towards the nobility and churchmen." *Introduction to the life of queen Elizabeth, p. 10.*

ld folks too; for who came near it,  
sed with wonder, stood to hear it;  
y degrees to list'ning rabble  
ords would grow intelligible,  
; the last her lessons tell,  
in as heathen oracle.  
st religion she would rail  
than a frantic priest of Baal :  
saints, confession, sacrifice,  
ould abuse with hundred lies ;  
en would praise the Common Pray'r,  
ticles full twenty pair,  
nty-one ; for you must know  
hen were number'd forty-two.  
alms would often sing in metre,  
opkins, but a great deal sweeter :  
conclusion of her speech,  
with a hollow accent preach,  
ngry heaven did resent  
Mary's popish government :  
erefore she was sent from skies,  
ly flock to authorize  
her off : but her commission  
anner left to their discretion.  
or a while was held by all  
a spirit in the wall :  
is in breaking down the mound,  
estant imposture found,  
the mob t' infatuate  
ise rebellion in the state.  
arce was o'er, when on the stage  
ring a youth of Edward's age,  
ke him too, with a pretence  
ed was living, this the prince ;  
at all ought to join in one,  
nuch wrong'd king to re-enthroned,  
ing by this piece of cunning,  
*the rabble mad a running,*

To see new king so lately dead,  
Now rising from his marble bed;  
And guard him by the force of arms,  
From Moll and all impending harms;  
And drive her highness from the throne,  
And seize the treasure of the crown;  
For in th' exchequer, they were told,  
Lay fifty thousand pounds in gold,  
But fate forbade their going on  
With this their fam'd king Fetherston,  
For that was the impostor's name;  
Yet he was pardon'd for the same,  
Till once again he fell to kinging,  
And then he got a rope to swing in:  
For 't was but just, that then his neck  
Should pay for's double saucy trick.

The duke of Suffolk, who had been  
So lately pardon'd by the queen,  
Could not be pleas'd to end his days  
In peace, but arms with all his Grays;  
The Carews arm'd to weapons went  
The Cornish and the men of Kent.  
Sir Thomas Wyat was their head,  
To whom false Brett five hundred led.  
Thus stickled the rebellious nation,  
A credit for that reformation,  
That spread such venom o'er the region,  
'Gainst God, prince, priests, and true religion.  
But at the last this restless crew  
Receiv'd the hire to rebels due.  
Suffolk, his son, the lady Jane,  
Wyat, and fifty of his train,  
And Brett and twenty-two beside  
Of his, as open rebels died.

And now to Cranmer's end we come.  
Behold, as soon as subtle Tom  
Perceiv'd his life approach its date,  
*He cast about to cheat the fate,*

Which he conjectures must be done  
By way of recantation :  
And therefore sets him to recant  
His heresies, and play the saint :  
His recantation writes and signs  
With his own hand, and to it joins  
A formal oath, that this his deed  
From conscience merely did proceed,  
And of his own free will, without  
The least sinister motive to 't.  
But as a witch in hand of justice,  
Finds in her imps no longer trust is,  
So Cranmer's tricks no whit avail him,  
And all his guardian devils fail him ;  
For set aside his heresy,  
He's now for treason doom'd to die ;  
At which he makes a second turn,  
And backward swears what he had sworn :  
His recantation he recants,  
Begs pardon of his Protestants,  
And leads the van of Fox's saints. }  
So Ridley died, and Hooper too,  
And other villains not a few ;  
Whom Pluto tumbled into Styx,  
For traitors and damn'd heretics.  
The other brethren having seen,  
There was no jesting with the queen,  
Pack up their alls, and hasten o'er  
To Germany twice twenty score,  
With articles and Common Pray'r,  
As heeding no religion there,  
But what they carried of their own,  
As to the Germans yet unknown ;  
For you must know they hated following  
\*Of Luther, Calvin, Knipper-Dolling,  
Or John O'Leyden, Carlostadius,  
Zuinglius, or Ecolampadius.

\* See the History of Frankfort, anno 1555.

But slighting these, the haughty elves  
Would needs be leaders of themselves !  
Not one alone to lead the rest,  
But each led all, as he thought best :  
For scarce a man of all the crew,  
But thought the pastorship his due.

Old Whittingham, and Doctor Cox,  
Goodman and Scory, Wood and Knox,  
Fox, Jewel, Williams, Horn and Chest,  
Sands, Bentham, Grendal, and the rest,  
Agreed about the Common Prayer,  
Like Hudibras with fiddle and bear.

Wood, William, Whittingham, and Sutton,  
Valu'd the prayer book not a button ;  
The Litany they grudg'd to say,  
And threw the surplice quite away,  
Alter'd confession, chang'd the hymns  
For old Jack Hopkins' pithy rhymes.

Their Zurich brethren could not brook  
Such mangling of the English book :  
Embden did bitterly complain,  
And Strasburg took 't in great disdain :  
For you must know in all of these,  
They planted had their colonies.  
Frankfort, too weak to hold dispute,  
Sends for John Knox to help 'em out,  
With promise, if he'd bide the shock,  
He should be pastor of the flock.  
This tickl'd mainly Knox's fancy ;  
As glad he was as e'er did man see,  
That congregation pitch upon him,  
To take the pastoral office on him.  
He runs about the town like mad,  
To take leave of those friends he had ;  
Sets his immovables to sale,  
And crams the rest into his mail ;  
Leaps on the back of lofty beast,  
And from Geneva posts in haste,

As fast as e'er his horse could ride,  
Bang'd with a heel on either side ;  
The horse his four mov'd not so fast,  
As Knox ply'd two feet at his waist.  
But be 't as 't will, both horse and he  
To Frankfort got, as all agree :  
And into kirk he enters, e'er  
They could suppose him half way there :  
Where Whittingham, without restriction,  
Gives him the keys of jurisdiction ;  
Expecting he would let things stand,  
As they were fitted to his hand.  
But busy Knox, now grown expert,  
As Calvin could be for his heart,  
Would undertake to make a platform  
Of Kirk, not like at all to that form  
That Whittingham had late invented ;  
The congregation discontented,  
Oppos'd it all the ways they could do ;  
But John was resolute, and would do  
What he thought fit, and fell a storming,  
When any cross'd him in reforming.  
Nor would he let 'em move a lip,  
In what concern'd his pastorship.

The Strasburg brethren hearing how  
Matters, alas ! were like to go,  
And that sir Whittingham and Knox  
Would go by th' ears, or fall to box,  
Or one another's eyes out scratch,  
Or from their heads pull off the thatch ;  
Sent Chambers all in haste away,  
For Grindal to appease the fray ;  
Who being come and Knox saluting,  
Fell presently to hot disputing ;  
By Knox oppos'd, not him alone,  
But eke by congregation :  
And that because they meant to try,  
The settling *Edward's* liturgy.

For congregation liked not this,  
And Knox dislik'd 'em both, they his.  
B'ing thus divided, as the calf's  
Head was by Teague, into three halves,  
With book in hand up steps sir Lever,  
Thinking it was now time or never  
To get a form that he had made,  
And always used when he pray'd,  
To pass by general consent,  
Since none of the rest could give content.  
But Lever's discipline and pray'r,  
Except himself, pleas'd no man there.  
John Fox, a man of no small action,  
Head of the sag-end of the faction ;  
For ev'ry faction that was there,  
Had sev'ral heads, at least a pair :  
Some like the snake in Lerna's fen,  
And some in shape of Amphisben,  
Which hath, as nice inspectors tell,  
A second head join'd to her tail.  
This Fox was he, that since did those  
Vast acts and monuments compose :  
Thus speaks he, for it was but fit  
That he should speak as well as sit :  
For my part, I can make ye know  
A discipline as well as you ;  
And frame a godly form of pray'r,  
Soul-moving as the best that's there ;  
Pointing to theirs, for he had spy'd 'em  
Laid in the window close behind 'em ;  
But this preferring of inventions,  
I find brings nothing but contentions ;  
And will, as sure as bard in Greece is,  
Ding congregation all to pieces :  
For certainly they strike at root on 't,  
And it has neither shoe nor boot on 't,  
Therefore these stripes, more hard than ston  
*Must break at last its ancle bones :*

And then the dullest of us all  
Knows, that it cannot stand but fall.  
I speak to you that know, learn'd sirs,  
The meaning of dark metaphors,  
Pray strive no more about your pray'rs,  
Nor 'bout discipline go by th' ears,  
But leave your form, and do not grieve  
To follow Calvin's of Geneve;  
For tho' 'tis scarcely right in all things,  
Yet let us wisely wink at small things;  
And for the sake of unity,  
To that sole discipline agree.  
Quoth Whittingham,\* my vote I gi' ye  
For Calvin, and much good may 't do ye.  
And I advise the rest, good John,  
To give their votes as we have done.  
Quoth Haddon, I am not inclin'd  
To be by Calvin disciplin'd:  
It may suit the backs of brawny Swisses,  
But not a skin so fine as this is;  
King Edward's form is good, says Haddon;  
Ye lie, quoth Knox, it is a bad one:  
And I had rather of the two  
Have Calvin's pass, than join with you.  
Up Goodman starts, when hearing this,  
As sour as provoked Swiss,

\* When Whittingham, and divers others of a more violent humor, says the author of 'The Survey of the pretended Holy Discipline,' came first to Frankfort, they fell presently into a very special liking of the Geneva discipline, as finding it to contain such rules and practices as did greatly concur with their own dispositions, viz. that if bishops and princes refused to admit of the gospel, they might be used by their subjects as the bishop of Geneva was used, that is, deposed. And that every particular minister with assistants, according to the platform of that discipline, was himself a bishop, and had as great authority within his own parish, as any bishop in the world might lawfully challenge, even to the excommunication of the best, as well princes as peasants, &c. Howbeit, many there were, as Dr. Cox, Dr. Horn, Mr. Jewel, with sundry others, who, perceiving the tricks of that discipline, did utterly dislike it, pp. 45, 46.



—  
And told John Knox he did defy  
All that condemn'd Ned's liturgy;  
And would defend it by the dint  
Of dagger, sword, or argument.  
With him joins Alcockson, and Saul,  
And Sands affirm'd it best of all:  
Pedder was of his mind, and Lakin;  
But Williams thought 'em all mistaken:  
And swore by all his blood within,  
It was not worth a headless pin.  
Old Hollingham, and Wood, and Keath  
Rail'd at it till quite out of breath.  
Kent swore it was, and so did Bale,  
Not worth the paring of his nail;  
Whitnal abus'd it, and grim Samford  
Swore ne'er to use it, were he damn'd for 't.  
Thus they, to ev'rybody's sight,  
Ran horned mad, and fit to fight;  
Till in good time, upstarts me Gill,  
Who all this time had sitten still;  
As not agreeing with his reason  
To plead for 't in so hot a season;  
And beck'ning to 'em to be quiet,  
For they were blustering and high yet,  
Advises they to Glauber go,  
And unto him their Pray'r Book show;  
With other Germans of renown,  
The godliest in all the town;  
And if such judges like it well,  
Then let us use it, quoth Sir Gill.  
This pleas'd all parties, and next day  
T' expose their books they trot away,  
And to the Germans here and there,  
Each party shows his Common Pray'r;  
The one to gain it better fame,  
T' other to ridicule the same:  
But Whittingham's and Knox's aim  
Was to have Calvin see the same;

As very wisely understanding,  
Nothing would pass he had no hand in.  
Knox therefore into Latin put it,  
And us'd such means that Calvin got it;  
But soon as Calvin cast his eye on 't,  
He falls a hissing, and cries lie on 't;  
Declaring in an angry fleer,  
\* There's many a foolish trifle here,  
That may be borne with, not defended;  
But it were better 'twere amended;  
And e'er you set it right, it must  
Be polished from popish rust.  
When Calvin gave it such a touch,  
It lost its credit very much;  
And such as were before so fond on 't,  
Now scarcely deign to lay a hand on 't,  
Unless sometimes a leaf or so  
To pluck out when to stool they go;  
But now, the mischief on 't, their case  
Is worse by far than e'er it was:  
For having cast the book away,  
They want a form by which to pray;  
For these men were not gifted then,  
To pray extempore like Penn:  
Nor had they yet to prompt their brain,  
The secret of the magic cane;  
Such as the whig saint, Major Wear,  
Lean'd always on, when at his pray'r.

At last they call'd a convocation,  
Not such a one as now's in fashion,  
For there they sat all down together,  
The humbler clergy with the other;  
Nor knew they any man his seat,  
But each the first took he came at;  
That is, if none were sitting on 't,  
For else 't had been a base affront.

\* See the History of the Troubles at Frankfort, and the Survey of the pretended Holy Discipline, printed at London, 1592, p. 44.

After some turnings of discourse,  
And talking much had made 'em hoarse,  
They came at last to resolution  
Of putting things in execution,  
And thus it was: No one to choose,  
Nor either of the forms refuse;  
But so to mingle both together  
As no man might discover either,  
And yet be both in being there,  
John Calvin's and king Edward's pray'r.  
Thus mixt: the next thing to be done,  
Having the lump to work upon,  
Was to extract from both a new one;  
Which for a while must be the true one;  
*A while*, I say, for they intended  
At better leisure to amend it.  
Well, all were pleas'd, and matters were  
In quiet state for half a year:  
'Till Cox's crew to Frankfort came,  
And jumbled all things out of frame.  
First thing they do, they beg for union,  
Knox and the rest join in communion,  
Not doubting but they would comply  
With the new form of liturgy.  
On Sunday following not a man  
But had his best apparel on:  
His doublet lap cut into quarters,  
That scarce reach'd half-way to his garters:  
His breeches strait, long, ope'd at knee,  
As boors do use in Germany:  
His beard was cut in form of spade,  
As Hudibras's since was made:  
His locks scarce hid his ears, he had 'em  
As folks in ballads picture Adam:  
His hat shap'd almost like a cone,  
Taper at top, the wide end down;  
With narrow rim, scarce wide enough  
To save from rain the staring ruff,

That round his neck stood with no less  
Of poking holes, than triple chess ;  
That stiff as buckram stood with starch,  
And thus equipt to kirk they march.

But when in kirk this godly crew  
Was set, and parson in his pew  
Began his pray'r, Cox with his boys  
Roars out an unexpected noise  
Of responds, as the parson read on,  
Which\* Knox and 's party thought no need on ;  
But touch'd in conscience, fell a grumbling,  
And drown'd the parson's voice with mumbling ;

\* The History of the Troubles at Frankfort, concerning Knox's sermons, says : Knox having passed so far in Genesis, that he was come to *Noe as he lay open in his tent*, spake these words following : As divers things ought to be kept secret, even so such things as tend to the dishonor of God, and disquieting of his church, ought to be disclosed and openly reprov'd. And thereupon, says the history, he showed how, that after long troubles and contention among them, a godly agreement was made, and how the same that day was ungodlily broken, which thing became not the proudest of them all to have done ; alleging furthermore, that like as by the word of God we must seek our warrant for the establishing of religion, and without that to trust nothing in any Christian congregation : so, forasmuch as in the English book were things both superstitious, impure, and imperfect, which he offered to prove before all men, he would not consent that of that church it should be received. That in case men would go about to burthen that free congregation therewith, so oft as he should come in that place, the text offering, he would not fail to speak against it. He farther affirmed, that among many things which provoked God's anger against England, slackness to reform religion was one ; and therefore it became them to be circumspect how they laid their foundation. And where some men were not ashamed to say, there was no let or stop in England, meaning in king Edward's time, but that religion might be, and is already brought to perfection, he proved the contrary by the want of discipline, as also by the troubles which Mr. Hooper sustained for the Rochet and such like in the book commended and allowed. And for that one man was permitted to have three, four, or five benefices, to the great scandal of the gospel, and defrauding of the flock of Christ of their livelihood and sustenance. These were the chief notes of his sermon, which were so stomachied by some, especially of such as had many livings in England, that he was very sharply charged and reprov'd so soon as he came out of the pulpit for the same. Thus the Hist. p. 38.

Till many of the younger sort,  
Burst out with laughter at the sport :  
So that one might, like that of hounds,  
Have heard variety of sounds.  
Knox hides his wrath, lets them go on,  
But when the afternoon came, John  
Into the pulpit gets, and there  
Falls foul on Cox and Edward's prayer  
With all the rhetoric he had,  
The substance of the thing he said ;  
Here in the margin you may see,  
Writ from their Frankfort history.

Cox bloodily at this being vext,  
Resolves revenge on Sunday next ;  
Gets into kirk by break o' day,  
While Knox's party was away.  
And makes a parson of his own  
Possess the pulpit till 'twas noon.  
With orders, soon as Knox came in,  
With Edward's Prayer Book to begin,  
From end to end to read it o'er,  
And all to answer as before.  
Knox furious grew at this, and ire  
Set head and face and all on fire,  
And made him ban, and backwards pray,  
Like mistress Loveit in the play.  
But Cox, tho' of a calmer face,  
Resolves to bate him not an ace ;  
It would ha' pleas'd ye to have seen 'em,  
What counter scuffles fell between 'em,  
How one shov'd t' other from the pulpit,  
Who left it not while he could help it :  
'Till Cox and Lever overcame  
Both pastor Knox and Whittingham.  
They pick'd a hole in Knox's coat,  
Else 't had not been worth a knave's groat,  
Having found out in proper season,  
That Knox 'gainst Cæsar had wrote treason.

\*Of which they good advantage took,  
And brought for evidence his book.  
Which closely to his charge they laid ;  
See in the margin what he said.

No sooner did they this relate  
To Glauber, who was magistrate ;  
But he commanded Knox to fly,  
And 'scape deserved destiny :  
Tho' Cox and Lever were in hope  
Glauber would have employ'd the rope.  
Some of his party did embroil  
The congregation for a while ;  
But Whitehead now being made the pastor,  
Joins force with Cox, and gets the master  
O'er all the rebels he could find,  
That busy Knox had left behind ;  
And force old† Whittingham and Fox,

\* Knox's admonition to Christians, as cited by the History of the Troubles at Frankfort, p.p. 44, 45. Oh, England ! England ! If thou wilt obstinately return into Egypt, that is, if thou contract marriage, confederacy, or league with such princes as do maintain and advance idolatry, such as the emperor, who is not less an enemy to Christ than was Nero ; if for the pleasure and friendship, I say, of such princes, thou return to thine old abominations before used under papistry, then assuredly, O England, thou shalt be plagued and brought to desolation by the means of those whose favor thou seekest, and by whom thou art procured to fall from Christ, and serve antichrist. There were other eight places, says the history, but this was most noted, in that it touched the emperor. His treason was also against Philip, the emperor's son, and queen Mary of England.

† John Knox, thus forced to fly, several of his party, not willing to conform, resolved to depart also. Upon this, the next day, says the history, the pastor, Dr. Cox, Thos. Durry, and Mr. Ashley, sent for Whittingham, Thos. Cole, John Fox, William Keath, Roger Hart, John Hilton, with certain others, demanding of them what should be the cause of their departure ? Whittingham answered : First, their breach of promise established with the invocation of God's name. Secondly, their orderless thrusting themselves into the church. Thirdly, taking away the order of discipline established before their coming, and placing no other. Fourthly, the accusation of Mr. Knox, their godly minister, of treason, and seeking his blood. Fifthly, their overthrowing of the common order taken and commanded by the magistrates. Sixthly, the bringing in of papistical superstitions and unprofitable.

With all their clan to follow Knox,  
They do so; and by break o' day,  
Pack up things fitting for the way;  
As bread, cheese, butter, and roast beef,  
For travellers must have relief,  
And to Genev' away they pack:  
Each with his knapsack on his back:  
For Fox advis'd 'em not to ride,  
Save on a stick for shunning pride:  
But e'er 'twas long, himself grew sick,  
With riding on a faggot stick:  
And therefore took up inn at Bazil,  
And warm'd him with his horse of hazel.  
The rest recruiting empty wallets,  
That had been robb'd by hungry palates,  
Resolv'd to march on the next day,  
And so took Zurich in their way;  
And wou'd have gladly wintered there,  
But that the fox, old Bullinger,  
Lik'd not that such a pack of drones,  
Should come to suck his honeycombs;  
For he was pastor in the town,  
And had a flock there of his own,  
And had the best part o' his living  
From charities of burghers giving;  
And therefore grumbl'd Frankfort truants  
Should come to eat up his allowance.  
But seeing they were got to town,  
He bade 'em coldly sit 'em down,  
At least to rest an hour or so,  
And take a snack before they go.  
Then out he brings a wooden dish  
With bits of beef, and pork, and fish,

ble ceremonies, which were burthens, yokes, and clogs. When he and some of the rest had rendered their reasons for their departure to this effect, certain warm words passed to and fro from the one to the other, and so in some heat departed. *History, p. 50.*

had for dinner 'scap't away :  
 n they had lick't the greasy tray,  
 rings an *aqua-vita* bottle,  
 had a lid screw'd on for stopple,  
 gives 'em every one a sup  
 of the little stopple cup ;  
 points their way, and gives his blessing  
 like amends for such dismissing.  
 st they got to journey's end,  
 there we'll leave 'em with their friend—  
 Calvin.

Frankfort thus employ'd of a pack, such  
 roll himself ne'er saw more factious ;  
 n every one ran mad to fight  
 the next he met for inward light :  
 may perhaps expect to find  
 congregation left behind  
 quiet, free from further grudging  
 urning matters of religion ;  
 in their faith and kirk-communion,  
 'd all together in close union :  
 his you must not look for, where  
 otestants you find a pair ;  
 if but one alone you'll see,  
 annot with himself agree ;  
 e for this, or th' other way,  
 aps a hundred times a day.

Frankfort then new feuds arose,  
 at the name and style of those  
 were as chiefs to be elected,  
 kirk you know must be protected :  
 e were for bishop, but the rest  
 sted this, and the word priest,  
 tles sprung from antichrist.  
*perintendant* some were for,  
 others did that name abhor,  
 e *super* was join'd to *intendant*,  
 reas each man was independent.



*Intendant* they could well away with,  
But it was *super* they said nay with.  
Because it argu'd him superior,  
And consequently them inferior;  
Whereas the meanest of the people,  
By gospel freedom was his equal.  
At last they all agreed to name him,  
*Pastor*, and pastor they proclaim him;  
Because, say they, it signifies  
Only to feed, not tyrannize,  
Nor govern, nor command, nor rule  
Over the rest without control;  
For none lik'd to be governed,  
But all are willing to be fed;  
Yet some thought feeding had extent  
To th' odious name of government;  
For he, says they, that feeds the sheep,  
Will also claim a pow'r to keep  
The flock from ranging here and there,  
In search of more abundant fare;  
And when by chance one strays too far,  
A snarling cur, e'er it's aware,  
Is sent to pinch it by the lug;  
'Twill find no mercy in the dog.  
As for its fleece, pastor will take it,  
And leave the sheep as Adam naked,  
If government o'er congregation  
He exercised in this fashion:  
Pray will not this, sirs, think ye, be  
O'er us a perfect tyranny?  
They all conclude it must be so  
And therefore to consult they go,  
How to prevent the sad disasters  
That might befall 'em from such pastors.  
In fine, the cautious multitude,  
For the preventing this, conclude  
That, tho' they lik'd well pastor's care,  
Yet none should hold the past'ral chair

Longer, than by the congregation  
He's deem'd fit for such a station :  
Nor should the elders office hold  
Longer than congregation would.  
They made an act, that elders were  
To be degraded once a year,  
And new ones put into their places ;  
Or, if perchance some of their graces  
Chance to be re-enthron'd again,  
It must be from rank of private men.

You heard before how Whittingham  
Invented first the pastor's name ;  
And how that he, a simple novice,  
Gave up to Knox his past'ral office ;  
And how that stubborn traitor, Knox,  
Supplanted was by crafty Cox ;  
Who yet remain'd not long in place,  
E'er he gave way to Whitehead's grace ;  
And Whitehead turned it o'er to Horn,  
The archest pastor e'er was born ;  
A rogue that play'd them more false pranks,  
Than gypsies could, or mountebauks.  
Horn with a proud insulting air,  
Rais'd in him from conceit of chair,  
Behaves himself as if he'd been  
A little Ned or maiden queen ;  
Or had supremacy much more  
Than Harry e'er assum'd before.  
He tells his flock, they must obey,  
Tho' how, they never knew the way :  
Conform they must, each mother's son,  
To whatsoever he'll have done,  
Or else in Frankfort must not stay,  
But to Geneva pack away.  
Thus by the mighty force of tongue,  
He aw'd a while the factious throng ;  
Till Ashley, an esquire of fashion,  
And great in eye of congregation,

Bolder than others were, and quicker  
When warm'd with zeal and Rhenish liquor,  
Hotly with pastor Horn debated  
'Bout matters that to church related :  
Demanding whether power supreme  
Was in the people or in him ?  
With other things that by sir Horn  
Could not with patience be borne,  
As fearing he would undermine  
His government and discipline.  
But Horn being of a lofty soul,  
Thought much that any should control,  
Or question him about his office,  
A layman too ! and saucy novice ;  
Who, as to Hebrew, Greek, or Latin,  
Could with a schoolboy scarce hold chatting ;  
And in divinity as dull,  
As he who baited the pope's bull.  
Horn was besides of temper hot,  
And hotter when he took his pot ;  
For 'twas at supper they fell out,  
When bumpers briskly flew about :  
And therefore could not brook the rage  
Of Ashley's carriage and language :  
But having boasted first his worth,  
And faculty of holding forth,  
His knowledge in old history,  
And present church's mystery,  
His skill profound in reformation,  
And privilege of past'ral station ;  
All which, he pleads, must qualify him  
For guide supreme of all men nigh him ;  
This said, the rest of his discourse  
At Ashley levels with much force :  
I question not, sir, but you know  
I'm your pastor ; how then dare you,  
Now scarce yourself with wrath and wine,  
*Pretend to change our discipline ?*

Or take upon you to correct  
My actions, or my deeds suspect ?  
If I this sauciness in you  
Should seem to wink at, or allow,  
It would destroy our kirk at Frankfort,  
And who the devil can you thank for't ?  
However, since you spoke in drink,  
As most men do whate'er they think,  
Tho' without reason or discretion,  
Yet if when sober, a submission  
You'll make, I shall be pleas'd to pardon,  
For peace's sake, tho' 'tis a hard one,  
Not to make further satisfaction,  
For so rebellious an action,  
As setting congregation up  
For judges of our pastorship.

Well, when you're sober, if I hear  
Words so schismatical, I swear  
I shan't be able to dispense, sir,  
Therewith, but use the past'ral censure.  
Know, I anathemas can breathe,  
Who have the keys of hell and death.  
Softly, good pastor, for I know,  
Quoth Ashley, no such pow'r in you :  
I do defy your curse alone  
To send to hell the meanest one.  
The keys of hell, death, and damnation,  
Are in the hands of congregation :  
For 'tis the full assembly can  
Damn at their pleasure any man.  
The congregation, hearing this,  
Cried *unâ voce*, so it is.  
I wonder that you should upbraid me,  
With drinking ; for, by him that made me  
I am as sober as your reverence,  
Who glass for glass has pledg'd me e'er since  
We sat us down at board to supper ;  
If I be drunk, then you're not sober :

Yet, sir, I'm not so full of drink,  
But know both what I say and think.

Some of the elders that sat by,  
Perceiving choler work so high,  
And dreading that the issue might  
End in a counter-scuffle fight:  
Did what they could to moderate  
Horn's fury, and pale Ashley's hate;  
Persuaded each to make amends  
By shaking hands and drinking friends.  
O wonderful effect of wine!  
To peace it does again incline,  
And twists what late it did untwine:  
For as in it began their strife,  
So to their friendship it gave life:  
And both becoming merry-hearted,  
Drank themselves friends, and so they parted.  
But ties of liquor are not strong,  
Nor lasted drunken friendship long;  
For three days after, when they met,  
A large dose did the knot unknit,  
Which never after could be tied,  
Tho' Cox, and Kelk, and Kockrost tried;  
And Bentham, Falkoner, and Carrol,  
Strove what they could to end the quarrel:  
So Railton, Warcope, Bartney, Sands,  
To part 'em lent their helping hands;  
Those undertook to settle matters,  
Under the name of arbitrators;  
But more they strove, more out of reach  
The quarrel grew, wider the breach;  
Till watchful magistrate steps in,  
To 'pease by force the zealous din,  
And keep th' incensed from together,  
That one side might not kill the other.  
Yet could they not prevent their lungs  
From pouring out by spiteful tongues,  
*The venom that their inward men*

Had skilfully compos'd within,  
To poison one another's fame,  
And to contaminate good name  
Horn and his elders blew aloud,  
The voices of the factious crowd,  
And congregation, in requital,  
Return'd 'em blast for blast, as spiteful ;  
And ev'ry way to sense as grievous,  
And to their honors as mischievous :  
Thus, to their shame, their light within  
Expos'd to view their inward men.

The constables and magistrates,  
Who bustled to allay their heats,  
And quench the flaming conflagration  
That raged thus in reformation,  
Made use of fair words, foul words too  
They us'd when fair words would not do.  
Yet neither by their power or skill,  
Could they their malice reconcile :  
Nor valu'd they one single straw  
The force of God's, or Frankfort's law.  
Only some few, to make amends,  
Shook hands together, and were friends ;  
That is as to the outward show,  
For inwardly they were not so.  
But Horn, and Ashley, and the rest,  
Their malice publicly profest,  
Which to this day has never ceas'd ;  
But makes 'em murder, now and then,  
The one the other's outward men,  
And damn their inward men and light  
To flames of everlasting night ;  
Witness the books that both sides write ;  
Witness the wars that were begun  
In sixteen hundred forty-one,  
'Tween Protestants and Presbyters,  
Which ended not of eighteen years :  
Of which I'll tell you more hereafter,

Let's on with Horn, the theme of laughter.  
The strife begun, as has been said,  
And naught of reconciliation made ;  
One Hales, who't seems in peace delighted,  
Resolves that he'll see all things righted ;  
And to that purpose letters sends  
To this effect to all his friends :  
Alas ! dear brothers, quoth sir Hales,  
Shall we stand picking of our nails,  
While one claws out another's een  
About our pray'r and discipline,  
And not endeavor all we can  
To settle peace 'tween man and man ?  
How kirk can stand, in troth I see not,  
If reconciliation be not ;  
Or be supported, while the pastor  
And people thus together bluster :  
Since all the burghers of renown  
Are scandaliz'd throughout the town :  
So that they will not give a penny,  
Nor bread, nor beef, allow to any ;  
As judging us, that are so sturdy,  
Of alms and charities unworthy.  
Chambers, that keeps our public purse,  
One single stiver won't disburse,  
Unless the pastor bids him do it ;  
Which, while this feud's on foot, you know i  
He'll not allow, altho' the people  
For hunger shou'd devour the steeple,  
And eat his elder for relief,  
And powder him instead of beef.  
So rats, a sort of giant mouse,  
Once eat a pastor and his house.  
'Tis therefore fit we find a remedy,  
Before things come to that extremity :  
Let's therefore meet, a dozen of us,  
And manage things as does behove us,  
In Horn and Ashley's hot contest.

olesome council pleas'd the rest,  
xt day met betimes i' th' morn,  
t ambassadors to Horn.  
oming to the council board,  
ok as big as any lord,  
ring of his head, nor bending,  
s the reason of their sending;  
h in friendly sort they answer,  
at variance with a man, sir,  
ome words that scap'd his lips,  
to your pastorship;  
ve desire, being fairly stated,  
he church may be debated,  
us twelve be arbitrated;  
resenting congregation,  
ken on us the arbitration.  
you are our pastor, yet  
g a party, 'tis not fit  
ge your adversary, but  
se to this assembly put;  
e no reason is, that you  
be both judge and party too;  
re the giving up for lost  
hley's cause, tho' ne'er so just.  
looking grim as armed Tartar,  
lly bent to give no quarter,  
fing like a petty prince,  
/ checks their insolence :  
ling by what pow'r or laws  
dertake to judge his cause ?  
stle, that you make, I fear,  
, when it comes to Glauber's ear,  
a means perhaps to make him  
e severity betake him ;  
o lock our church's door,  
his purse against our poor.  
xt already, as appears  
ing of his halbardeers



To part us when the fray begun ;  
And are you still a carrying 't on  
With meetings so tumultuous  
Against our pastorship, and us ?  
I wish the turning us from hence  
Prove not the fatal consequence  
Of such your envious peevish snarlings,  
Your meetings, mutinies, and quarr'lings :  
And, as your pastor, I declare,  
The next to schismatics you are ;  
For sure as death your meetings tend  
To naught but schism' in the end.  
But I'm resolv'd, and that you'll find,  
To fit you for it in your kind,  
Odds-curse light o' my hands, if 't fails,  
Severely too, to punish Hales  
By discipline ecclesiastic ;  
A weapon worse than whip or stick.  
But Hales and those that with him sided,  
The pastor's threats and rage derided ;  
And valu'd not a crooked pin,  
That awful thing his discipline ;  
Nor his ecclesiastic whip,  
Nor all his pow'r of *pastorship* ;  
But peremptorily pretended  
To have his discipline amended  
Resolving (which still griev'd him worse)  
From Chambers to translate the purse  
Into such deacon's hand, as would  
Distribute honestly the gold.  
For *purse* and *discipline* and *pray'r*,  
Caus'd all the diff'rence that was there.

Horn hearing such a desp'rate grudging,  
Takes it (and who would not ?) in dudgeon ;  
And seem'd as if he'd preach no more,  
But give his past'ral office o'er :  
At least (thinks he) I'll tell him so ;  
For sure they'll never let me go :

her humbly me petition,  
d continue in commission,  
en I'll make enough to-do,  
I will fall on anew :  
ll I seem to give consent,  
do promise to repent:  
us again I'll feign to leave them,  
they'll not do as I would have them ;  
but fit a governor  
licy, as well as pow'r.  
day next his resolution  
stor put in execution ;  
the kirk he would not come,  
in mulligrubs at home ;  
ng all the elders, not  
ls steeple-house to move a foot ;  
to kirk when people came,  
ound no *pastor* in the same ;  
ler there to make oration,  
alone sat congregation,  
upon the empty pulpit ;  
the last, in hopes to help it,  
ent selected members out,  
if they could bring him to 't :  
eg,—he huffs,—they pray,—he dings,  
parlor into kitchen flings,  
ck again, like cur with switch,  
with gad-bee on his breech ;  
s congregation's rude behavior,  
guage coarser now than ever,  
lls them, that, for divers reasons,  
were unworthy of his presence.  
the last, with much ado,  
lds (as 'twere by force) t ogo,  
o kirk b'ing come again,  
ll his elders in his train,  
pit not a man would go,  
t like laity below :

Nor would the *pastor* thrash the cushion,  
Unless they'd promise a submission,  
And suffer him t' expound the laws,  
And judge in his and Ashley's cause;  
And punish saucy Hales, by keen  
Ecclesiastic discipline.  
But congregation, you must know,  
Was stiffer metal than to bow,  
Or seem to give the least consent  
To 's arbitrary government:  
Nor would they yield, that he so rashly  
Should judge between himself and Ashley;  
Nor could a man of them abide  
The currying of Ashley's hide;  
Or thrashing shoulders of friend Hales,  
With Horn's ecclesiastic flails;  
And so no hopes 'tween congregation  
And Horn of reconciliation.

This stubborn humor of the people  
Makes *pastor* abdicate the steeple:  
As guessing still they'd not give o'er  
To court him as they did before.  
And so indeed they did, but yet,  
The more they fawn, more Horn's in pet;  
Till fearing they might leave him so,  
He yields (as if forc'd) to go;  
But being scarcely half way come  
Between the palace and the dome,  
He hung aback, and do what they  
Could do, would needs have slipt away;  
Telling 'em that the words of worth  
Declar'd by him at holding forth,  
Was but the *casting pearls to hogs*,  
They were such damn'd unworthy dogs:  
And that their rude, unhallow'd ears  
Deserv'd nor gospel, nor his pray'rs.  
But having got him turn'd again,  
*Into the kirk he struts amain,*

And makes a solemn protestation,  
In face of all the congregation ;  
That if it happened after this,  
They deemed aught he did amiss ;  
He'll give 'em up to Satan's care,  
And shake his shoe dust in the air.  
Yet, for my own part, you shall find,  
I have no malice in my mind ;  
Nor do I mean to stick at small things,  
Let's therefore see to settle all things.  
But first I'll into desk, and there,  
Says he, I'll read the Common Prayer ;  
And hope you'll all invoke the Lord,  
To sit with us at council-board.  
Pray'r done he makes a short oration,  
Then calls the rest o' th' congregation ;  
The absent members at his summons,  
In nature of a house of commons,  
Come dropping in until a full pack  
Were met, and each sat on his wool-sack ;  
Where, met with join'd notes, being all devout,  
They sang the psalm, that Horn set out.

*METRE, Psalm lxxx. 7.*

*Thou hast us made a very strife,  
To those that dwell about :  
And that our foes do love a life,  
They laugh and jest it out.*

From this odd psalm, Horn takes occasion  
Thus to harangue the congregation :  
Beloved brethren, understand all,  
Among the nation 'tis a scandal,  
That we, who are the Lord's elect,  
Should seem to be a brawling sect :  
And worry one another thus,  
Like snarling dog or wawling puss,  
When scarce we know for what we fight,  
Nor whether side is wrong or right :

Only conceits of self-inventions,  
Is all the ground of our dissensions.\*  
If you think my sense wrong, pray know,  
That I think your sense wrong also :  
So that if neither side comply,  
We must contend eternally.  
Consider then if one side must  
Yield to the other, 'tis but just  
That you submit to me, who now  
Am pastor, and not I to you.  
Who ever saw in all his days,  
Sheep lead their shepherd out to graze ?  
Therefore, beloved, pray submit,  
And let us hear no more of it.  
As for my own part to agree  
I promise naught shall want in me,  
Nor in the elders, for we do  
Pardon each mother's son of you,  
Reserving only things of weight,  
That to our ministry relate ;  
And this I hope you'll not dispute,  
But leave to us to prosecute.  
He said no more, but now the wise  
And grave assembly thus replies :  
Tho' you are now in pastor's chair,  
Consider, sir, who plac'd you there.  
We own you pastor ; yet, sir, know  
'Twas we, the flock, that made you so ;  
And must the thing created claim  
O'er its creator power supreme ?  
We these disputes consent to clear,  
But will not buy our peace too dear.  
However that you never may  
Cast in our dish, another day,  
That we were in the least refract'ry,  
Or sought imperiously t' hector ye,

\* Vide History Frank, 70, 71, 72.

We'll own you chief, by way of order,  
Provided that ye go no further,  
Nor seem t' assume a jurisdiction  
Over the flock, without restriction.  
Besides as to all private grudges  
We'll pardon you, as God our judge is,  
Reserving only things that be  
Relating to church liberty ;  
And such, we hope, you'll not dispute,  
But we ourselves may prosecute.  
Those most unlucky reservations  
Mov'd pastor's spleen and congregation's  
To that degree, that neither side  
Could their profound resentments hide.  
But that, which yet did further grudge him,  
They take upon themselves to judge him  
In Ashley's cause, where they'll be master,  
And vote the church above the pastor.  
At which he flings down past'ral baton  
And leaves in haste the seat he sat on,  
Expecting that, in former strain,  
They'd send to call him back again ;  
And so indeed they did ; at which,  
'Mong private men he plac'd his breech ;  
Nor, tho' they begg'd it of his grace,  
Would he assume his past'ral pace.  
At which a layman, one so young  
As scarce had got the gift of tongue,  
With big words and with gesture haughty,  
Presumes to teach sage Horn his duty.  
Horn checks him for his saucy pleading ;  
But not desisting at his bidding,  
Horn takes his contumacy ill,  
And leave his pastorship he will ;  
So up he starts, fierce as a Turk,  
And bolts tow'rd the door of kirk ;  
But finding none to bid him stay,  
Back to his bench he sneaks his way ;

Where being plac'd (with small respect)  
His words break out to this effect :

Our falling out among ourselves,  
Like wrathful Gibellins and Guelphs,  
Made me seem t' withdraw my care  
From flock, and quit the past'ral chair.  
Not that I meant it absolutely,  
But feign'd to bring you to your duty ;  
For I and th' elders t't were prest  
By policy ; yet, we protest,  
We meant it not, therefore, my friends,  
If for what's past you'll make amends ;  
That is, no more to grudge or grumble  
Against our discipline, but humble  
Yourselves to us, and our behest  
Obey, then I'll remain your priest,  
And never from my chair depart,  
But teach and preach with all my heart :  
Nor will, good men, the elders go,  
But all rest as in statu quo,

Th' assembly wisely guessing what  
He would so gladly have been at,  
Resolve to tell his grace, in fine,  
The great defect of discipline.  
Suppose the pastor and the elders  
Should no more mind us than sow-gelders ;  
Or doctrine preach not orthodox ;  
Or tyrannize, as late did Knox ;  
Or take upon 'em, to sit judges  
Of differences and private grudges,  
Between themselves and other men,  
They being but a party then ;  
And therefore, as is said before,  
No proper judge on such a score ;  
How shall we remedy the matter

\* There are many weighty causes, say Horn, which do altogether put us back from these innovations, and bid us stick to our old discipline.

In these and things of such like nature,  
Unless we mend our discipline,  
And statutes add, that may enjoin  
Pastors or elders to appear  
At an assembly's lawful bar;  
And to their sentence, as is fit,  
Where they're a party, to submit?  
If you to this will give consent,  
Then we'll rest quiet and content.

This frets and chafes the pastor's gall,\*  
That up he gets for good and all;  
And seems resolv'd in his hot fit,  
His kirk and pastorship to quit.  
But seeing none themselves prepare  
To interpose, returns to chair;  
Where scarcely sat, but up he starts,  
And to the door again departs;  
For two or three times thus he did,  
But finding still he was not bid  
Nor pray'd to stay, of 's own accord  
Comes always back to council-board;  
In hopes at length they would incline  
No more to canvass discipline.  
But as th' assembly had begun,  
They were resolv'd to go on;  
And have their discipline amended,  
In spite of him that thus contended.  
Nay then, quoth Horn, if 't must be so,  
I'll speak again before I go:  
*I and the elders will ourselves*  
*Correct it; that's do it by halves,*  
Says the assembly: therefore we  
Will have a finger in the pie,  
And lose no gospel liberty;  
Nor will we trust that crafty wag,  
Sly Chambers, with the money-bag.

\*The expression used by Whitehead is, That Horn was wonderfully rubb'd on the gall. Hist. Frank.



At this the elders look'd aghast,  
And Horn blew loud, as if the blast  
Had been intended for his last.

By heav'n, says he, by earth and hell,  
By sea, and all that in them dwell,  
I swear and solemnly protest,  
I'll neither eat, drink, sleep, nor rest,  
Till I take vengeance on you all:  
For ev'ry bit of me is gall.  
I'll plague you for your discontents,  
I'll stop and cork up all your vents;  
And bring you into such a plight,  
You'll neither eat, drink, p—, nor s— ;  
I'll pine ye to such skeletons,  
That you shall gnaw your flesh from bones,  
And thank me too that I'll permit ye  
To dine so well; ye dogs, I'll fit ye;  
Unless ye feed on straw and hay,  
Too good for such like cattle; nay,  
Horn having thus discharg'd ding-dong  
His blust'ring gun-shot in the throng,  
Expects no other but to find  
Them frightened to a better mind:  
But he mistook, for congregation  
Laught thus to see him in a passion,  
Deride his threats, contemn with scorn  
The fury of their pastor, Horn;  
At which he cried out *cold at heart*,  
My belly aches; I must depart;  
And stepping into 'midst of alley,  
Down which he was to make his sally,  
Cries out from stretched throat, as high  
As ever he for 's life could cry,  
*Behold I do dissolve th' assembly;*  
And then struts out of door as nimbly  
As any traitor, and to 's house  
He runs, with flea in 's ear, or louse;  
*And never came in pulpit after,*

caus'd some tears, but much more  
aughter.

no sooner went away,  
ers all refused to stay ;  
nisters left off their preaching,  
sturers gave o'er their teaching,  
low pastor to his palace,  
with their money-bag they solace ;  
; and he that had promotion  
t it were at Horn's devotion :  
the wise elders knowing well,  
lose to Horn, as wax to seal.  
orn himself stuck close to th' pouch,  
his friend Chambers had in 's clutch ;  
eing on the surer side,  
gregation they deride :  
ching of 'em for their wants,  
ide unseemly scoffs and taunts,  
r and silly starving dogs,  
good enough for keeping hogs ;  
and the wanting of relief,  
ie assembly so with grief,  
the magistrates they send  
omplaint, by Whitehead penn'd,  
ies that Horn had done 'em,  
aspersions he cast on 'em.  
pastor gone, as said before,  
h' assembly must say more ;  
y continue notwithstanding  
magisterial countermanding,  
te themselves, tho' wanting him,  
a lawful sanhedrim.  
oth'd with self-giv'n jurisdiction,  
all upon a new election,  
the abdicated chair,  
the vacant places there  
ders of the glibbest tongue,  
st book-learn'd in all the throng ;

Of which they plac'd in past'ral chair  
Not one, as usual, but a pair ;  
Which when set in 't, for you must know,  
It was not made at first for two,  
They were so closely pent together,  
As if the one had grown to t'other :  
Those two thus seated cheek-by-jowl,  
Are so to act, as if one soul  
Inform'd 'em both, and nothing can  
Be done, but by the double man.

New canons and decrees they make,  
And cognizance of all things take  
Relating to the church ; and scorn  
All opposition made by Horn.  
Which was not little : for in fine  
When they had made new discipline,  
Horn takes his pen, and from the scriptures  
Condemns some five-and-twenty chapters.  
But Whitehead, as a champion good,  
Takes cudgels up, and Horn withstood ;  
And from the Bible proves again  
What Horn condemn'd, and full as plain.  
So now their offspring, pulpit quacks,  
Turns Bible to a *nose of wax*,  
Which they to either side can wrest,  
As serves their present interest ;  
And what they make 't on Sunday say,  
They'll make 't deny the next Lord's day.  
And now the scuffle does begin,  
A fiercer yet has never been,  
Between two such death-doing men,  
Arm'd with full weapons, tongue and pen.  
One strikes, while t'other does not know  
What way i' th' world to ward the blow ;  
The other aims his stroke as right,  
As if he smote him out of spite.  
The pastor lays on lusty bangs :  
*Whitehead* the pastor batterfangs,

ercy : each one strives to kill  
e with dent of goose's quill,  
ouse and frog, in ancient days,  
bulrush fought their mortal frays.  
would all the combat see,  
t their Frankfort history :  
ere I have not room to write  
e partic'lars of the fight ;  
or my readers' satisfaction,  
g the event of the dire action,  
how how Horn escap'd from fight  
atagem in dark of night ;  
er'd their camp, seiz'd all their baggage.  
afely carried off the luggage.  
was one Eaton, and one Abel,  
of the shrewdest of the rabble,  
wisely weighing how things went,  
olls, and Wroth, and Willford sent ;  
pringham, and old Gaffer Sands,  
concile the angry bands,  
top, if possibly they cou'd,  
edding of reformed blood.  
se offer, for accommodation  
en the foes their mediation ;  
o that end, to both sides sent  
ain sort of instrument,  
n of reconciliation ;  
i neither pleas'd the congregation  
orn : for both the offer slight,  
till continue desp'rate fight :  
ould they ever end the fray,  
orn and Chambers ran away ;  
ou must know, those warriors knew  
o retreat, and rally too ;  
danger met 'em, how to shun it :  
hen pursu'd, to over-run it.  
rn, as I above have shown,  
stor's chair would sit him down,

And on a sudden rise and quit it,  
As if he meant no more to sit in 't.  
Now Horn is off, and now he's on,  
Now Horn's a pastor, now he's none;  
At last he vanishes like wind,  
With all the treasure he could find;  
And Chambers with him fled, with what  
He had purs'd up in skin of cat,  
And leg of footless woollen stocking,  
That serv'd instead of better poke-in:  
For he had of the public gold,  
More than his cat-skin purse could hold:  
And with good silver, some suppose,  
Fill'd all the pockets in their hose.  
The manner how they left their quarters  
Is thus recorded by good authors.

Riches in proper were to no man,  
All beggars were, all liv'd in common;  
Setting the world in flat defiance,  
Like Waldo, that *old knave of Lyons*,  
Who ne'er was haunted with a farthing,  
After he pawn'd his shop and garden.  
And why they thus resolv'd to slight it,  
The reason was, they could not meet it,  
Yet, tho' they were so poor and shabby;  
Lean, lazy, lousy loons, and scabby;  
They had a public stock in store,  
The bag one Master Chambers bore.  
Chambers, a knave that had more fetches,  
More roguish tricks, and cunning stretches,  
Than Pacolet in old romances,  
Or she that hight the German princess:  
Could lie, dissemble, cheat, colloque,  
Like Guzman, or the English rogue:  
And as deep skill'd in dark intrigue,  
As Burnet or old Lobb the whig:  
And dexterous as Sunderland,  
*In acting treason under hand:*

he was, none could foresee  
aching harms, so well as he.  
eing mischief might befall him,  
count the mob should call him,  
les against foreseen disaster,  
ning him to Horn, the pastor ;  
e, a crafty hypocrite,  
d have some color for his flight ;  
more plausible pretence  
uld not have, than parting thence  
pastor Horn, his friend, whom they  
their dissensions forc'd away.  
lorn o' t'other side, thought he,  
have no better company,  
such a one as could convey  
ublic treasure all away ;  
t was not little they had then  
charities of godly men :  
arce a saint reform'd in Frankfort,  
ave his mite, tho' little thank't for 't.  
sums beside came out of Britain,  
all the bills to Chambers written :  
d he was not to account  
hat those incomes did amount ;  
istribution make of gold,  
hen he pleas'd, or pastor would :  
h seldom chanc't, the poorest of 'em  
l scarcely wrest an orkie from 'em :  
ose together kept those two,  
gs in coupling use to do ;  
ort, no four were glued faster,  
purse and Chambers, prayer and pastor.  
ow the next thing to be done,  
make ready to begone ;  
moveables by stealth they sold,  
urn'd their household stuff to gold ;  
at their equipage from thence,  
*purse and prayer ; and for defence*

A lusty strong battoon or two,  
To help to fight, as well as go;  
Resolving, if pursu'd in flight,  
To turn 'em back to back, and fight  
While drop of blood remain'd in either,  
And part with life and purse together.

Horn, having settl'd all things thus,  
Runs straight unto one Morpheus;  
This Morpheus, as we are told  
By verses writ in days of old,  
Could, when he list, lull men asleep,  
And in deep slumber cities keep  
For a whole day or two, or more;  
Or, if it pleas'd him, for a score.  
No sooner Horn began t' inquire,  
But he got news of this old sire,  
Whose dwelling was a grot beneath  
A gloomy shade, like that of death.  
In this dark cell Sol's fulgent beams  
Ne'er come, b'ing clouded by thick steams  
That rise from an adjoining fen;  
It is a horrid dismal den  
And here it was that Morpheus lay,  
Securely snoring night and day;  
Scarce possible for human pow'r  
To keep him waking half an hour;  
Unless upon some great occasion,  
That to his empire has relation.  
Horn coming to the gate of cave,  
Begins to rap like a bold knave,  
And calls and makes a noise like thunder,  
Which struck the god of sleep with wonder,  
And rous'd him from his poppy bed,  
He rubs his eyes and claws his head,  
His limbs in reaching manner stretches,  
And gaping thrice, three yearnings fetches,  
Till being better half awake,  
Cries out, who's there? the pastor spake:

Thou who mak'st mortals at thy pleasure  
To sleep and snore beyond all measure ;  
Pray lend me now some drowsy elf,  
Or else get up and come thyself,  
And lull into a leaden slumber,  
Some sixty-four or five in number ;  
And keep 'em so, good sir, I pray,  
Till I from Frankfort get away.  
The drowsy deity, his eyes  
Opens, and in this sort replies :—

But who art thou, that makes this stir ?  
I am Hob Horn, the pastor, sir.  
Pray take it not, you old curmudgeon,  
So much in huff, and evil dudgeon,  
That you are call'd to look about ye,  
In matters that belong t' your duty ;  
Especially when call'd on by  
A man so eminent as I.

His godship hearing him so rough,  
And hector like a man in bluff,  
Gets up, and with unwonted haste  
Stalks to the door to make it fast ;  
And from the inside of his grot  
Speaks civ'ly to th' angry sot,  
Lest if provok'd he'd break into 't,  
Or do some other harm without :  
For Horn he knew was full of malice,  
As with good meat a sound egg-shell is ;  
Which, that he wisely might prevent,  
Thus answers him to his content ;

Thou godly pastor, bless'd art thou,  
That com'st to worship us below ;  
Approach not nigh my grotto's fences,  
Lest drowsiness benumb thy senses ;  
Haste thee from thence, and get thee home,  
In silent midnight I shall come.  
Horn scrapes a leg, gives head a nod,  
Then thanks and leaves the drowsy god.



Things left thus to the sleep-god's care,  
Bacchus had word to meet him there ;  
Who did not fail, and for the swine  
Prepar'd a tun or two of wine ;  
Which stupified their senses so,  
That Morpheus had not much to do,  
Tho' well provided ; for his pockets  
He'd cramm'd with opiates and narcotics,  
And hung him round with sleepy drugs,  
In bladders some, and some in jugs ;  
Which he compounding, thought it best  
To give each man his dose of rest ;  
And Bacchus willing to depart,  
Makes every man drink off his quart,  
Till all are hush'd, and stupefaction  
Had put an end to mirth and action :  
Some stretched out upon a bed,  
And some in chimney corners laid ;  
Here one sits snoring, t'other there,  
That on a stool, this on a chair ;  
And others on the floor lay flat,  
In this hole one, and two in that ;  
Yet not a soul but slept as soundly  
As dormouse, snoring most profounnly.

The sleepy god having tir'd himself,  
Points to a little greasy elf,  
That always follow'd him about  
When he had business without,  
To wait as footboy you may guess,  
Upon his high and mightiness.  
This dwarf, at Morpheus' command,  
Takes a dull ointment in his hand,  
Which to their eyelids he applies,  
And mumbles out in charming wise.  
Sleep on, sleep on, and do not rise,  
Sleep you, till I unseal your eyes.  
And sound they slept, but pastor Horn  
And Chambers took their heels next morn,

An hour before the break of day,  
And towards Strasburg made their way,  
Without once looking back behind 'em,  
As dreading hue-and-cry might find 'em.

'Tis not my task to tell you here,  
How those they left behind did tear,  
And rage, and rail, and curse, and swear;  
When, at their waking, 'twas related,  
That pastor Horn had abdicated,  
With Chambers, that old cunning dog,  
And stole away the money-bag.  
It must be own'd a sad disaster,  
To lose their Common Prayer and pastor;  
But judge if 'twere not ten times worse,  
To lose their treasurer and purse.  
Chambers indeed, tho' he was gone,  
Would still be held an honest man;  
For in the trunk, from whence he took  
The gold, he left a reckoning-book;  
Reporting that he'd fairly shown 'em  
By his account, that naught was ow'ng 'em:  
But this gave little satisfaction  
To those that suffer'd in the action:  
This book was scratch'd and blurr'd within,  
Some leaves tore out, and some stitched in,  
That not a man of them could read it,  
Nor did the congregation heed it;  
Unless 'twere to increase their grief,  
To see so impudent a thief.

Let's visit next the lake Lemain,\*  
Where Knox and his Genevan train  
Are throng'd in making English Bibles,  
And publishing blasphemous libels:  
Such as would make a pagan sweat,  
And put a Jew in ague fit:  
With grief of heart, quoth Knox, I see,  
How those at Frankfort disagree,

\* See Dr. Heylin, p. 233, 234.

How they for trifles scold and fight ;  
Let us, who have more gospel light,  
Aim at more godly matters, such as  
Become the best reformed churches ;  
You, who to gospel a good will  
Do bear, and have in language skill,  
Pray turn into the English tongue  
The holy Bible : be not long  
In this attempt, that all may read ;  
For folks had never greater need.  
But pray beware of several things,  
As when the *government of kings*,  
Of *bishops*, or the *real presence*  
The text defends to alter the sense :  
And take a holy liberty  
To make the Bible damn all three ;  
But where the text won't easily do 't,  
Put fitting annotations to it ;  
So as to vulgar judgment may  
Turn sense of text contrary way.  
As I have caution'd you in these,  
So deal with what beside you please,  
According as that spirit directs,  
That you and all your works protects ;  
For I am sure you all inherit  
Large portion of John Calvin's spirit ;  
But I, and those of deeper skull,  
Whose heads are stored with wisdom full,  
We'll set our doctrine out in print,  
And prove it by strong argument,  
And beat our foes by dint of letter.  
The rest made answer : 'tis much better,  
That thus ourselves we exercise,  
Than scratch out one another's eyes.  
This said, one sort fell to translating,  
The other to predestinating.\*

\* This predestinarian doctrine of Calvin's has been since  
time publicly taught by the English and Scotch Presbyterians

Strange was the liberty they took  
 In *Englishing* their Bible-book.  
 From Genesis to Revelations,  
 They stuff'd it full of false translations.  
 The other wicked works they printed  
 (By Calvin, Knox, and hell invented)  
 Made God the author of all sin,  
 That mankind e'er was plunged in.  
 And from their absolute decrees  
 Drew out the train of blasphemies :  
 That God determined Adam's fall ;  
 That Jesus Christ died not for all ;  
 That God decreed predestination  
 To some, to others reprobation,  
 Without respect to good or ill :  
 That God's commands none can fulfil :  
 That God to some of Adam's race  
 Ne'er deign'd to give one grain of grace,

this day, not without also great endeavors of the devil and his instruments to spread it privately among Catholics. For about the year 1611, Cornelius Jansenius, a Hollander, bishop of Ypres in Flanders, wrote a book which he entitled *Augustinus*, in which, under pretence of delivering the doctrine of the great St. Augustin concerning grace, he subtly endeavors to bring the Genevan heresies into the Catholic Church, under these five propositions :

*First.* Some of God's commandments are impossible to just men, though they desire and endeavor to keep them according to their present force : grace is also wanting in them, to make them possible.

*Second.* In the state of corrupt nature, interior grace is never resisted.

*Third.* To merit and demerit in the state of corrupt nature, a man's liberty from necessity is not required, but liberty from co-action is sufficient.

*Fourth.* The Semi-pelagians admitted the necessity of interior preventing grace to all acts, even to the beginning of faith, and in this were heretics, that they would have this grace to be such, that a man's will might resist it or obey it.

*Fifth.* It is Semi-pelagianism to say, that Christ died or shed his blood generally for all men.

These are the five heretical propositions found in the said Jansenius's *Augustinus*, and have since been condemned by Pope Innocent X., and by Pope Alexander VII., in the sense of Jansenius.

But when he gives to others some  
They cannot fail to overcome ;  
So, whether 't be to good or ill,  
'Tis God necessitates the will.  
Such tares by Knox and Calvin sown,  
The Puritans have handed down,  
Assisted by a brood of vipers  
Hatcht by Jansenius of Ypres.

# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

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## CANTO THE SECOND.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

The acts of great queen Bess are sung,  
Her character, and whence she sprung :  
Her title to the English crown ;  
How th' ancient bishops were put down,  
The famous Nag's head consecration,  
Her clergy's worth and education :  
Their skill in sciences is told,  
Their morals, and the faith they hold ;  
Their articles from forty-two  
To thirty-nine, when chang'd, and how :  
Their Common-Prayer Book's alterations,  
With other changes, forms, and fashions,  
Made in religion ; whence a flood  
Issu'd of faithful martyrs' blood.  
The Common-Prayer to Ireland sent ;  
What sort of clergy with it went :  
The manner of its introduction  
Is sung, but ends in sad destruction.

THE good queen Mary now at rest  
In the calm regions of the blest :  
Lady Elizabeth succeeds,  
Whose birth I sing and mighty deeds.  
It was Sir Thomas Boleyn's chance,  
To go ambassador to France,  
And for the two years he there remain'd,  
Harry the Eighth his wife retain'd ;  
For she was young, and fair, and willing :  
In short this pretty lady Boleyn

Conceiv'd with child, and nine months after,  
 Brought forth of royal blood a daughter.\*  
 But when Sir Boleyn home return'd,  
 Found himself like Actæon horn'd,  
 He was about to take the life  
 Of the poor brat, and whore, his wife,  
 He stampt and star'd, he ban'd and curst her,  
 And sure enough would have divorc'd her,

\* Dr. Nicholas Sanders, in Lib. de Schismate Anglicano, writes of Anna Boleyn thus, p. 15. *Erat Anna Bolena, uxoris Thomæ Boleni, equitis aurati, filia; uxoris dico: nam ipsius Thomæ Boleni filia esse non poterat, propterea quod illo in Francia legatum agente, et biennium ibi commorante, Anna Bolena interim domi concepta est et nata. Cum enim Rex Henricus Thomæ Boleni uxorem adimeret, ut ea liberius fruereetur, virum sub specie honoris in Franciam ablegavit. Interim Anna Bolena domi concipitur, et nascitur. Thomas autem Bolenus post biennium e Francia rediens, cum uxorem suam peperisse filiam vidisset, ulciscendi hujus adulterii cupidus, uxorem apud Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis delegatos judices in jus vocatum, repudiare in animo habuit. Uxor hujus rei certiorum reddit Henricum regem.—Is Marchionem Dorcestriæ ad Thomam Bolenum mittit cum illis mandatis, ut abstineret a lite, condonaret uxori eamque iterum in gratiam reciperet. Bolenus quanquam a regis ira sibi timendum videret, tamen prius mandatis ejus non paruit, quam ab uxore audisset, ipsam a rege sollicitatam fuisse, nec Annam Bolenam alterius quam Regis Henrici filiam esse: proinde in genua procumbens, rogabat virum, ut sibi parceret, de cætero se fidelem ei conjugem futuram: quod ipsum cum Marchio Dorcestriæ, aliique viri primarii, tam suo, quam regis nomine peterent, Thomas uxori conciliatus, Annam Bolenam filie loco educat. Jam prius Thomas Bolenus aliam filiam ex conjugē sua genuerat, cui nomen Mariæ imponebatur. In hanc rex dum ad matrem ibat, oculos conjeceretur, eandemque post Thomæ Boleni reditum, in aulem suam imo et in adulterinum thalamum traduxerat. Cum autem Henrici regis domus ex perditissimo genere hominum constaret, cujusmodi erant aleatores, adulteri, lenones, assentatores, perjuri, blasphemi, rapaces, atque adeo, hæretici; inter hos insignis quidam nepos exiit Franciscus Brianus, eques auratus, ex gente et stripe Bolenorum, ab illo rex quodam tempore quæsit, quale peccatum videretur, matrem primum, deinde filiam cognoscere? Cui Brianus, omnino, inquit, "tale, O rex, quale Gallinam primum, deinde Pullum ejus Gallinaceum, comedere."—Quod verbum eum rex magno risu accepisset, ad Brianum dixisse fertur, *Næ, tu meritis meus es inferni vicarius*. Brianus enim jampridem ob impietatem notissimum vocabatur, *Inferni vicarius*; post hoc autem et *regis inferni vicarius*. Rex igitur cum et matrem prius, et postea filiam Mariam Bolenam pro concubina tenuisset, domum ad alteram quoque filiam Annam Bolenam animum adjicere cepit, &c. V. Sanders.*

If Harry had not it prevented,  
Who bade the wittol rest contented,  
And be as kind to th' girl hereafter,  
As if she were his lawful daughter.  
Base Tom obeys, no more looks sullen,  
But calls her *daughter Anna Bullen*;  
Provided her with clothes and feeding,  
And sent her o'er to France for breeding;  
Where she was educated well,  
Could many a pretty story tell,  
Could lisp, and prattle pleasant stuff,  
Had wit at will, and tongue enough,  
And confidence a greater share  
Than any lady that was there.  
For other qualities the wench  
Got a new name amongst the French,  
And styled was, while she stay'd there,  
*The hackney*, or the *English mare*.  
With Englishmen too she had been  
Familiar, e'er she reach'd sixteen;  
One of the first she cast an eye at,  
Was a young rogue, hight Sir Tom Wyat,\*  
King Harry finding her mature,  
And to the purpose try'd before,  
Begins to fix his amorous fancy,  
All fir'd with love, on daughter Nancy,  
Good mother Boleyn, pious lady,  
Finding her daughter lov'd by daddy,

\* We find in the Life of the Bishop of Rochester, that Sir Thomas Wyat had carnal knowledge of Anna Boleyn: and at cardinal Wolsey's persuasions, who hated to hear tell of the king's marrying her, because his desire and endeavor was, that he should marry the French king's sister, Sir Thomas Wyat resolved to confess all to the king, which he plainly did, and with great fear told him. The king commanded him to speak no more upon his life, nor to acquaint any else with what he had told him, p. 57.—She had also been solemnly contracted to the lord Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, as she owned herself to the king; for when he told her that it was said she had promised to marry young Percy, she answered him: "Sir, when I knew no other but that it was lawful for me to make such promise, I must confess I made him some such promise," &c., p. 58 and 60.



She boldly tells him the report,  
And sharply reprehends him for 't.  
You know as well as I, quoth she,  
Nancy\* is yours begot of me;  
'Tis incest in the highest nature,  
For you, great sir, to wed your daughter.  
The king replies, upon my life,  
She shall for all that be my wife.  
A knight there was, call'd Francis Bryan,  
As monkey cunning, bold as lion,  
An arch buffoon, as stories tell,  
Nicknam'd the king's vicar of hell;  
Of him the king demands, in laughter,  
What sin it was to take the daughter,  
After the mother was worn out?  
Hell's vicar quickly solves the doubt.  
He tells him, 'tis no more a sin,  
Than eating chicken after hen;  
Thus having wisely solv'd the case,  
He to his daughter wedded was,  
And had by her his daughter Bess;  
Hence 't may be said, and very true,  
He was her sire, and grandsire too.

Well, in the next place 'tis but fit  
We speak a little of her wit,  
When but a child; whence you may guess  
It was, when old, prodigious.  
Docile to wonder, toward child;  
For, if my author's not beguil'd,  
She could have conn'd the book of Horn,  
Within the month that she was born;  
Could spell ye, ba, be, bi, bo, bu,  
As well as either I or you;

\* Her mother, the lady Boleyn, told the king plainly she was his own daughter, saying: "Sir, for the reverence of God, take heed what you do, in marrying my daughter; for if you record your conscience well, she is your daughter as well as mine." The king replied, "Whose daughter soever she is, she shall be my wife." Vid. Dr. Bailey in the Life of Bishop Fisher, p. 12, 13, 14.

, ob, ib, again could turn it,  
 sily as Doctor Burnet ;  
 n a year, or little more,  
 . read a good long chapter o'er ;  
 ill this, e'er she well could speak  
 than a sort of childish squeak ;  
 as not tongue-ty'd ; for in women  
 imperfection is not common.  
 pretty, little graduate,  
 ge she should learn at such a rate,  
 at four years old to write,  
 wise epistles to indite,  
 ich she show'd, to some degree,  
 vondrous skill in midwifry ;  
 sensibly her wise harangues  
 an'd child-bearing-women's pangs.  
 eign language she had skill,  
 ould speak Latin very well,  
 was as perfect in Italian,\*  
 as at carving old Pygmalion.  
 wrote a hand as fair at four  
 e could do at twenty more.  
 s seems all incredible,  
 the wiser sort it will,  
 blame my author, blame not me,  
 Burnet in his history.  
 r lesser faults, and frailties human,  
 as are incident to women,  
 evishness, and pettish freaks,  
 neither love nor friendship breaks,  
 ather move compassion in

s author of a book entitled, *Some Discourses upon Dr Bur-*  
*Dr. Tillotson, occasioned by the late funeral sermon of*  
*ner upon the latter (p. 25), reflects severely on Dr. Burnet*  
*ming in his history (vol. i. p. 309), that the lady Elizabeth*  
*ters, one in Italian, and another in English, to queen Jane*  
*ar, when she was with child of king Edward, she not*  
*et four years of age ; and that both these letters were writ*  
*ame hand that she wrote all the rest of her life. He terms*  
*from this, a rash and fanciful historian.*

The tender sort of sober men,  
Is not my business here to tell you,  
Or mention every peccadillo,  
But for her more enormous crimes,  
You'll find them in our following rhymes,  
Just as occasion now and then,  
Presents itself to bring them in :  
As to her virtues, being wise,  
She kept them hid from others' eyes ;  
Lest by the using of them, they  
Might grow threadbare, and wear away :  
Only her chastity was proof  
Against the batteries of youth,  
So far, that she hath styled been,  
In flatt'ring rhymes—the *maiden queen*.  
Yet some there are who seem to doubt  
Of this, and say she wore it out,  
As other things are apt to wear,  
When us'd with none, or little care ;  
And tho' 'tis not deny'd that she  
At first might queen and maiden be,  
Yet in process of time, she laid  
Away the character of maid,  
As may be guess'd from her amours,  
And dalliances at vacant hours,  
With Essex :\* which, as some suppose,  
Made her change fashion in her clothes,  
And wear her gown (tho' not much sider)  
Yet several ells in compass wider :  
For when perceiving belly rise,  
Beyond the bounds of maiden size  
(And where's the blame ? for flesh is frail),  
She fell to wear a fardingale ;  
A dress that bunches out so wide,  
A growing belly is not spy'd ;

\* The comedy of her amours with Essex has been publicly acted on the stage in king Charles II.'s time.

Nor know you virgins in this gear,  
From wives that at down-lying are.  
Of this enough, what next is shown,  
Shall be her title to the crown.

\*Those who are not legitimate  
Excluded are by laws of state,  
And such was she, as you may gather  
From the adult'ries of her father ;  
Who when he wed the whore, her mother,  
She was contracted to another,  
And he, as is above said, having  
Another wife at that time living ;  
Which reasons brought to council-table,  
With others good and valuable,  
Votes *nemine contra-dicente*,  
Pass'd round the board, tho' they were twenty,  
That Anna Boleyn ought to be  
Divorc'd from his majesty,  
Which well concurr'd with Harry's will,  
And Cranmer† seal'd the parting bill.

\* There was provision made, says Camden, in an act of parliament for the succession of the natural issue of her body, viz., that no man during the queen's life, should, by any book written or printed, expressly maintain that any person is, or ought to be heir or successor to the queen, except the same be the natural issue of her body. Incredible it is, says Camden, what jests those that lewdly catch at words made amongst themselves upon occasion of that clause (except the same be the natural issue of her body), forasmuch as the lawyers term those children natural who were begot out of wedlock, whom nature alone, and not honest wedlock, had begotten, and those they call lawful according to the ordinary form of the common law of England, who are lawfully procreated on the body; inasmuch as I myself, says he, being then a young man, heard some oftentimes say, that the word was inserted into the act on purpose by Leicester, that he might one day obtrude upon the English some bastard son of his for the queen's natural issue. Camden, in Hist. Eliz., p. 167, edit. 3.

† In a solemn instrument under the seal of Archbishop Cranmer, the marriage between Anna Boleyn and king Harry is declared, on good and valuable reasons, to be null and void. Some think that her being his own daughter, and a notorious whore before he wed her, are the good and valuable reasons Cranmer meant. For, says Heylin, no reason was expressed particularly for the ground. Which sentence of divorce was pronounced at

As soon as she was cast in prison,  
And Harry meant to cut her weason,  
He disavow'd the unlawful wedding,  
And Bess the product of their bedding,  
And all that ever past between 'em,  
As records show them that have seen 'em.  
The clergy too in convocation,  
And the great body of the nation,  
In parliament approved this,  
And illegitimated Bess :  
Disabling her to wear the crown,  
Or sit upon the English throne :  
All which considered, you must own,  
She had no title to the crown.  
But policy of after times,  
In spite of laws or parents' crimes,  
Put sceptre into Bess's hand,  
And made her regent of the land ;  
And here, in short, I will set down,  
The manner how she got the crown.

The late king Edward and queen Mary,  
The lawful issue of king Harry,  
Being dead, the next of legal race,  
Was Mary queen of Scots, whose grace

Lambeth the 17th of May, in the presence of Sir Thomas Hadley, lord chancellor, Charles, duke of Suffolk, the earl of Oxon, &c. The said sentence of divorce was approved by the prelates and clergy assembled in their convocation on the 8th of June ; it received the like approbation by act of parliament within a few days after, in which act there also passed a clause which declared the lady Elizabeth, the only issue of this marriage, to be illegitimate. Vld. Heylin, p. 266. The crimes for which she died, says Baker, were adultery and incest, p. 303. The king was resolved to get rid of her, and to declare his daughter Elizabeth by her a bastard. So little regard was had to her body, that it was put in a chest of elm-tree, made to carry arrows into Ireland. Burnet's Abridg. p. 161, 162. In queen Anne's carriage, says Burnet, it seems there were some freedoms that became not her quality, and encouraged those unfortunate persons to make some addresses to her. It has seemed strange to some, that during her daughter queen Elizabeth's long reign, none wrote in vindication of her mother, so that silence was made an argument of her guilt, and that she could not be defended. Burnet's Abridg., p. 164, 165.

The English sceptre should have sway'd,  
And had, but Philip\* was afraid  
That England might, by such a chance,  
Become a province unto France,  
And so enable the French crown  
To pull the Spanish greatness down :  
For before this, the Scottish queen  
Had with the dauphin married been :  
King Philip therefore seeing death  
At point of stopping Mary's breath,  
Procur'd in parliament then sitting,  
As many voices as were fitting  
To overpower such as might  
Vote to maintain the Scottish right :  
Nor was it hard thus to incline  
The English 'gainst the Scottish line :  
For an old grudge there had between  
The nations many ages been,  
Which kept them always deadly foes  
'Twas thus this enmity arose :  
When king Achaius† did reign,  
He made a league with Charlemaign,  
And a strong friendship did advance  
'Twixt Scotland and the realm of France ;  
So that when England e'er begun  
A war with France, the Scots came on ;  
And so, *e contra*, when they came  
Against the Scots, France fell on them.

\* King Phillip resolved to use his best endeavor not only to preserve her life, but obtain her liberty ; for he considered with himself, that if the princess should be taken away, the right of succession would remain in the queen of Scots, who being married to the dauphin of France, would be a means of joining this kingdom unto that, and thereby give the French the sovereignty over all other kings in Europe. Heylin, p. 270. Nothing could be more dreadful to the Spanish grandeur, who had continual war with France. Cam. in the Life of Queen Eliz. Introduct.

† An ancient league made between Charles the Great and Achaius, king of Scotland. Vid. A Treatise of the true Causes of the Prevarication of the Church's Liberties in England, c. 6. MS.

From this a mortal hatred grew  
In England, 'gainst the other two.  
This mov'd, I say, the nation's trustees,  
Contrary both to law and justice,  
Rather to give the English crown  
To a young bastard of their own  
Than to a Scot, altho' she were  
Undoubtedly the lawful heir.

In fine, as soon as it was known  
The queen had left her earthly crown,  
The Spanish faction moves in haste,  
The French begins to stir as fast ;  
The first prevails, for you must know,  
'Twas much the greater of the two,  
Forces the other to give place,  
Proclaims the lady Betsy's grace.  
Thus was the lawful heir excluded,  
Thus the usurper Bess intruded ,  
Unjust to policy of state,  
And to the Church unfortunate ;  
For none did ever more oppress,  
Or persecute the Church than Bess.

This by the bishops b'ing foreseen,  
Not one of them would crown her queen ;  
'Till Oglethorp,\* to gain esteem,  
Set on her head the diadem.  
Nor was this done, 'till first she took  
A solemn oath upon the book,  
To keep religion as she found it,  
And not by alterations wound it.  
Yet she had not the least intent  
To keep her oath : for all she meant  
Was only to acquire a crown,  
That well she knew was not her own.

\* She was crowned according to the order of the Roman Pontifical, by Dr. Owen Oglethorp, bishop of Carlisle, the only one amongst the bishops who could be wrought on by her to perform that office. Heylin, p. 278.

Thus crown'd and seated on the throne,  
The domineering Amazon  
Waves round her head the sceptre royal,  
As if she threaten'd to destroy all  
That should oppose her in the least,  
Or not comply with what she prest;  
Tho' 't were to set her up for head  
Of holy Church, in Peter's stead.

Tho' I, says she, possess the crown,  
And tho' the sceptre is my own,  
Yet in the crown I want one gem,  
More worth than all the diadem.  
My father was the Church's head,  
So was my little brother Ned,  
Who, tho' a child, yet took the charge  
Of steering great St Peter's barge.  
His oars and rudder he so ply'd,  
As made it stem both wind and tide:  
It was his sport to make it go,  
From side to side, and to and fro;  
To this point now, and then to that,  
Nor matter'd he a straw to what,  
If but the course it ran were awkward,  
Or, as a crab-fish crawls, went backward;  
As if to make his courtiers sport,  
By rowing in unusual sort;  
And I myself did often smile at  
The waggish tricks of th' little pilot.

But when sometimes the silly novice  
Perform'd the functions of his office,  
He feign'd such grav'ty in his face,  
And acted with so boon a grace,  
That Cranmer, who did ever eye him,  
Was glad to take a pattern by him,  
And imitate the little lad,  
In ev'rything he did or said.

If high priesthood were so becoming  
An infant, why not me a woman?



The best reformers taught of late,  
 That women might officiate,  
 Even in the confession-seat.  
 And for authority you know it,  
 As I can prove, you put me to it,  
 That from my father it's brought down  
 To me, by virtue of the crown,  
 The crown, blest be my stars, I have,  
 Why should I want prerogative  
 In church affairs, and hav' 't in state?  
 To be a queen by halves I hate;  
 If it were lawful for my dad  
 To be supreme, and for a lad  
 To head the church, why not for me  
 T' enjoy the like supremacy?  
 I'll either be as they have been,  
 Supreme, or else I'll be no queen.  
 She said: tho' some did it withstand,\*  
 She snatch'd the keys into her hand,  
 The power ecclesiastic seiz'd,  
 And lockt up heaven when she pleas'd.  
 And in this following manner 'twas,  
 This strange affair was brought to pass.

She calls a council† of a pack,  
 Such as Poor Robin's almanack  
 Has in its calendars of sinners,  
 Of protestantcy's first beginners,

\* Archbishop Heath made an excellent speech against her supremacy, which you may see in the *Historical Collections*, p. 225.

† She was resolved, says Heylin, to proceed to a reformation as time should serve, in order to which she constitutes her privy council, which she compounded of such ingredients as might neither give encouragement to any of those who wished well to the Church of Rome, nor alienate their affections from her, whose hearts were more inclined to the reformation.—To such of queen Mary's councillors as she yet retained, she added of her own the marquis of Northampton, earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Parr, Sir Ed. Rogers, Sir Amb. Carey, Sir W. Cecil, and Sir Nich. Bacon. Heyl. Hist., p. 275. Care was taken to expose the former councillors for ill conduct of affairs in queen Mary's time, and so to lessen their credit. Burn. Abridg., p. 340.

: their interest could betray  
 arch and drive the faith away ;  
 otestants she puts in place,  
 commissions\* of the peace,  
 ing thus the court and nation,  
 design'd reformation.  
 rmation could not be,  
 had got supremacy ;  
 edrim she therefore summons,  
 have said a house of commons,†  
 : the cominons of the land  
 election had no hand ;  
 ate letters were sent down  
 y shire and borough town,  
 ting whom to choose  
 er members for her use.  
 try and the noble men,  
 anaged elections then,

ke mixture she also caused to be made amongst her  
 ordinate ministers, in adding such new commissioners  
 ce in every county, as either were known to be of the  
 eligion, or to wish well to it. Heylin, p. 275.  
 st parliament began on the 25th of January, 1558. Such  
 gentlemen as had the managing of elections in their  
 unties, retained such men for members of the house of  
 as they conceived most likely to comply with their in-  
 r a reformation. Heyl. Hist., p. 275. Some begged  
 Norfolk and Arundel; others got voices by their cun-  
 ecill. Vide Cam. Hist. of Eliz., p. 20. Camden also  
 at she commanded the consultation to be hastened  
 her inward councillors; how the Protestant religion  
 established, and the Popish abolished. The dangers  
 aw would be from the noblemen removed from the  
 uncill; from the bishops and churchmen that were to  
 ed; from the judges that sat in the courts of justice;  
 ustices of peace in every county; and from such of the  
 ort of people as in the reign of queen Mary were both  
 id estimation great men, because devoted to the Romish  
 These they held were to be thrust out of their places,  
 ined by rigor of law. And that none were to be em-  
 any place of government, nor chosen into any colleges  
 versities, but Protestants. And the Popish presidents,  
 d masters, to be removed out of the universities and  
 ols. Cam. in Hist. of Eliz., p. 15, 16.

Retain'd for members through the nation  
Such as wish well to reformation ;  
Such as had not the least degree  
Of faith, or hope, or charity.  
Scarce was there in this damn'd divan  
Of one in ten an honest man ;  
But knaves and fools, a pack as base  
As ever sprung from Adam's race.

Those villains trim, with her that heads 'em,  
And into all acts put all she bids 'em :  
Repeal the acts of good queen Mary,\*  
Revive the acts of Ned and Harry,  
And, by and by, enact queen Bess,  
Over the Church chief governess ;  
Oaths of supremacy impose,  
And from the house expel all those  
Who scruple at (tho' ne'er so little)  
Her monstrous anti-christian title.  
The bishopst were expelled the house,  
Only because they did refuse  
To swear that she, a silly maid,  
Was Church of England's supreme head ;  
Only Landaff, and he thro' hope  
To keep his chair, swore she was pope,

\* An act was made for renewing the laws of Henry VIII. against the see of Rome, and of Edward VI. for the Protestants, which were repealed by queen Mary. They enacted, that whatsoever jurisdictions, privileges, and spiritual pre-eminences had been heretofore in use by any ecclesiastical authority whatsoever, to visit, &c., and correct all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, &c., should be for ever annexed to the crown. And that the queen and her successors might, by their letters patent, substitute certain men to exercise that authority. Cam., p. 18.

† In the month of July, the old bishops of England then living were called and examined by certain of the queen's council ; where the bishops of York, Ely, and London, with others, to the number of thirteen or fourteen, for refusing to take the oath touching the queen's supremacy, and other articles, were deprived of their bishoprics : and likewise divers deans, archdeacons, parsons, and vicars deprived of their benefices : and some committed to prison in the Tower, Fleet, Marshalsea, and Queen's Bench. Thus Stowe in his Chron., p. 639, continued by Howes to the year 1614.

had a power as large and ample,  
at St. Peter for example.  
is having got a parliament  
bishops stood for cyphers in 't)  
poral states, and only such as  
eager contriving churches,  
ickly sets them all to work,  
ling down and building kirk.  
overthrow its ancient walls,  
y the roots pluck up its pales,  
foundations up, and then  
forsooth, to build again.  
ply their work with hand and head,  
nrod and his masons did ;  
nore malice in their will,  
n their work less art and skill ;  
here the ancient pillars stood,  
plac'd supporters made of mud ;  
s true bishops were put down,  
lse ones made by pow'r of crown.

to this very day, we find  
kirk to shake with every wind,  
heel about at every gale,  
ke a wind-mill under sail.  
ever, of what stuff they had,  
make a kirk, so foul and bad,  
ts builders had been mad.

fram'd of laics altogether,  
uthoriz'd by one another ;  
hose the queen for pope, and she  
d them to prelacy :  
ese a clergy did ordain ;  
s, they made lay clergymen.

wretched land fell to exclaim  
t such as took the bishop's name  
ut imposed hands or unction :  
mour'n'd to see the sacred function  
an'd by such unconsecrated

Presumptuous villains, as they hated.  
They griev'd to see such priests obey'd,  
As were by those lay prelates made ;  
Or meddle with the sacraments,  
Or tithes receive, and church's rents,  
Or into pulpits get and preach,  
And anti-christian doctrines teach.  
Men grew, I say, at this concern'd ;  
For hitherto but few had learn'd  
The doctrine Cranmer taught before,  
That bare election, and no more,  
Could into bishop turn a butcher,  
And to a priest transform a thatcher.  
In short, scarce any but despis'd 'em,  
Both as to character and wisdom ;  
Nor could lawn sleeves, or black gowns draw  
Towards their persons any awe.  
For wolves in sheep-skins people took 'em,  
This made th' elected look about 'em,  
And in a private convocation,  
Consult 'bout getting consecration.

Parker being arch, it seems his grace  
Thought speaking first due to his place,  
Stood therefore up on petty-toes,  
Makes to the rest three rev'rend bows,  
And from the middle of the crowd  
Utters his voice, as thunder loud.  
My lords, quoth he, pray give me leave  
To speak, or if you please to give  
Your own advices first, I 'm gone  
Back to my bench, 'till you have done ;  
Where I'll attend to what you say,  
And one by one advices weigh.  
But none was ready to begin,  
So on he talk'd, his tongue b'ing in.  
The Lord has giv'n into our hands,  
The popish bishops and their lands ;  
They lie imprison'd in our houses,

as necks in Tyburn nooses ;  
agree to free them all  
present bondage, and from thrall ;  
it be upon condition,  
by the sacred imposition  
ands, they 'll freely consecrate us.  
ll never do it, for they hate us,  
Jewel : then are they, quoth Horn,  
reatest fools that e'er were born,  
y part, were their case my own,  
nsecrate an old baboon,  
led that, by such a deed,  
it be from a prison freed.  
d, quoth Whitehead, I believe you,  
t not this reflection grieve you :  
w your principle of old,  
you from Frankfort stole our gold.  
hush, says Parker, fie, no more,  
not rubbing an old sore,  
wounds ought rather to be clos'd :  
say ye, sirs, to what's propos'd ?  
riends, quoth Cox, so we get mission  
so easy a condition,  
ishoprics will close old breaches :  
Parker, all is true Cox teaches :  
y once give us consecration,  
of the people in the nation  
ave us in as high esteem  
everence as they have them.  
th, quoth Sands, I like well of it,  
us we shall secure our profit,  
e old bishops' lands possess,  
eat and drink in quietness.  
eas'd, to this they acquiesce :  
itting down, 'till every man  
ash of Florence drank, or can  
d old hock as ever run  
the Heidelbergian tun.

Then home they go with resolution  
To put design in execution.

To win their pris'ners twenty ways  
They try, and feast them several days,  
Release 'em from where first they shut 'em,  
And into good apartments put 'em,  
Treat 'em with subtle words, and civil,  
As Eve was tempted by the devil,  
'Till thinking they had fairly gained 'em,  
With the main point they entertain'd 'em.

My lords, say they, we've lately been  
To beg your freedoms of the queen,  
And get you good estates to live on ;  
A noble mansion, each shall have one :  
All which she grants on this condition,  
That you'll give apostolic mission,  
And by your sacred hands confer  
On us the bishop's character.  
It pleases her to be respected  
In persons of us, her elected ;  
It were a folly beyond measure,  
When trifles do it, not to please her.

Thus they ; yet all the fair pretences,  
And fawnings of their reverences,  
Could not prevail with any one  
To have the sacred office done.  
For the old bishops,\* finding what  
These new-elected would be at,  
Deride their impudence as folly  
By frenzy caus'd, or melancholy :  
Set their proposals at defiance,  
And utterly refus'd compliance

\* Sed hoc perridicule accidit, ut cum isti superintendentes con-  
audi essent, nec a Catholicis Episcopis impetrare potuerunt, et  
ipsis manus admovent, nec inter se, aut tres duosve Episcopos  
aut ullum omnino suæ perfidiæ Metropolitanum, ab aliis Episcopis  
prius ordinatum habebant, cujus vel manu vel consensu consti-  
tuti possent, &c. Sand. de Schismate Anglicano, p. 166.

With heretics, and such as must  
Possess the chairs, whence they were thrust.

What's more absurd, than think that any,  
Who will defend his patrimony  
'Gainst him that makes unlawful claim,  
Should give his writings of the same,  
With full possession of his lands,  
Into his adversary's hands ?

'Tis as nonsensical a thing,  
For him who does his action bring,  
To go and all his deeds demand,  
By which the owner holds his land.  
'Twas just the same thing in effect,

With Bess's bishops new-elect.  
But finding this contrivance fail,  
Next they had hopes they might prevail  
With Dr. Creagh\* (who did endure  
A long confinement in the Tower).

To give their lordships consecration,  
And to that end a consultation

Was held, in which they did agree  
To promise great rewards, and free  
The bishop from imprisonment,  
Besides, resolved to present

A purse of gold to th' poor old man ;  
(Gold oft prevails when naught else can)

For they resolve to spare no cost

In purchasing the Holy Ghost.

With this result they send a charge  
To waterman to bring the barge,

\* His name was Richard Creagh, archbishop of Armagh. He died in the Tower. See nullity of the Prelatic Clergy, p. 66.—Mr. Mason takes notice of this out of Sanders, but says not one word in contradiction of it. Indeed, says he, in his Philodox, there was a certain Irish archbishop, whom they had in bonds and prisons at London, with whom they dealt very earnestly, promising him both liberty and reward, if so be he would be chief in the consecration ; but he, good man, would by no means be brought to lay holy hands upon heretics. Mason's Consecration of Bishops, p. 134.



While every man himself prepares  
For taking ship at Lambeth stairs.  
Wing'd with desire, and western gale,  
From Lambeth down the Thames they sail;  
Thro' bridge and traitors' gate they go,  
As swift as arrow out of bow;  
Where stepping out of barge to land,  
The Tow'r's lieutenant they command  
To go himself, or send his son John,  
To fetch old Armagh\* from his dung'on:  
Which soon was done as they desired.  
The poor old bishop much admir'd  
To find such favor, least expected  
Either from Bess, or her elected.  
Having shak'd hands, scrap'd legs, and bow'd,  
With compliments as they thought good,  
Into a tavern, nigh the place,  
They courteously invite his grace,  
Where after having drank a glass  
(Tis not recorded what it was,  
Yet modern critics do attest,  
It was Canary sack, the best),  
Mat. Parker speaks, the archest knave  
Of all the rest, but the most grave;  
And one who nat'rally could cant,  
And play the Puritanic saint.  
My lord, says he, you've been abus'd,  
And in the prison hardly us'd;  
Yet has the Lord look'd down upon you,  
And moved the queen t' have pity on you:

\* Dr. Champney, on this matter, says, at that time when there was question of consecrating those new bishops, there was prisoner in the Tower of London an archbishop of Ireland, who was offered his liberty, and divers other rewards, if he would have consecrated the newly-elected bishops: which doubtless argueth the want of others, that even by themselves were esteemed true bishops; or if such had been at hand, they would not have recurred to him, with danger to receive a disgraceful denial, as they did. Thus Champ. in *Vocation of Bishops*, p. 198.

And we who truly love your lordship,  
Have great compassion on your hardship,  
And therefore come to show our kindness,  
And bring glad tidings from her highness.  
Her majesty desires I'd tell  
Your grace, her highness greets you well,  
And promises to set you free :  
Besides, you shall rewarded be ;  
Yea, what you please shall be your hire,  
Do but what she and we desire ;  
And 'tis, my lord, an easy boon ;  
(At this the orator knelt down)  
Let but your grace's hands be laid  
Upon my here inclined head,  
And give your servant consecration,  
That bishops true be in the nation ;  
By whom a priesthood may endure  
In her new church for evermore.

Would you have me ordain you bishop ?  
Quoth Armagh. Yes, quoth Parker's worship,  
Anoint me ; for we want not ointment,  
By Grindal brought at my appointment.  
He calls for 't, but the tumbling blockhead  
Breaks the glass bottle in his pocket ;  
But chance was pleas'd he should not lose  
It all, for at the knee of hose,  
As much as spongy cloth let scatter,  
Was met by helpful wooden platter,  
Which in good time Grindal himself  
Snacht from a lucky neighboring shelf.  
I'm sorry you have spill'd it thus,  
Quoth sage Bob Horn, 'tis ominous.  
No, no, quoth Parker, there's enough,  
Pray bring it to my lord Armagh.  
When to my lord they bring the platter,  
He stands amazed at the matter ;  
And says, what would you have me do ?  
Quoth Parker, consecrate me now :

And whatsoe'er the queen, or we  
Have promis'd, shall performed be ;  
Nay more, my lord, be but content  
To do't ; and I'll give half my rent  
Of Canterbury for your fee ;  
My brethren too will grateful be ;  
And, as an earnest, here behold,  
We do present your grace this gold.  
Bait would not take, though 'twas a prime c  
And taught 'em by their grandsire Simon ;  
For good Armagh, in pious rage,  
Curs'd gold and them, and to his cage  
He fled where late he lay before,  
Begging the turnkey of the door  
To lay him fast in chains and gives,  
Secure from such unhallow'd thieves ;  
And never more to let him loose,  
Until the happy fatal noose  
Should free him from imprisonment,  
And send his soul hence innocent.

Thus disappointed to their shame,  
Unconsecrated back they came ;  
Not as they went ; for chaf'd and hot,  
To call their barge the fools forgot.  
Considering not the way they went,  
'Till they had reach'd the monument ;  
The place I mean, where now's set up  
That column with a flaming top,  
Made to denote to after times,  
The fall of Babel for her crimes,  
Burn'd up like bundle of dry sticks,  
In sixteen hundred Sixty-six,  
As was foreseen by English seers,  
Before it happen'd sixty years ;  
During which time they never ceas'd  
To preach the downfall of the beast.  
And tho' they guess'd the time to come,  
*Yet miss'd the place, and call'd it Rome :*

Whereas they should have pitch'd in London,  
Which in that very year was burn'd down.  
Some think 'twas certain clouds of spite,  
That thus 'obscur'd prophetic light,  
And made those pick-locks of St. John  
Call Rome, not London, Babylon.  
Well, being got, as now is said,  
To where the monument is made,  
And coming to themselves, they stood  
In consult, whether 'twas as good  
Back to return to call their boat,  
Or on to Lambeth trudge on foot ;  
But finding boys to flock about 'em  
(For streets are never free without 'em,  
And you may think the show was rare,  
To see twelve high priests cluster'd there),  
They all resolv'd not to go on,  
But back to call their waterman ;  
And so they did, i' th' rear pursued  
By rabble, such a multitude  
As did at call of Captain Tom,  
In eighty-eight, from garrets come ;  
When Wapping met with Piccadilly,  
To rob Wild House and Don Ronquilly.  
This by a sentinel of Tow'r  
Perceiv'd, he call'd the governor,  
Who seeing that it was their graces,  
With all the city at their a—s,  
As if they led an army down  
To take the Tow'r from the town,  
Thought nothing less was their intent  
Than to have seiz'd his tenement,  
And therefore orders gave with haste,  
To make the gates and wickets fast,  
And all the ordnance with great speed  
To charge and fire, if there was need ;  
But, blest be fortune, there was none,  
And so there was no mischief done.

They coming to the gate of Tow'r,  
Smote both with foot and fist the door,  
With all the force that e'er they had ;  
T' have seen 'em you'd ha' thought 'em mad :  
But finding sneck before their snout,  
They to the rabble fac'd about :  
Through midst of which their way they forc'd  
With as much ease as Tartars hors'd ;  
For you may guess, confusion now  
Had made them scarce know what to do,  
Till Parker, who was always chairman,  
Open'd, as if to preach a sermon,  
Crying, my lord, let us be gone,  
And to the bridge on foot jog on :  
And if we meet not there the barge,  
We'll call for coaches, hang the charge.  
With this the rest were well content,  
So back again their lordships went ;  
But coming to the bridge, and seeing  
No waterman nor barge in being,  
They fall again into debate,  
Who would cry coach (being men of state):  
Quoth Parker, sirs, you see the crowd  
Is pressing, therefore be not proud,  
Nor with mean office let's think much :  
With that they all cry'd—*Coach ! a coach !*  
Which noise scream'd out in diff'rent notes,  
From at the least a dozen throats,  
Set all the boys that flocked after  
Their lordships, into hearty laughter.  
In fine, when 'twas distinctly heard,  
A *coach ! a coach !* coaches appear'd.  
Mounting with speed, to Lambeth they  
Thro' lanes of rabble drive away,  
Cursing their fate and luckless trial,  
And Armagh for his flat denial.  
Yet still resolv'd not to leave off,  
The next they tried was old Landaff.

—  
This was the bishop nam'd before,  
That to the queen's church-headship swore,  
A man as fearful as a hare,  
His heart close glued to his chair ;  
A schismatic, and doting old,  
And almost blind ; when he was told  
That Parker, and some half a score  
Black gowns, were rapping at the door,  
He stick'd to and fro, like mad,  
And comb'd the little hair he had ;  
Put on his head his beaver hat,  
And threw the felt by, lin'd with fat ;  
He strok'd his beard, and rubb'd his face,  
Set stools and chairs in proper place ;  
His cuffs and band he donn'd, and then  
Sent down his maid to let 'em in.

They ent'ring with a formal pace,  
Made humble congees to his grace  
And he, who had his share of manners,  
Scrap'd legs, and kindly bade their honors  
Welcome to his poor habitation,  
And thank't 'em for their visitation.  
They sit 'em down, and fall to chat  
Of this thing now, and then of that,  
'Till by and by, Parker draws on  
Discourse 'bout consecration ;  
Owning that orders are, and mission,  
By apostolical tradition,  
Landaff was glad to hear the *fox*  
Declare himself so orthodox.  
Yes, yes, my lord, says Parker, we  
In this do with your grace agree,  
And should be very much to blame  
Did we neglect t' obtain the same :  
Therefore, my lord, if you'll consent  
To administer this sacrament  
Of holy orders, we'll receive it :  
'Tis at *your grace's hands* we crave it,

And not from any other bishop,  
 Because we venerate your worship.  
 The queen too (who respects you ever)  
 Will take it as a mighty favor.  
 Baulk not, therefore, her expectation,  
 Nor ours, but give us consecration.

My lords, I'd have you understand,  
 The queen and you shall me command,  
 Quoth Landaff, but the night comes on,  
 So there's no time to get it done ;  
 For I, you know, for want of sight,  
 Can do no good by candle-light ;  
 Therefore, my lords, says he, appoint me  
 A time, and where I must anoint you,  
 And you shall find me very free  
 To do it : but pray let it be  
 As little spoke of as you can.  
 It shall be done in private man,  
 Quoth Parker, if your grace thinks fit,  
 Where none but friends shall know of it.  
 Yes, quoth Landaff ; for understand all,  
 'Twill to religion be a scandal,  
 That I, who am a Catholic,  
 Should consecrate a heretic.  
 A church you know 's a public place :  
 My lord, says Mat, gin't please your grace  
 To take the pains to cross the street,  
 We'll at the Nag's head\* tavern meet,

\* Mr. Mason, in the Appendix to his Book of the Consecration of the English Bishops, relates this story of the Nag's head consecration out of Sacrobosco, thus: *Principio Regni Elizabethæ creandi erant episcopi sectarii: candidati convenerunt Londini in quodam hospitio plateæ Anglice dictæ Cheapside, ad insigne capitis manni, et una ordines collaturus Landavensis episcopus, homo senex et simplex; quod ut intellexit Bonnerus, tunc decanus episcoporum in Angliâ, misit e Turri Londinensi (ubi religionis causa detinebatur) capellanum suum, qui Landavensi proposita excommunicationis pœna prohiberet novos candidatos ordinare: ea autem denuntiatione territus Landavensis, pedem retulit, multiplice tergiversatione usus, sacrilegam vitavit ordinationem. Hic furere candidati, Landavensem, contemnere, nova querere.*

trow morning about nine,  
 eak a dinner, for we'll dine;  
 ith 't shall be a good one too:  
 g, my lord, 's too good for you,  
 Parker (smiling as he spoke),  
 leas'd Landaff, and up they broke.  
 Fame, a busy tattling goody,  
 ye from house to house will scud ye  
 morn to night, from night to morn,  
 vish imp as e'er was born,  
 ilches all she sees or hears;  
 it can escape her eyes and ears,  
 on as either done or said,  
 ately away convey'd.  
 whisp'ring gossip took upon her,  
 ry news to bishop Bonner;  
 s't rebounds from Landaff's maid,  
 atches every word they said;  
 which in haste away she goes,  
 ells the bishop all she knows.  
 ner, who judg'd it naught of fiction,  
 ks him of an interdiction,  
 ends next day his chaplain Neale  
 g in Landaff's ears a peal,  
 reaten excommunication,  
 roceeds to consecration,  
 a at this grew cold with fear,  
 urs'd the minute he came there,  
 ou'd have left them, but the sinner  
 ath to lose expected dinner;  
 ver, he grew resolute  
 to be persuaded to 't,

progrediuntur; quid plura? Scorens monachus (post  
 ensis Pseudo Episcopus) cæteris; ex cæteris quidam  
 anus imponunt, fiuntque sine Patre Filii et Pater a Filiis  
 ar, res sæculis omnibus inaudita. Quod D. Thomas  
 lebraicus Oxoniæ Lector, qui interfuit, antiquis confes-  
 illi mihi narrarunt, et fidem astruit quod in comitiis postea  
 fuit, ut pro legitimis episcopis haberentur.



Tho' they should give him ten times more  
Than they had proffer'd Creagh before :  
And tho' they begg'd and begg'd again,  
Yet prayers and tears were all in vain ;  
And tears, I say, for Parker's grief  
At's eyes was glad to seek relief ;  
Grindal was griev'd, Horn curs'd old Kitchin,  
And swore he'd rather go a ditching,  
Than ever consecration crave  
Of such a dull, old, doating knave.  
John Jewel swore he'd rather have his  
Orders from Mahomet. Quoth Davis,  
A Turk I'm sure can make a priest,  
As well as any antichrist.  
'Tis not the laying on of hands  
I care a straw for, quoth sir Sands,  
But that the queen, to please the nation,  
Is for our having consecration ;  
And thinks, which makes her mad about it,  
That none can bishops be without it :  
To please her, therefore, 'tis but fit  
We try all means in getting it.  
The while that they were thus a fretting,  
Landaff was in a corner sitting,  
And Bentham plying him with sherry,  
In hopes he'd yield when he was merry ;  
Which Parker and the rest perceiving,  
Drew towards them, and left off grieving.  
And now their cups for 'most an hour  
They ply'd (some writers think for more),  
Sending them round six in hand,  
Till poor Landaff could hardly stand ;  
Which they observing, fell again  
To court him in a gentle strain ;  
But notwithstanding words and wine,  
He still refused to incline ;  
Nor could great promises prevail  
Against the threats of Doctor Neale,

Whom Bonner ordered to stay,  
Till they had done and gone away ;  
Besides he pleaded want of sight  
As well as wits to do it right.  
In short, your doctrines, sirs, and mine  
Are not the same ; therefore in fine  
I'll cast no pearls, says he, to swine.  
This said, and mov'd with zeal and heat  
Of liquor, he abandon'd seat ;  
And for the chamber door he made,  
With all the hands and feet he had ;  
Which by good fortune being ope',  
The latch he needed not to grope ,  
And of the stairs made but one step  
Down to the bottom, from the top,  
Into the street he runs to rights,  
As if pursu'd i' th' rear by sprites,  
And home he hastes, where none might find him,  
Without once looking back behind him.  
This baulking of their expectation  
Set ev'ry man into a passion,  
And fury muster'd all his forces,  
To pelt Landaff with heavy curses ;  
Till Parker, who it seems was blest  
With share of patience 'bove the rest,  
Began to beckon with his hand,  
And silence in the court command ;  
Advising them to leave off cursing,  
And give good heed to his discoursing,  
This Landaff, doating fool, says he,  
Believes we cannot bishops be,  
Unless by other bishops greas'd,  
But, Brethren, be but you appeas'd,  
And I shall prove in time of need,  
A priest 's enough to do the deed.  
A priest may consecrate, I know it,  
When bishops do refuse to do it.  
Luther, himself, and all the best

Reformed churches this attest :  
And Cranmer says, the magistrate  
May both ordain and consecrate :  
Thus young king Edward practis'd it,  
In making bishops by his writ.  
John Calvin gave his flock direction  
To make their pastors by election,  
Without regarding th' ancient fashion,  
Or any form of consecration.  
And we at Frankfort, but of late,  
Chose only, did not consecrate :  
And such elected were again  
Turn'd often out for private men :  
Nor did they judge themselves to be  
More than the other laity.

That's true, quoth Horn, but now the *case*  
*Is alter'd* from what then it was :  
Rich bishoprics are settl'd on us,  
And therefore we must take upon us  
The character of bishops, that  
We may secure what we have got,  
And not at all times be in danger  
To be bound up to *rack and manger*,  
Or to be driven from our station,  
At pleasure of the congregation,  
Who take up piques at every turn.  
That's well consider'd, master Horn.  
Quoth Parker ; for 'tis congregation  
Must rivet us in this our station ;  
Because by it our pow'r we claim  
From *right divine*, and not from them :  
But see'ng from popish bishops we  
Cannot procure this prelacy,  
Let us no further on 't debate,  
But one another consecrate ;  
By this at least we'll get the name,  
Tho' not the character we claim :  
And by the title, let us act

ishop's part in each respect,  
le our flock, as if we had  
ishops by St. Peter made :  
' the congregation chance  
umble at this self-advance,  
w and then they will, no doubt,  
get the queen to help us out :  
rry therefore, gentlemen,  
rink a glass or two, and then  
g ourselves we'll do the work,  
e of Landaff, Pope, or Turk,  
ner's sharp anathema,  
master Scorey, come, I say,  
st can do 't, and you are one :  
; can make bishops, come, sir John,  
f shall be the first will try you,  
l be consecrated by you ;  
en my grace, when you have done,  
onsecrate the rest, sir John.  
er we fall to work, I think,  
Scorey, 'tis but fit we drink,  
ine too, for the cloth is laid,  
e first course is ready made.  
s advice they all inclin'd,  
aving plentifully din'd,  
rank another glass or two,  
fell to what they had to do,  
onic robes, Scorey had none,  
arker, but an ancient gown ;  
things, when better stuff they want,  
erve an humble Protestant,  
places not religion in  
utward, but the inward man.  
nner odd, as that of fashion,  
r proceeds to consecration.  
st then, to avoid contest,  
'd a little with the rest,  
d of hands if 'twere not better

T' impose on head the sacred letter :  
For *laying on of hands*, says he,  
*Is altogether popery ;*  
Which b'ing debated *pro* and *con*,  
The laying of the Bible on,  
They all concluded was the right way ;  
So calling for 't 'twas brought him straightway ;  
Which taking in his hand, he laid  
On Parker's head with leaves display'd,  
While both his lips in motion were,  
As if he spake ; but none could hear  
A syllable of what he said,  
Whether he either curs'd or pray'd ;  
Till having laid the Bible by  
I' th' window where it us' to lie,  
His voice grew audible, but slow  
As frozen words do when they thaw ;  
Quoth he, in holy writ we read  
Of ointment poured on Aaron's head,  
Which drench'd his beard, and to his foot  
Wet all his garments round about ;  
What scripture does so plainly mention,  
I think may authorize the unction.  
Consider, therefore, whether I  
Shall use 't, or no ? No, no, they cry ;  
No, marry, you shall not, says Matt,  
I'll not be greased o'er with fat.  
Well, well, have patience, quoth Scorey,  
Behold the Bible, here before ye,  
Must on your shoulders now be laid,  
As 'twas before upon your head :  
A ceremony very needful,  
To put in mind and make you heedful,  
That you, as pastor of the flock,  
Carry their dinner on your back ;  
For 'tis with Bibles they are fed,  
Which you must see distributed.  
*This said, the consecrator, John,*

h both hands the Bible on,  
 ing, in most rev'rend fashion,  
 outh form of consecration :  
*authority to preach the word of God sin-*  
*y.\**  
 id, and raising up his worship,  
 kneel down and hail him bishop.  
 v, says Scorey, that you're made  
 , exercise your trade ;

npney sets down his consecration thus. At the Nag's  
 capside, by accorded appointment met all those that  
 ated to bishoprics ; thither came also the old bishop  
 to make them bishops ; which being known to Dr.  
 op of London, then prisoner, he sent unto the bishop  
 forbidding him, under pain of excommunication, to  
 such power within his diocese, as to ordain those  
 rewith the old bishop being terrified, and besides also  
 s own conscience, refused to proceed in that action :  
 offy, for reason of his forbearance, his want of sight :  
 se they interpreting to be an evasion, they were much  
 ist the poor old man. And whereas hitherto they had  
 ith all courtesy and respect, they then changed their  
 ng him, and calling him doating fool, and the like :  
 m saying, " This old fool thinketh we cannot be blis-  
 we be greased," to the disgrace as well of him, as of  
 : manner of episcopal consecration. Being notwith-  
 is deceived in their expectation, and having no other  
 me to their desire, they resolved to use master Sco-  
 who having borrowed the name of bishop in king Ed-  
 , was thought to have sufficient power to perform that  
 ally in such strait necessity. He having cast off,  
 h his religious habit, all scruple of conscience wil-  
 : the matter, which he performed in this sort. Having  
 his hand, they all kneeling before him, he laid it upon  
 their heads or shoulders, saying, *Take thou authority*  
*word of God sincerely ;* and so they rose up bishops.  
 le narration, without adding or detracting, says he,  
 rtaining to the substance of the matter, I have heard  
 once, of Mr. Thonias Bluet, a grave, learned, and  
 iest, he having received it of Mr. Neale, a man of good  
 utation, some time reader of the Hebrew Lecture in  
 , when this matter passed, was belonging to bishop  
 sent by him to deliver the message before-mentioned  
 p of Landaff, and withal to attend there to see the  
 business. Again, Mr. Bluet had other good means to  
 of this matter, being a long time prisoner with Dr.  
 hop of Lincoln, and other men of note of the ancient  
 hose time, and in whose sight, one may say, this mat-

Take up the Bible, fall to pray'r,  
 And bishops half a dozen pair,  
 See that you make, before we part;  
 You are more skilful in the art,  
 Quoth Parker, therefore pray ye, John,  
 To consecrate the rest go on,  
 And we'll to supper when you've done.  
 Well, if I must, then come, says Scorey,  
 Kneel all together down before me,  
 That I may make what haste I can,

ter was done. This was related to me by Mr. Bluet in Wisbech castle. Thus Dr. Champney, in his Treatise of the Vocation of Bishops, p. 194, 195.—Mr. Mason himself, in his appendix above named, gives also a relation of this business out of the preface to a book called, A Discussion, num. 135. Where that author, writing against Mr. Jewel, says, "of Mr. Jewel's being a bishop, we have not so much certainty; yea, we have no certainty at all; for who. I pray you, made him? Who gave him his jurisdiction? Who imposed hands on him? What orders had they? What bishops were they? It is true, that both he, Sands, Scorey, Horn, Grindal, and others in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, met at the Horse's Head, in Chespside (a fit sign for such a sacrament), and being disappointed of the Catholic bishop of Landaff, who should have been there to consecrate them, &c., they dealt with Scorey of Hereford to do so; who, when they were all on their knees, caused John Jewel to rise up bishop of Salisbury, and him that was Robert Horn before, to rise up bishop of Winchester, and so forth with all the rest."—The author of *The Nullity of the Pretatic Clergy of England*, says, it is now a century of years since the Nag's Head story happened; it has been constantly related, and credited by wise men, as a certain truth, ever since the year 1559 (the year it was acted in), it was never contradicted by any, until it was imagined by our adversaries that their new Registers (Mason's) might contest with our ancient tradition, and make the Nag's Head story seem improbable in the year 1613, of which no man doubted for the space of fifty-two years before.—The Catholic bishops and doctors of Queen Mary's time were sober and wise men; they believed the story, and recounted to Parsons, Fitzherbert, Dr. Kellison, Holliswood, Dr. Champney, Fitzsimon, &c. Parsons believed it; Fitzherbert, and the rest above named, gave so much credit to it, that they published it in print.—Mr. Constable says, in his relation, that it was a thing without doubt, because not only Mr. Neale, but other Catholics, *Integerrima fidei, of the most entire credit*, were eyewitnesses of Scorey's ridiculous manner of consecrating Parker, and the rest, in the Nag's Head tavern. See p. 75, 76.—Dr. Champney tells us, that John Stowe, a Protestant, had often testified this business of the Nag's Head by word of mouth, though he durst not publish it in print in his Chronicle; and, because he could not

late ere we have done.  
 el, and Scorey lays upon  
 ds and shoulders one by one,  
 as before was done;  
 s the consecration.  
 their Nag's head consecration  
 ae laughter of the nation,  
 is day they are asham'd,  
 heir Cheapside frolic nam'd;  
 n look on those as quacks,

dom of *writing* the truth, he totally omits setting  
 ucration at all, either of Matthew Parker, or any  
 en Elizabeth's first pretended bishops. We cannot  
 he forgot to take notice of them, because he sets  
 secration of cardinal Pole, Parker's immediate pre-  
 uch less then could be forgot Parker's, which, as Ma-  
 onse-see, was so *singular*, that of sixty-nine arch-  
 e him in the see of Canterbury, none was ever con-  
 hat manner. See Dr. Champney, p. 196, 197; and  
 Bancroft, bishop of London, being demanded by Mr.  
 baxter, how Parker and his colleagues were conse-  
 s? answered, *I hope, that, in case of necessity, a*  
 ag to Scorey) *may ordain bishops*. This answer of  
 ted in print, by Holliwood, against him and all the  
 y, in the year 1603. Not a word replied Bancroft,  
 living. See *Nature of Catholic Faith and Heresy*,  
 chap. 2, p. 8.—The said author tells us also, that  
 n of a certain book, brought into the Parliament  
 me Presbyterian lords, proving that the *Protestant*  
*succession nor consecration*, and therefore were no  
 consequently had *no right* to sit in Parliament; Dr.  
 up of Durham, made a speech against the said book,  
 him-self and all the bishops then present. In which  
 aduavored to prove their *succession* from the last  
 ops, who, says he, *by imposition of hands, ordained*  
*stant bishops at the Nag's head, in Cheapside, as was*  
*all the world*. This was reported by an ancient peer  
 in the house. See ch. 2. p. 9.—These two remarks—  
 Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, in his book, entitled  
*tion and Succession of Protestant Bishops justified*,  
 sfute: he does it to the first, by only saying, I do not  
 word of bishop Bancroft. Against the second, he  
 teats under Dr. Morton's hands, that he never made  
 2. He brings under some bishops' and noblemen's  
 hey do not remember such a book against bishops, as  
 oned, was presented in that Parliament, and therefore  
 ton could make no such speech against it. To this  
 itation of Dr. Bramhall's, the said author of *The*  
*atholic Faith and Heresy*, in another treatise of his,



That prophesy in almanacks,  
 So they were pointed at by all  
 For prophets false as those of Baal;  
 The *wolf* cannot so trimly put on  
 The *sheep's-skin*, as to pass for *mutton*.

I'll give the reader here a list  
 Of th' ancient bishops dispossess'd;  
 And who they were of these Nag's-headers,  
 That in their *sees* set up for *fathers*.

Bishoprics.		* Catholic Bps. displaced.	Protestants intruded.
In the Province of Canterbury.	Canterbury .....	Vacant by the death of Cardinal Pole,	Parker.
	London .....	Bp. Bonner ..	Grindal.
	Winchester .....	Bp. White....	Horn.
	Ely .....	Bp. Thurlby ..	Cox.
	Lincoln.....	Bp. Watson ..	Bullingham.
	Coventry & Litchfield,	Bp. Bayne....	Bentham.
	Bath and Wells .....	Bp. Bourne ..	Barclay.
	Exon .....	Bp. Turbervil,	Ally.
	Worcester .....	Bp. Pates ....	Sands.
	Peterborough.....	Bp. Pole ....	Scambler.
Pro. of York.	Asaph .....	Bp. Goldwell,	Davis.
	York .....	Abp. Heath ..	Young.
	Durham .....	Bp. Tonstal ..	Pilkinton.
	Carlisle .....	Bp. Oglethorp	Best.
	Chester .....	Bp. Scot.....	Downham

entitled *The Nullity of the Prelatic Clergy and Church of England*, printed at Antwerp in 1569, makes a clear and most convincing reply, which being too long to be here inserted, I refer the reader to the book itself. In which also he will find whatever else Dr. Bramhall has written in defence of Protestant episcopacy repelled; and also his *Ten Reasons* (as he calls them) against the Nag's head story, refuted and retorted against their Lambeth consecration.—In the said treatise of the Nullity, &c., p. 68, is also recorded the lord Audley's testimony, written with his own hand, testifying to Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, that he, the said lord Audley, was personally present, in the house of lords when bishop

\* The Catholic bishops were all deposed in July, 1559. 1 *His. Stowe*, p. 639.

It was not long before report  
Brought news from Nag's head to the court,  
Which put her highness in a twitter ;  
But seeing 'tis, says she, no better,  
Go bring me pen, and ink, and paper,  
And seal, and wax, and light a taper ;  
I'll not stir from the chair I sit in,  
Till I have order'd all that's fitting :  
For, since from me all power springs,  
I' faith I'll make the best of things :

Morton made that speech, in which he had recourse to the Nag's head consecration, for the validity and succession of Protestant bishops, as is said ; which testimony of my lord's, for the reader's satisfaction, I will put down here.—“ Having seen a book, entitled *The Consecration and Succession of Protestant Bishops, &c.*, and particularly perused that chapter, called *The Vindication of the Bishop of Durham*, I find myself (reflecting on some expressions therein, and the bishop of Derry, author) obliged to say something as concerned, and so have desired place here for a few lines. Who the author of the *Treatise of the Catholic Faith, &c.*, fixed on to prove his allegations, touching the bishop of Durham's speech, I know not ; for he told me of it before ever I spoke to him ; but sure I am, if it be looked after, he may have sufficient testimony to satisfy half a dozen juries ; but that which stirs me to speak in this matter is, a note I have, at the request of the bishop of Derry, given him under my hand, wherein I say in substance the same with the author, touching the bishop of Durham's speech. As for the book against Episcopacy, which was the ground of the discourse, my note only avers, it was brought into the house ; but said not by whom, nor who was the author. In truth, I wondered much to find that the bishop of Durham doth deny this speech ; for I cannot remember that I ever heard of, or read the story of the Nag's head, till that day in Parliament, of my lord Durham, and then I heard it from him : and this I say as I shall answer it before the judgment-seat of God Almighty. And I do not remember that ever I heard the bishop of Lincoln, or any other bishop before or since, mention the Nag's head, or touch that story : if I had, and not named him, my lord of Durham might have just reason to complain : but my lord of Derry will not believe that I (for I cannot but take it to myself) do, or ever did, know the bishop of Derry so well as to swear this was the man. If his lordship had been an English bishop and frequented Parliaments, he would have omitted this. Not to multiply words, I can assure his lordship, I could as well and surely have sworn this is the man, the bishop of Durham, as his lordship could of sir George Ratcliff when he lived. Besides, his person and place of the bishop's bench is too eminent to be mistaken. Another expression of my lord of Derry is, *I do not take myself to be so exact an analyser of a discourse, as to be able to take my oath, what*

I'll see who it is that dare deny 'em  
 For bishops full as good as I am:  
 Only in jurisdiction less  
 Than us, their *supreme bishopess*,  
 I will go write a *dispensation*\*  
 For all defects in *consecration*;

*was the true scope of it.* Here likewise I must beg his lordship's pardon. I know no such defect in myself; for there is not anything more easy than to comprehend the true scope of a short, plain, historical discourse, as this was. To conclude, as to the bishop of Durham's denial, I hope, that confessing himself now of the age of ninety-five years, it will be held no crime to say, or improbable to believe, that one of that great age may at least forget what he spoke so many years since. For the two *certificates* of the other lords, that of the temporal saith little to my lord of Derry's purpose, neither with an indifferent judgment can that of the spiritual work much. For my part, I do not say that any, or all their lordships, whose names are put to the *certificates* in the book, were in the house at the time: or, if any of them were, that they took notice of what my lord of Durham spake: for many discourses are made in Parliaments, and little notice taken of them; neither had I of this, but that it was to me a new thing. The clerk of the Parliament is also brought in to certify, though as to my note his pains might have been spared, for I do not mention a book presented, and consequently none to be recorded; and as for speeches, I do assure his lordship, on the authority of an old Parliament man, that it is not the office of the clerk to record them (his work would be too great), till it be a result or conclusion, and then he writes them down as orders, ordinances, &c., of Parliament. I will end the short and faithful defence, which I have been necessitated to make for myself, with many thanks to my lord of Derry for his charity, and opinion of my ingenuity; and seeing his lordship's inclination in this matter is to absolve me from a malicious lie, I will absolve myself as to the mistakes either in the person or matter, assuring his lordship, and all the world, there is none." Thus the lord Audley, p. 88.

\* The queen was under an *extreme necessity* of dispensing with all invalidities of the *condition, state, and faculty* of those *pretended consecrators* of Parker, because she knew they were only *priests*, not *bishops*; and others than such, she and they now despaired of procuring.—The words of her letters patent are, *Supplices nihilominus suprema nostra auctoritate Regia, &c., supplying by our supreme royal authority, &c.* "If anything be, or shall be wanting, in these things which you are to do by our command, either in yourselves, or in any of you; or in your *condition, state, faculty*, which by the statute of this our kingdom, or by the laws of the Church are required, or necessary; the time and necessity of affairs exacting this." Vid. Nullity of, &c.—Mr. Mason, in his book of The Consecration of Bishops in the Church of England, edit. 1613, brings in this question, If his (Parker's) or

What's wanting in the *consecrator*  
Or *consecrated* is no matter :  
For all defects in *faculty*,  
*State* and *condition* I'll *supply* ;  
And by my *letters patent*, will  
Make good whate'er they've acted *ill*.  
This said she sat in posture right,  
As one should be that goes to write :  
But ere she had set pen to paper,  
Comes in a *thought* ; and spares her labor.  
Bless me, said she, my head is giddy,  
What I am doing 's done already ;  
For now it comes into my mind,  
When they complain'd they could not find  
One *popish bishop* in the nation,  
Willing to give them *consecration*,  
I bade 'em go, and try Landaff,  
Or do 't themselves, if he stood off ;  
And, by the pow'r conferred on me,  
I gave 'em letters to supply  
The pow'r the consecrators wanted  
(Tho' 't was episcopal they *granted*),  
Their *faculty*, *state*, and *condition*,  
Are perfected by my commission.

Besides all this, I'll not neglect  
To make the parliament enact,  
For good and valid all that's done  
In this their consecration.

Thus by her *supreme pow'r*, Bess  
Made each fit for his diocese :

*their consecrations were sound, why did the queen, in her letters patent, directed for the consecrating of them, use divers general words and sentences, whereby she dispensed with all causes, or doubts, of any imperfection, or disability, that could or might be objected against them ? To which he makes this ridiculous answer, She might entertain some reason in her royal breast, which you and I, and such shallow heads, are not able to conceive. But if I might presume to give my conjecture, I suppose she did it ad majorem cautelam. Thus he, p. 132.*

Gives them her orders, with injunction,  
 To act in church the bishop's function,  
 And help in great affairs of state,  
 As popish bishops did of late.  
 This pleas'd their graces very well,  
 And to their offices they fell,  
 Some a new liturgy devise,  
 And some make books of homilies,  
 And some new articles invent  
 Of faith and of church government ;  
 And canons at the last they make :  
 Of all which in due time I'll speak.

It was not long, ere bishop Bonner\*  
 Call'd into question this their honor,

Dr. Heylin on the 8th of Q. Eliz., 1565, 1566, says, by a statute made in the last Parliament, a power was given unto the bishops to tender and receive the oath of supremacy. Bonner was then prisoner in the Clink, or Marshalsea, which, being in Southwark, brought him within the jurisdiction of Horn, bishop of Winchester, by whose chancellor the oath was tendered to him ; on the refusal of which oath, he is indicted at the Queen's Bench upon the statute, &c. Bishop Bonner pleaded that Horn, at the time when the oath was tendered, was not bishop of Winchester, and therefore not empowered by the said statute to make tender of the oath, by himself or by his chancellor, &c. The cause comes at last to be debated amongst the judges at Serjeant's Inn, by whom the cause was finally put upon the issue, and the trial of that issue ordered to be committed to a jury of the county of Surrey : but then withal, says he, it was advised, that the decision of the point should rather be referred to the following Parliament, for fear that such a weighty matter might miscarry by a county jury, &c. According to this sound advice, the business comes under consideration in the following Parliament, which began on the 30th of September, 1565. (anno 8. Eliz.) This Parliament revived the statute of Edw. VI., that authorized the new form of making bishops and priests, repealed by Queen Mary, and (says Heylin) did accordingly enact, "That all persons that had been, or should be made, ordered or consecrated archbishops, bishops, priests, ministers, and deacons, after the form prescribed in the said book, be in very deed, and also by authority hereof, declared and enacted to be, and shall be, archbishops, bishops, priests, ministers, and deacons rightly made, consecrated and ordered, any statute, law, canon, or anything to the contrary notwithstanding." In this last Act, the church (says he) is strongly settled on her natural pillars. See Heylin, pp. 345, 346 ; and Dr. Champney's *Vocation of Bishops*, p. 168 ; as also the *Abridgment of Judge Dyer's Reports*, 7 Eliz. 234.

And told them plainly, that their worships  
Were never consecrated bishops ;  
That their episcopal vocation  
Was but a *cheat* upon the nation ;  
*Orders* conferr'd by th' magistrate  
Are null in laws of church and state  
Therefore, says he, to Robin Horn,  
The oath you tender me I scorn :  
For you must know, that Horn desir'd  
To have good Bonner premunir'd ;  
And therefore tender'd him the oath,  
And bade him swear by faith and troth,  
By God himself, and gospels four,  
That Bess in church had *supreme* pow'r :  
Which he refusing, Horn thought fit  
To clap him up by Queen's Bench writ :  
To which wise Bonner makes his plea,  
That Horn, though in a bishop's see,  
Yet is no bishop ; and therefore  
Could not by right claim any pow'r  
To tender oaths to him ; and so  
What he had done was void in law.

This wounded Horn to th' very heart,  
Nor could he long conceal the smart,  
But fill'd his fellow-bishops' ears,  
With crying out—*His case was theirs* :  
And they obliged as much as he,  
To stand up for their prelacy,  
And enter into verbal fight,  
To prove their ordination right :  
For if, says he, they prove me no  
Bishop, the' 'll do the same by you.  
They, finding Horn so closely press'd,  
Meet to consider what is best :  
After some chat and fruitless prattling,  
They fly for aid to old judge Catlin,  
Begging he would defend their honor  
Against the *plea* of bishop Bonner,

And show Horn's process had no flaw,  
But judge them bishops good in law :  
And for his fee each man was willing  
To grease his fist with twenty shilling,  
And promis'd him a better penny,  
For we'll not stick, say they, for money,  
Provided that the cause, when tried,  
Pass on our brother Robert's side,  
And Bonner cast in premunire.  
Quoth Catlin, well, my lords, I hear ye,  
But justice is not to be sold,  
Nor am I to be brib'd with gold ;  
However, in so grand a cause,  
I'll stretch to th' utmost all the laws ;  
And if I cannot make it do,  
Ere 't come to trial, you shall know ;  
Then you may let the matter rest,  
Or else proceed, as you see best.  
Then thanking him, away they went,  
And left him to consider on 't.

Tho' he had skill in statute book,  
As much as Littleton or Coke,  
Justinian's code and Magna Chart  
Had, and the canon law, by heart :  
Yet would not rashly give advice,  
In cases difficult and nice :  
Or of opinion, tell what he was  
In weighty matters, such as this was ;  
Till first his fellow judges were  
Consulted in the great affair.  
And therefore, tho' lame of each foot,  
With that genteel disease the gout,  
In slippers out of doors he trudges  
To th' chambers of his fellow judges ;  
Gets their opinions one by one,  
Then pitch'd a day to meet upon  
At his apartment, where the bishops  
Were sent for, to attend their worships.

The case (as is before related)  
In full assembly being debated ;  
The judges all conclude, the matter  
To be of a very per'lous nature ;  
And tell the bishops, that, if tried,  
It needs must go on Bonner's side ;  
Because they could not make 't appear,  
Such prelates lawful bishops were :  
Therefore advis'd them for the best,  
Never to bring it to the test :  
And charged Horn to press no further  
In what would scandalize their order,  
Nor ever trouble Bonner more,  
By offering oaths on such a score.  
This matter, whisper'd up and down,  
Was quickly spread thro' all the town ;  
And everybody saw the cheat,  
*Episcopacy counterfeit.*

Horn and his fellow bishops knowing,  
That this would tend to their undoing,  
Resolve upon another trick, '  
How to secure the bishopric,  
And gain themselves respect and awe,  
Like bishops (good at least in law),  
And it was this ; away they went  
To beg an act of parliament :  
As judging it the only way,  
To make their new-form'd kirk obey ;  
And own them without contradiction,  
To be endow'd with jurisdiction :  
For who is he that dare withstand  
A statute sign'd by royal hand ?  
The parl'ment at their petition,  
Enacts them bishops, gives them mission :  
The act confirm'd, and sign'd by Bess,  
Each takes him to his diocese.  
This is, in fine, the tuberous root,  
Whence *pseudo*-prelacy sprang out :



A spurious split, a bastard stem,  
Begot 'tween queen and sanhedrim.  
And to this day they keep the name  
Of *parliament bishops*—  
Those bishops,——*As by law establish'd,*  
For *villanies* and *lies* the ablest ;  
And for true *cant* and seeming *zeal*,  
The best in all the commonweal,  
Ordain a clergy like themselves,  
And o'er the flock they place the wolves,  
A clergy wed to vice and wives,  
And doctrines impious as their lives :  
Made up o' th' basest sort of men  
The nation had in being then.  
Bagpipers, fiddlers, tanners, tinkers,  
Cardmakers,\* cobblers, common drinkers :  
Carters and catchpoles, chimney-sweepers,  
Fishmongers, butchers, cattlekeepers :  
Bricklayers, blacksmiths, weavers, tailors,  
Goldfinders, scavengers, and jailors.

To rail against the Church of Rome,  
To preach its downfall, and its doom,  
And curse the pope, as they were mad,  
Was the main article they had ;  
And who perform'd it best were then  
Cry'd up for mighty gifted men ;  
And those were held for sound divines,  
Who pelted images and shrines :  
And bang'd the saints till black and blue,  
And Pelion upon Ossa threw,  
On top of which to plant their engines,  
For battering heaven with a vengeance ;  
Because the saints and angels there  
Presume to pray for mortals here ;

\* See Dr. Heylin, who, out of Mr. John Rustel, gives the same account of cobblers, weavers, tinkers, bagpipers, &c., being put into pulpits, and keeping the place of priests and ministers, pp. 346, 347.

And are by God for guardians sent  
To us of the Church militant.  
But they were had in much esteem,  
Who did the MASS the most blaspheme.  
In short, their learning did consist  
In railing who could rail the best.  
They plac'd the lewdest and most witty  
Buffoons in kirks, the best i' th' city ;  
The duller sort, that scarce could read,  
In country kirks set up and pray'd ;  
Stammer'd the Common Prayer Book o'er,  
And homilies, well conn'd before ;  
For into kirk they durst not come  
Till homily was conn'd at home.

Unlearn'd thieves sometimes have got  
Propitious *neck-verse* so by rote,  
As to repeat it, and not falter,  
To save condemned necks from halter :  
Such were those new ecclesiastics,  
A crew of scoundrel ill-bred rustics,  
A scum of rascals, base and dull,  
As ever filled a pulpit full,  
Unless, by chance, that one in ten  
Listed himself 'mong learn'd men :  
For some there were, whose blockheads bore,  
Above the rest a share of lore,  
And these had wonderful conceits  
Of hidden treasure in their pates :  
In mystic sciences deep skill  
They would pretend to, and know well  
How wands discover treasure hid,  
How blood may be from man to kid  
Transfus'd, and kid's blood into man,  
By means of circulation :  
How watchful cocks do come to know,  
What time of night they are to crow ;  
How horses, cats, and dogs, and bitches,  
By *springs* are mov'd like clocks and watches ;

Why hideous shapes appear to sight,  
And rotten sticks shine in dark night;  
Why turkeycocks, when boys do whistle,  
Strut and set up their plumy bristle.  
All these, and such-like things as these are,  
They would unriddle at their pleasure,  
And solve by *occult quality*,  
*Antipathy*, and *sympathy*,  
The difficultest query, that  
A subtile nat'ralist could put.  
Such was the learning, such the arts  
Of those first clergymen of parts:  
But much improv'd by handing down  
To *great-great-grand-son* of the gown.

Do but observe, and still you may  
Hear jolly parsons at this day  
(Especially when they have got  
Their wits well warm'd with pipe and pot),  
Discover larger stocks\* of lore,  
Than e'er their grandsires' blockheads bore :  
Especially to country folk,  
That gape and wonder at their talk,  
They'll talk, like learn'd astronomers,  
Of living creatures made of stars ;  
As lion, scorpion, bear, and bull,  
And other things less dangerous,

\* In a small treatise, entitled *The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, the reader may see their ignorance, their vain boasting and foolish pretence to learning, absurdities, profaneness, and blasphemies in their sermons, set out to the life from known examples. One, says he, will bring into his sermon all the circles of the globe, and all the frightful terms of astronomy, and make our Saviour pass through all the twelve signs of the zodiac, pp. 53, 54. Another (to prove the harmony of the spheres) fancies the Moon, Mercury and Venus, to be a kind of violins, or trebles, to Jupiter and Saturn, and that the Sun and Mars supply the room of tenors : the *Primum Mobile* running division all the time, p. 62. Another teaches his parishioners how to dissolve gold, and what chemical preparations will do it, p. 52. Another makes the body of man like an apple, and the soul like an oyster, p. 52.

twins, and tender virgin,  
b fish (but say naught of sturgeon),  
a horse wing'd on each side,  
head, for sign, hangs in *Cheapside* ;  
on's head and tail they find,  
stion whether part's behind :  
their wise men solve the riddle,  
the dragon has no middle.  
eper matters far than these,  
in discourse with mickle ease,  
thout help of syllogisms,  
etals to have asterisms ;  
ercury's the *primum ens*  
nd *Luna*, and from thence  
magistus, long before 'em,  
ed stone-philosophorum :  
t themselves have got his skill  
mute metals when they will.  
alchius could words imprison  
w canes, so they, by reason,  
nt, and great dexterity,  
tle words, as well as he :  
i from place to place convey them,  
en they please, the *reed* shall say them.  
ldenly the same discharge,  
l-shot syllables at large  
intelligibly out  
ears of all about ;  
the *auditors* may gain  
eaning from the breech of cane,  
know the languages of birds,  
with beasts in proper words,  
y the croaking of a frog,  
an Agrippa and his dog ;  
*occult philosophy*  
times better skill'd than he.  
es their speculative parts  
actis'd skill they have in arts,

When things are stol'n, what way they went  
Can tell, and when they'll home be sent :  
By chiromancy fortunes tell,  
And cure diseases by a spell :  
Know what is baneful, what is wholesome,  
Make up an apoplectic balsam :  
Or, by fresh unguents, made of simples,  
Can stout red noses free from pimples ;  
Or bleed by leeches, and draw blisters,  
And handy are in giving clysters ;  
Can to young wenches powder give,  
To make their sweethearts fall in love ;  
And can by talismans and sigils,  
Make cowards proof 'gainst canes and cudgels ;  
Night revels hold with hags and fairies,  
Know where they dance, and keep their dairies ;  
Can play strange feats with sieve and shears,  
And talk with ghosts, when none appears :  
Work wonders by the strength of fancy,  
And devils raise by necromancy.

As to their morals,\* if you would  
Know whether they were ill or good,  
Guess from the qualities and birth  
Of those mechanic sons of earth ;  
Their education and base breeding,  
Till they got gowns and better feeding,  
Will easily point out the manners  
Of those ecclesiastic tanners,  
Swineherds, and tinkers, 'as is said  
Above ; for they were men of trade.

Besides, observe the upright ways  
Of the good parsons of our days,

\* You may see in "The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," printed at London, in 1692, and "The Answer to the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," printed at London, 1693, what sort of learning, preaching, praying, &c., is practised ; and how abominably wicked their parsons are in all manner of vice, as lying, adultery, cruelty, sorcery, perjury, sodomy, &c. From those three named, you may guess at the morals of the rest throughout England, not only at present, but ever since the pretended reformation.

The edifying lives they live,  
The bless'd examples that they give ;  
For, by the morals of the young,  
Is shown the stock from whence they sprung,  
The grandsire's virtues cannot fail,\*  
While offspring holds 'em by entail.

As an entail upon the gown,  
With mighty care they've handed down  
Their heirloom of exceeding price,  
Tobacco, tankards, cards, and dice,  
With all the implements of vice :  
By which, and ancestor's direction,  
They've grown to wonderful perfection  
In tasting ale, and wine, and brandy ;  
In gaming, and the ars amandi,  
In songs obscene, and tipt discourse,  
And something else a great deal worse ;  
In wheedle, banter, and rude scoffings,  
In hectoring like ragamuffins ;  
In quarrels, lawsuits, and contention,  
In subtile art of circumvention ;  
In lying, swearing : add to these  
Rebellion, 'tis their masterpiece.  
In short, there's nothing that has ill in 't,  
But to a wonder they have skill in 't.

Now comes the place where I should give  
Some short account what they believe :  
And how they stand as to their faith ;  
But I find none that any hath :  
For each man holds what he thinks best,  
And damns for heresy the rest ;  
And what he holds gives quickly o'er,  
And takes the point he damn'd before.

\* In the years 1641, 1642, &c., the Presbyterians bundled up thousands of instances of the like sort against the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, all which they charged so closely home to them, as to force them to abdicate their usurped bishoprics, and turn vagabonds in foreign countries. See Petitions to the Parliament, and other writings of that time.

And this he changes o'er again,  
As fancy is in *full* or *wane*.

Yet under what old name the elves  
Are pleas'd to congregate themselves,  
To show distinction of sect,  
And herd denote, they most affect,  
I'll tell you here, as to the tall ones,  
And bundle up in one the small ones,  
Atheists and Deists, Unitarians,  
Supralapsarians, Sublapsarians,  
Socinians and Presbyterians,  
Quakers, and wet Quakers, or merry ones,  
That can allow themselves the creature,  
Be 't what it will, when it pleases nature.  
There is the high church\* and the low church,  
But the most spacious is their no church;  
For they have found a new invention  
Of latitude call'd comprehension,  
That all the heresies hem in,  
Which have since Simon Magus been :  
'Tis this that I their no church call,  
Because it holds the *devil* and *all*.  
This comprehension is founded  
On Bess's articles, expounded  
By Sarum's bishop, who from thence  
Draws *latitude* in *literal sense*.  
Though faith they have in no degree  
More than I here have let you see,  
Yet they are busied about  
Finding faith's *fundamentals* out ;

\* In the convocation that met on Feb. 6, 1700, about church matters, the two houses of convocation disagreeing about privileges and other matters ; and the lower house, or inferior clergy, insisting more magisterially upon their claim, than the bishops or upper house thought consistent with good manners, the bishops, in derision, nicknamed them *the high church*. The clergy, or lower house, to be even with them, entitled them *the lower church*. So that by these two names are to be understood all the bishops and clergy, and their followers that assume the name of the Church of England. See their books and scurrilous pamphlets, published against one another at that time.

ch that those who hold not all  
 its of faith essential,  
 good Christians, nor believers,  
 vation right contrivers.  
 the puzzling query rises,  
 their doctorships surprises;  
 ticles are fundamental,\*  
 at are not?—None of 'em can tell,  
 ver thus: It is a riddle,  
 ich wise people will not meddle.  
 nswer to their flock,  
 ds must thinking people shock,  
 their doctors preach and write,  
 ho seek heav'n can ne'er come nigh't,  
 such points of faith you hold,  
 rer by us shall be told."  
 ds must strike a deadly fear,  
 re them into black despair.  
 the silly people say,  
 reasonably they may,  
 or we! what shall we do?  
 id for what we do not know:  
 n't you tell us what will save us,  
 is utter darkness leave us?†

Burnet, bishop of Sarum, in his *Exposition on the*  
*Articles*, teaches, that an article being conceived in  
 al words, that it can admit of different literal and  
 l senses, even when the senses given are plainly con-  
 another; yet both may subscribe the article with a  
 ence, and without equivocation. *Introduction to the*  
 p. 8.

in his said *Exposition*, writes thus: That which  
 ular men believers, is their receiving the fundamen-  
 tianity, p. 180. We ought to settle our faith as to the  
 s of the Christian religion, &c. Here a distinction is  
 between those capital and fundamental articles, with-  
 a man cannot be esteemed a true Christian, nor a  
 ne church, and other truths, which, being delivered in  
 ll men are indeed obliged to believe them: yet they  
 at nature, that the ignorance of them, or an error in  
 xclude from salvation.—Here, says he, a controversy  
 lly arise, that wise people are unwilling to meddle  
 articles are fundamental, and what are not.



—  
Your cruelty's beyond expression,  
Or reach of strong imagination,  
Since Christ, our Saviour, did reveal 'em,  
Why should his ministers conceal 'em?

They answer thus: We're not inclin'd  
T' have fundamental points defin'd;  
Lest, on the one hand, it should seem  
Denying salvation to them,  
Who do not hold 'em all when known.\*  
This we are loath to do: yet own  
That he who misses one point shall  
Be damn'd, tho' ignorant of all.

Besides should we tell what will save ye,  
And all those fundamentals give ye,  
It might seem leaving you at freedom  
To live as if you did not need 'em,  
Such lesser points as plainly carry,  
The title of unnecessary.

These are the silly reasons given,  
For hiding thus the way to heaven:  
And tho' they speak, as if (proud elves)  
They understood these points themselves;  
Yet the true reason why they do not  
Define 'em, is because they cannot.  
Let all their able doctors join  
In convocation, to define  
Faith's fundamentals, and they'll still  
Be at a stand, and stand they will;  
Because, indeed, they can as soon  
*Shape out a coat to fit the moon.*  
All they can do 's to bid you pore  
On Bibles till your eyes are sore.†

\* The defining of fundamental articles seems on the one hand to deny salvation to such as do not receive them all, which men are not willing to do.—On the other hand, it may seem a leaving men at liberty, as to all other particulars that are not reckoned up among the fundamentals. Thus the bishop of Sarum, on the thirty-ninth article, p. 179.

† Dr. Burnet, bishop of Sarum, in his *Exposition on the twentieth article*, teaches That every man has a right to search the

And, in that wilderness of letter,  
 Hunt for your faith, tho' ne'er the better.  
 It is from thence they bid you take  
 Your faith, and your religion make  
 Just as you please, each man his own,  
 Without consulting with the gown :  
 Nor are you to believe a synod,\*  
 With twice five hundred doctors in it,  
 The reason that for this they give ye,  
 Is " Such a synod may deceive me :  
 Because our church nor can, nor will,  
 Pretend to be infallible."

When you have fit faith to your mind,  
 And each self-judgment is inclin'd ;  
 Yet he who likes it not when done,  
 May change 't again ; and so go on,†  
 Till into thousand forms he turns it,  
 Like Cranmer, Stillingfleet, or Burnet ;  
 And when you can transform no more,  
 Then all turn Atheists, and give o'er.

This first allowing Bible freedom  
 To all that could, or could not read 'em,  
 Has authoriz'd each mad division,  
 That since old Luther's fall had risen ;  
 For hence it is, that any man  
 May be at first a Lutheran,  
 And by and by may turn an Arian,  
 Socinian, or Unitarian,

scriptures, and to take his faith from them ; yet it is certain, that he may be mistaken in it.

\* When any synod of the clergy has so far examined a point, as to settle their opinion about it, they may certainly decree, that such is their doctrine, &c.—And in this a body does no more, as it is a body, than what every single individual has a right to do for himself.

† Every man that finds his own thoughts differ from it (i. e. from a definition made by the body of the pastors) ought to examine the matter over again. But, if after all possible methods of inquiry, a man cannot master his thoughts, or make them agree with public decisions, his conscience is not under bonds ; since this authority is not absolute nor grounded upon a promise of infallibility, pp. 185, 196.

A Zuinglian, or Calvinist,  
An Adamite, or Familist,  
An Anabaptist, or a Dipper  
(To wash from sin his female neighbor),  
A Quaker, Hobbist, or Cranmerian,  
A Jansenist, or presbyterian.

If comprehension he judge best,  
Then turn a Gilbert Burnetist :  
Or he may follow John O'Leyden,  
Or any other that we read on ;  
Or, if he please, may join with all,  
And, when he will, with none at all,  
And so become an Independent ;  
Or if, to make the shorter end on 't,  
He take it for the best to hang,  
Cut throat, or drown the outward man,  
To free from flesh imprison'd soul  
(As well as maggot from his poll),  
Then may he boldly take his swing,  
And go to heaven in a string.

Tho' every man's belief was free,  
They, for good order, did agree  
To patch a symbol up together,  
Of doctrines good and bad, or neither.  
Parker, observing that the land  
For public faith was at a stand,  
And everybody made their own,  
Since Catholic faith was put down,  
Calls to him all his Nag's head brethren,  
Who at a day appointed gath'ring  
Unto th' attentive convocation,  
Thus speaks he, in most solemn fashion :  
Most rev'rend brothers, you must know,  
The queen has placed *me* and *you*  
For pillars and for corner-stones,  
Designing on our shoulder-bones  
To found this great and weighty work,  
Of building up her English kirk.

thren, how can this be done,  
 ts materials, one by one,  
 emented loose together,  
 o fall, we know not whither,  
 ither e'er again we find 'em ?  
 t way therefore is to bind 'em  
 a bundle, as folk do  
 of faggot-sticks, or so ;  
 must be done, as I imagine,  
 les of our religion ;\*  
 h the faith we are to preach,  
 ctrines that we mean to teach,  
 sent thro' the queen's dominions,  
 t diversity in opinions ;  
 very one may understand,  
 ort of faith we'll teach the land.  
 done, we must the people awe  
 ate and by penul law,  
 l the doctrines we present 'em,  
 r they do, or not, content 'em :  
 e shall dare to deviate  
 e *religion of the state*.  
 s we are in story told,  
 bian prophet did of old :  
 as a politic device,  
 with *fools* his *paradise*.  
 ; quoth Horn, this will not hinder  
 s from renting still asunder ;  
 e, 'tis certain, endless ruptures  
 ily grow from reading scriptures,  
 every one expounds the letter  
 own sense. Well, that's no matter,  
 Parker, if they don't oppose  
 cles, nor break our laws ;  
 scribe every article,  
 his own sense if he will :  
 erent senses we'll allow

\* The Thirty-nine Articles.

Of articles, and scripture too ;  
Because we can have no pretence  
To bind men up to our own sense ;  
Since they and we know very well,  
That we are not infallible.

It will be very hard, I know well,  
To please each different sect, quoth Jewell ;  
Scarce shall we find words so capacious,  
And sentences so large and spacious,  
As to admit of every meaning  
A thousand sects will have 'em ta'en in.

Doubt not, says Parker, of our skill,  
In terms equivocal, we will  
Use words ambiguous and dark,  
And all such sentences we'll mark,  
As may be wrested several ways,  
Like Delphic saws in former days :  
And make our creed so patly pliable,  
That to all senses 't shall be liable :  
Like nose of wax, that may be twin'd  
To any side one has a mind.  
To this the chief, in every tribe  
Of sectaries, will soon subscribe.

But tho' they do subscribe the letter,  
Quoth Benham, what are we the better ?  
This will not lessen that vast number  
Of sects\* that do our nation cumber.  
'Tis true, quoth Matt, sects daily spring up,  
And doctrines grow like anything up ;  
Yet what of that, if this invention  
Do, by way of comprehension,  
Bring every sect we live among  
To own, that they to us belong ?

\*The lower house of convocation, given in king Henry VIII's time, complained to the upper house, of not less than sixty-seven opinions spread in the kingdom. They also complained of some bishops, who were wanting in their duty to suppress such abuses ; which was understood as a reflection on Cranmer, Shaxton, and Latimer. See Burnet's Abridg.

In faith each member may be single, and  
Yet all be of the Church of England :  
Just as all sects of reform'd saints  
Assume the name of Protestants.

He said and all the rest agreed  
To fall a changing Edward's creed :  
His articles they did refine  
From forty-two to thirty-nine ;  
Corrected this piece, that piece made,  
Put forward this, that retrograde :  
Chang'd here and there, to this and that,  
Put in and out, they knew not what,  
Nor where they ended or began ;  
At last comes out their *Alcoran*,  
With heads in number nine and thirty,  
'Tis strange they did not make them forty.\*

Those thirty-nine they do impose  
(Tho' most are negatives and noes)  
For faith ; yet know they not, that made 'em,  
(More than a Turk that never read 'em)  
Whether they're true or false, or whether  
To be affirm'd, deny'd, or neither :  
For how the devil should they tell,  
Since their new church is *fallible* ?  
And yet whos' ever does avow,  
That any of 'em is not true,  
He's blasted with a heavy curse,  
That damns him if it do no worse.

In sixteen hundred three or four,  
When Hampton Court dispute was o'er,  
Canons they made to authorize  
Prayer, articles, and homilies,

\* In former editions of this work, king Edward's forty-two, and queen Elizabeth's thirty-nine Articles of Religion, by being inserted in this place, occasioned an interruption of upwards of forty pages in the chain of the poetry ; the readers, however, of this edition will find them inserted, by way of Appendix, at the end of the work.

The doctrines taught in every one,  
Tho' perfect\* contradiction.  
This curse at first some vainly dreaded,  
But now not two in twenty heed it;  
Because they find it falls upon  
Both sides of contradiction:  
So that hold either good or ill  
It damns, take whether side you will.  
Compare the second homily  
With the sixteenth, then shall you see  
Flat contradiction lie between them  
(You'll wonder at it when you've seen 'em),  
And yet they must believe 'em both,  
And all they teach for faith and troth:  
Else are they by the canons smitten,  
And headlong sent away to Satan.

Now let us back return again  
To the fore-end of Bessy's reign;  
And a new liturgy prepare  
From Ned's last Book of Common Prayer:  
We should be blamed, had we left it,  
By parsons that are meanly gifted:  
For where extemporary cant  
Is wanting, this supplies the want.

In Almaine it was no sooner known  
That Elizabeth had got the crown,  
But those at Frankfort cast off mourning,  
And now bethink 'em of returning:

\* The 8th Homily, which is entitled *Against Peril of Idolatry*, teaches, "That laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of whole Christendom, have been at once drowned in abominable and damnable idolatry, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more, to the destruction and subversion of all good religion universally." The 16th, entitled *Of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost*, teaches the quite contrary doctrine, namely: That the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth, has been, and will be always present with the church, governing and directing it to the world's end; so that it never has wanted, nor ever will want, while the world endures, "pure and sound doctrine, the sacraments ministered according to Christ's holy institution, and the right use of ecclesiastical discipline."

To England now in shoals they throng,  
And bring their liturgy along ;  
That self-same Common Prayer, that they  
Had with them when they went away ;  
The same that caus'd the strife 'tween Cox,  
Whitehead, and Horn, and old Jack Knox.

Now Bess, surmising this might cause  
New feuds amongst dissenting foes,  
Calls Parker, and who else she thought fit,  
No wit, says she, is like to bought wit ;  
I would not have you quarrel, sirs,  
About your prayers, like cats and curs,  
As you at Frankfort did of late ;  
The church is mine, as well as state,  
So it behoves me to take care  
About reforming of your prayer ;  
Therefore, good Parker, on your life,  
See to correct the book of strife,  
That neither sentence, word, nor sense,  
Nor doctrine in 't may give offence  
To your weak brethren, for my mind  
Is to have all in worship join'd.  
Besides, take care, your book be made  
Fit for a Romanist to read ;  
The doctrine of the real presence  
Handle so moderately, that the sense  
May not by rubrics seem, or prayers,  
To be much different from theirs.  
Yet, on the other side, you must  
To the reform'd give no disgust.  
Use therefore words so variable,  
As to each side are applicable ;  
Thus we the Puritans may win,  
And bring the heedless papists in :  
By wisely handling matters thus,  
Our church will soon grow numerous :  
Go, therefore, and in spite of fate  
Make your religion suit the state.



Parker, and seven coadjutors  
(Like shoemaker and 's understrappers)  
Make haste to their reforming shop,  
And for prayer cobblers they set up.  
'The names of those that Parker\* took,  
To help him to correct his book,  
Were Grindal, Cox, and Pilkinton,  
And master Whitehead he was one :  
The rest were Smith, and Bill, and May,  
Who, meeting on th' appointed day,  
Ere they took seat the wrangling asses  
Fell into strife about their places,  
Contending each what he was able,  
For the high end of the round table ;  
Till at the last speaks learned Bill,  
Who in geometry had skill ;  
Could tell a circle from a square,  
And measure angles to a hair.  
My lords, quoth he, ends are not found  
In tables made exactly round ;  
But, if it please you, I'll divide,  
By lines of chalk, from side to side.  
The circumference into eight,  
All parts shall in the centre meet ;  
So that none can discern, if try'd,  
The highest from the lowest side ;  
Thus we shall all have equal parts.  
Marry, quo' they, with all our hearts.  
Board thus divided, Parker's grace  
Sat down, and each one took his place,  
Giving pre-eminence of order  
To Parker's highness, but no further ;

\* Camden tells us, that the care of correcting the liturgy, which under king Edward VI. was set forth in the vulgar tongue, was committed to Parker, Bill, May, Cox, Grindal, Whitehead, and Pilkinton, learned and moderate divines, and to sir Thomas Smith, kt., a most learned gentleman, the matter being imparted to no man but the earl of Bedford, John Gray of Percy, and Cecil. *Hist. of Queen Eliz.*, lib. 1, p. 16 edit. 3, 1675, and Heylin, in *Eccl. Restaur.*, p. 277.

For none allow'd him jurisdiction  
Beyond his own chalk of restriction.

Seated, they gravely fell to work,  
And each one, like a learned clerk,  
With pen and ink and sullen look,  
Fell to correct the common book.  
What any of them deem'd not right,  
It was expos'd to others' sight,  
And very seriously debated,  
If it should not be obliterated,  
Or from its former sense estrang'd,  
And only in expression chang'd ;  
Or else stand without any more  
Done to 't, than barely reading o'er.

The form of general confession\*  
Was the first thing they call'd in question ;  
A piece compos'd, as wise men think,  
By providential instinct,  
That brought forth truths they never meant,  
Or thought to be involv'd in 't ;  
So Caiphas, the cruel Jew,  
Told truth, but knew 't not to be true :  
For when reformers went astray,  
And erred from the ancient way,  
Their fathers' faith refus'd to hold,  
Like wand'ring sheep broke from the fold :  
Their Pastor's counsel undervalu'd ;  
And their own fond devices follow'd ;  
Then 'twas they made this true confession,  
Right levelled at their reformation ;  
Not seeing the great truth hid in 't  
They close 't with this acknowledgment,

\* Their form of general confession in the Common Prayer :—  
" Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed  
from thy ways like lost sheep ; we have followed too much the  
devices and desires of our own hearts ; we have offended against  
thy holy laws ; we have left undone those things which we  
ought to have done, and we have done those things which we  
ought not to have done ; and there is no health in us," &c.

*There is no health in us.* If so,  
Then wo to Protestancy, wo!  
This brought, I say, into debate,  
Not one saw what it levell'd at:  
Nor any of them ever thought  
Of having 't chang'd or blotted out.

The creeds they also overleapt  
And 'twas a mercy they escap'd,  
And that the church, by alteration,  
Was not transform'd to congregation,  
And Catholic to Protestant;  
But this Matt. Parker would not grant;  
For, had correction so gone on,  
Th' apostles' creed must thus\* have run;  
And in this† manner that of Nice;  
The Athanasian creed likewise  
Must have been thus‡ chang'd by this trick  
To Protestant from Catholic.  
But Parker, who consider'd well,  
And could th' event of things foretell,  
Advis'd them not at all to handle  
The creeds, for fear of giving scandal.  
Christ's holy Church, says he, has ever  
Been termed *Catholic*, and never  
Can lose that title, nor indeed  
Admit of changing in the creed.  
Yet, when you make a new translation  
Of Bible,§ put down congregation  
Wherever Church comes into play,  
And Catholic quite cast away:

\* I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Protestant congregation, the communion of saints.

† I believe one holy Protestant and apostolic congregation.

‡ Whosoever will be saved, it is necessary that he hold the Protestant faith.

§ In the Bible, set out in the year 1560, the word *church* is not once to be found, but *congregation* always in place of it. As in St. Matt. (c. 18, v. 17), they translate, *Tell the congregation, and if he will not hear the congregation, &c.*

For in the Bible, 'tis no more,  
Than changing one in twenty score ;  
But in the creed to change it, then  
'Twill almost be a word in ten,  
Which must the people much alarm,  
And, doubtless, do a deal of harm.  
Besides, the creed folks every day  
Do once, or twice, or ten times say,  
So that the words, being learn'd by rote,  
Cannot so quickly be forgot.  
Hence uncouth words will to the nation  
Appear like terms of conjuration,  
And scandalize our reformation. }  
Those his objections being made,  
They acquiesc'd in what he said ;  
And let the creeds, w'thout more ado,  
Remain just as *in statu quo*.  
Take my advice, quoth Smith, the knight,  
It seldom fails in things of weight,  
Which is, to use great moderation  
In this our Prayer Book's reformation.  
The queen is in her heart a papist.  
We may suppose, as much as a priest ;  
She went to mass in Mary's reign,  
Practis'd confession of her sin ;  
The Catholic religion own'd  
In every point ; when she was crown'd,  
Still to maintain the same she swore,  
As other princes did before ;  
Considering which, 'tis good that we  
To humor her do all agree ;  
Let's therefore make the Common Prayer  
As like the mass book as we dare ;  
In substance not, I mean in show,  
That vulgar people may not know,  
If to themselves 'twere put to reference,  
Wherein to find an aglet difference.  
He said, and up starts Gaffer May.

Give ear, says he, to what I say;  
 The queen, thro' policy of state,  
 Has broke the oath she took of late,  
 And, maugre popish education,  
 Resolves upon a reformation:  
 Let's therefore warily contrive it,  
 Just as her majesty would have it;  
 That is, as near as e'er we can,  
 To please all sides, and every man.  
 We'll therefore now put out, or in,  
 What may, or may not, please the queen.

Well then, quoth Parker, let's agree  
 To blot out of the litany,  
 According to the queen's commission,  
 This harsh unmannerly petition,  
 To wit,\* *To be delivered from*  
*Th' enormous tyrannies of Rome.*  
 Till this be out, there is no hope  
 Of gaining such as love the pope.  
 'Gainst what he said was no dispute,  
 So that petition was ras'd out.

There is another thing beside,  
 Which not a papist can abide,  
 A heathenish rubric,\* out upon 't!

\* In king Edward's litany stood this petition; "From the tyranny and all detestable enormities of the bishop of Rome, *Good Lord deliver us.*"

\* This following rubric stood in king Edward's second litany, but was cast out by queen Elizabeth; and at king Charles the second's restoration, it was by his convocation re-assumed, and placed in the Common Prayer, in favor of the Presbyterians. "Whereas, it is ordained in the administration of the Lord's Supper, that the communicants kneeling should receive the holy communion, which thing is well meant for a signification of the humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ given unto the worthy receiver, and to avoid the profanation and disorders which about the holy communion might also ensue: yet, lest the same kneeling might be thought or taken otherwise, we do declare, that it is not meant thereby that any adoration be done, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential presence there being of Christ's natural flesh and blood; for, as concerning the sacramental bread and wine, they remain still in their natural

een will bang us, if we don't  
the book eradicate it:  
she mortally does hate it;  
ell enough I understand,  
verses writ in her own hand,  
he believes the *real presence*,  
ou them o'er, and judge the sense.

rist was the Word that spake it,  
ook the bread and brake it,  
what the Word did make it,  
I believe, and take it."

ows she'll hate our book of prayer,  
black rubric be left there.  
ny soul it does more ill  
heart can think, or tongue can tell;  
ry Luth'rans do not care  
d our book while it stands there.  
bric Cranmer did invent  
worshipping the sacrament;  
ay ye, let us throw 't away,  
eople, if it please 'em, may  
our Lord as *present* there,  
blot out this ancient prayer:  
t a man alive can see  
way to make them both agree.  
prayer we must retain, says Bill,  
'll blot this out, if you will:  
: *holy mysteries*,†

, and therefore may not be adored, for that were idolatry. As concerning the natural body and blood of our Saviour, they are in heaven, and not here; for it is against Christ's true natural body, to be in more places than time."

call this prayer, *The Prayer of Humble Access*. "We presume to come to thy holy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in thy own righteousness, &c. Grant us, therefore, gracious Father, to eat the flesh of thy dear Son, *Jesus Christ*, and to drink the blood."

*these holy mysteries*, that our sinful bodies may be made part of his body, and our souls washed through his most precious blood.

Because I find the same implies,  
Christ's body and his blood are there.  
So does, says May, the rest o' th' prayer,  
And so our *Catechism*\* too :  
Quoth Matt, I know not what to do ;  
With *Catechism* we must not part,  
Because folk have it all by heart :  
Nor is it fit to vex the nation  
By such notorious alteration :  
But rase that line out, if you will,  
Which now was noted by sir Bill.  
Yes, yes, says Whitehead, out with this,  
And let the rubric stand where 'tis :  
For Calvin, Beza, and good Tyndal,  
The *real presence* never handle,  
Unless to contradict the same ;  
Let 's imitate those men of fame ;  
And let it ne'er be said, that we  
With such apostles disagree.

For my part, I am not like Tyndal,  
Inflexible, says master Grindal ;  
Take therefore whether side you please,  
I can comply with mickle ease.

So cannot I, quoth Pilkinton,  
Because the queen will have it done :  
And, right or wrong, you know we must  
Obey her. Marry, 'tis but just,  
Says Matt, so let 's no more dispute,  
But blot that wicked rubric out.  
This motion pleas'd not Gaffer Whitehead ;  
Says Smith (the man that had been knighted),  
No matter, if the rest consent :  
They did ; and out the rubric went :

clous blood ; and that we may evermore dwell in him, and be in us. *Amen.*"

\* In the catechism. *Quest.* What is the inward part or thing signified ? *Ans.* The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper.

he line Bill noted down,  
*y mysteries* they had none.  
 ext thing that they fell upon,  
 w to give communion;  
 r their form should it define  
 and blood, or bread and wine.  
 Parker, in king Edward's reign  
 two different forms; but then  
 two diff'rent books of *prayer*;  
 of which, we do declare,  
 y *Ghost* himself did aid  
 d reformers, when 't was made.  
 ook, while the book was good  
 form of communion stood:  
 ur gospel gather'd ground,  
 ur common prayers abound,  
 a second book of prayer  
 er the first had reigned three year.  
 y boldly took the post  
 ade by the Holy Ghost.  
 ght a new form\* of receiving  
 s *new nothing*) with *thanksgiving*.  
 ms are here; my lords, pray see  
 one with t'other does agree.

*of delivering the Communion, according  
 ing Edward's first order of communion.*

When the priest doth deliver the sac-  
 t of the body of Christ, he shall say to  
 one these words following:

*y of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which  
 ven for thee, preserve thy body unto ever-  
 life.*

*Order of the Communion set out by king Edward VI.,  
 L. Grafton, 1547.*



*Rubric.* The priest, delivering the sacrament of the blood, shall say :

*The blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul unto everlasting life.*

*The form in king Edward's second Common Prayer Book :*

*Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee ; and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.*

At giving the Cup :

*Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.*

Pray read 'em over, master Bill,  
That we may all observe 'em well.  
*Bill* reads, they think, and having done,  
Thus opens master Pilkinton.

In the first form, I find the word  
Applies the body of our Lord  
To save our bodies *only*, never  
Naming the soul of the receiver ;  
As if our souls no benefit  
Receive, when we his body eat.  
The blood again, on t'other side,  
Is only to the soul apply'd ;  
As if our bodies have no good  
From the receiving of the blood.

Quoth Goodman Grindal, hold your peace,  
Till I relate the cause of this :  
'Tis to make simple folk believe,  
That, when they but one kind receive,  
They take but half of Christ, which can  
Preserve but only half the man :

So body is appropriated  
To body, blood to soul related ;  
For our reformed church designs,  
That all shall take it in both kinds ;  
And, giving of it thus, they thought  
A likely way to bring them to 't.

But pray, quoth master Pilkinton,  
What shall we do ? Now there 's not one  
Kind left in Edward's\* second prayer ;  
We're ten times worse than e'er we were.  
Whereas in popish times they did  
Receive Christ's body and his blood  
Under one species: we get neither,  
Tho' both the kinds we take together.  
For, in this second forn, the priest  
Pretends not to give aught of Christ.  
*Take and eat this*, says he ; but, what  
This *this* is, he interprets not :  
*Take and eat this*, this what, O Parker ?  
No substantive. Sure this is darker  
Than riddle, that in time of old  
Grand-dames to their grand-children told.  
Quoth Matt, from what in rubric 's said,  
I think it must be meant——*this bread*.

If so, says Smith, it is no more,  
When consecrated, than before :  
What do the sacred words avail ?  
Is blessing ineffectual ?

\*The form of giving the sacrament in the first liturgy of king Edward, says Heylin, being thought by Calvin and his disciples to give some countenance to the gross and carnal presence of Christ in the sacrament, was altered into this form in the second liturgy, that is to say, *Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving. Take and drink this, &c.* But the revisers of the book joined both forms together, lest, under color of rejecting a carnal, they might be thought also to deny such a real presence as was defended in the writings of the ancient Fathers: upon which ground they expunged also a whole rubric at the end of the communion service, &c. (This is the rubric mentioned above.) See Heylin, p. 383.

And how can you these words make good,  
*This is my body, this my blood?*  
For Christ himself, 'tis very plain,  
Being God, could nothing speak in vain.  
The ancient Fathers understood  
Christ gave his *body* and his *blood*  
Under the form of bread and wine,  
And thought the Eucharist divine,  
And, by tradition, we from them  
Ought to believe the very same.

At this up starts me master Whitehead,  
And, scratching for a while his light head,  
Soft, sirs, says he, my fancy gathers,  
That these were errors in the Fathers.  
Not I alone imagine thus,  
But Calvin and Carl'stadius,  
Beza, and Zuinglius, by name,  
Cranmer and Bucer say the same;  
And in plain syllables declare,  
That only bread and wine are there;  
And, therefore, pray ye, let us now  
Be very cautious what we do;  
And not dissent, in any case,  
From men so largely stock'd with grace;  
Nor leave, upon a light pretence,  
The judgment of such men of sense.

Whitehead his spirits scarce had spent,  
When Bill his stock began to vent.  
Two diff'rent judgments in the land  
There are, says he, I understand;  
Those who believe 'tis chang'd from bread,  
The first form answers to their creed:  
And those who do deny the same,  
The second form is fit for them.  
What think ye, therefore, if we give it  
In both, as diff'rent men believe it?  
And this may easily be done,  
When folks come to communion:

It is but parting YEAS from NOES,  
And at God's board the herd dispose :  
So that the yeas on one side sit,  
The noes on t' other side of it :  
Then let the parson take his stand  
(It matters not at whether end)  
And, as by proper form apply'd,  
Dispense his gifts to either side,  
By either form alone ; in troth,  
I find we cannot please them both.

Quoth Parker, but, since it is thus,  
Let's make a form ambiguous :  
Which, as they please, may be applied  
To this, or to the other side.

Parker his speech had scarcely done,  
When up again starts Pilkinton ;  
And, by the motion of his thumb,  
Prevails with Parker to be dumb.  
Good sirs, says he, be all attentive,  
My brains are wonderful inventive,  
And must as certainly produce,  
As *Æsop's* mountain did his mouse.  
I have a project in my head,  
Will stand the church in special stead,  
And be a means, sure as a gun,  
To make a blessed union,  
To the first form, which Edward made,  
We'll cunningly the second add,  
And so, by making both but one,  
Administer communion.  
By this means each man as he list,  
May to his palate fit the feast.  
He said ; and did a scroll present,  
With both the forms together pent :  
Which was approv'd on by all there,  
And plac'd in the Common Prayer ;  
Where all sorts of 'em, *with thanksgiving,*  
Make it the *standard* of receiving.

*The form of administering the Communion, according to queen Elizabeth's Common Prayer.*

*At giving the Bread.*

*The body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life: take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thine heart by faith with thanksgiving.*

*At giving the Cup.*

*The blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life: drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.*

Thus, in the space of twice six year,  
You see three different forms appear.  
The reader need not think it strange,  
To find 'em thus chop faith and change,  
When he reflects, they know not whether,  
'Twas flesh or bread they took, or neither.

They cast away, in the conclusion,  
King Edward's form of absolution,\*  
Because they thought it gave too much  
Absolving power unto the church;  
And put another† in its place,  
That neither power owns, nor grace.

\* *King Edward's form of absolution before receiving.* After the parson has made the general confession in the name of all those that are minded to receive the communion; then, says the rubric, shall the priest stand up, and turning to the people, say thus: "Our blessed Lord, who hath left power to his church to absolve penitent sinners from their sins, and to restore to the grace of the heavenly Father such as truly believe in Christ, have mercy upon you: pardon and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life."

† *Queen Elizabeth's form of absolution before receiving the communion.* "Almighty God and heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them that, with hearty repentance and true faith, turn unto him, have mercy upon you," &c.

e here then we have cast out of door  
 cknowledgment of church's power,  
 lso do not we part with  
 other form, says honest Smith,  
 ick the sick absolv'd are ?  
 e same power is owned there :  
 arson too makes them believe,  
 e has power to forgive,  
 ve, and pardon all transgression,  
 led to him in confession.  
 no, says Parker, we'll connive at  
 ubric\* for confession private :  
 give the parson, when they're ill,  
 d round legacy by will,  
 s receiving their confessions,  
 ardoning all their transgressions ;  
 hich redounds thus to our gain,  
 ght or wrong, we must retain.  
 at he said all acquiesc'd,  
 ere it stands :—Gra-mercy Grist.  
 ther changes they made,  
 not much in story said ;  
 ver, if you list to know,  
 gains, as I am forc'd to do ;  
 dward's liturgies compare  
 Elizabeth's new Common Prayer.

withstanding their blotting out the acknowledgment of  
 ch's power to absolve in this place, yet, in the visitation  
 ck, they let it stand in the form of absolution. *Rubric.*  
 nister should not omit earnestly to move such sick per-  
 re of ability, to be liberal to the poor. (*He expects their*  
*pen him as one of the number.*) Here shall the sick per-  
 oved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feels  
 dence troubled with any weighty matter. After which  
 n the priest shall absolve him, if he humbly and heart-  
 it, after this sort. 'Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath  
 r to his Church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent  
 ve in him, of his great mercy, forgive thee thine offences :  
 is authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy  
 the name of the Father,' " &c.

This precious work, when 'twas in hand,  
 With so great secrecy was scann'd,  
 That few could tell till it came out,  
 What eight wise men had been about.  
 Meanwhile her highness was not idle,  
 But busy as a wench in Bridewell,  
 After her brother Ned's example,  
 To make room for it in the Temple,  
 Th' epistles and the gospel she  
 Together with the litany  
 In English tongue caus'd to be read,  
 And then the mass abolished :  
 Not all at once ; for she proceeded  
 By easy steps, that none might heed it :  
 For innovation durst not venture  
 Too rudely into kirk to enter.  
 But slyly crept in by degrees,  
 And drove the mass out piece by piece.

Next came a proclamation out,\*  
 That none should preach, pray, or dispute,  
 Or move a lip thro' all the nation,  
 In what related to salvation :  
 Nor take one single step to heaven,  
 Till she had further orders given.  
 Religion now she caus'd to stand,  
 As if she meant to damn the land.  
 At last up starts the Common Prayer,†  
 Appears in churches everywhere,

\* The queen sent out a proclamation, by which it was commanded, That no man, of what persuasion soever he was points of religion, should be suffered from thenceforth to pre in public, but only such as should be licensed by her author which proclamation was observed with such care and stricta that no sermon was preached at St. Paul's Cross, or any pl place in London, till the Easter following. (This came on December, 1559). Vide Heylin, fol. 276.

† On the 24th of June, an. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1559, the public lit was to be officiated in all the churches of the kingdom. "Th passed an act, an. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1559 (says Heylin), for recomme ing and imposing the book of Common Prayer, and administral of the sacraments, according to such alterations and correcti

And thrusts itself into the place  
Of the *great sacrifice*, the *Mass*,  
In temple thus th' abomination,  
Of ghostly death and desolation,  
Seated itself, by violent power  
Of Bess, the beast, or scarlet whore.

As he who by a sudden fright  
Of goblin in the dusk of night,  
Has both his eyes set in his head  
As still, as if the man was dead;  
His hair an end, as if his skull  
Were stuck with knitting-needles full;  
So everybody stood amaz'd,  
And, as distracted, star'd and gaz'd,

as were made therein, by those who were appointed to revise it; in the performance of which service, there was great care taken for expunging all such passages in it as might give any scandal or offence to the popish party. In the litany first made and published by king Henry VIII. and afterwards continued in the two liturgies of king Edward VI. there was a prayer, *To be delivered from the tyranny and all the detestable enormities of the bishop of Rome*; which was thought fit to be expunged." Then he relates the joining of the forms of communion, and expunging the rubric, as noted above. After which he tells us, "that to come up the closer to those of the Church of Rome, it was ordered by the queen's injunctions, that the sacramental bread should be made round, in fashion of wafers used in the time of queen Mary: she also ordered that the Lord's table should be placed where the altar stood; that the accustomed reverence should be made to the name of *JESUS*, music retained in the church, and all the old festivals observed with their several eves; by which compliance, and the expunging of the passages before remembered, the book was made so passable, &c. Heylin (in p. 203, and p. 206) relates the queen's injunctions more fully; and when he speaks of that for retaining music in churches, he gives these reasons or motives why it was retained, viz.: For the encouragement of the arts, and the continuance of singing in the Church of England, and for the comforting of such as delight in music."—"The queen authorizes and establishes this her new Common Prayer, first by several injunctions which, say they, the queen's majesty ministered to her clergy, as Injunct. 18, 33, 39, 52. Then by an act of parliament, called An Act for Uniformity of Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments. The injunctions and this act were published in the first year of her reign, 1559. In the 8th year she confirms the said act for uniformity by another act of parliament. See also her Advertisements or Articles for Doctrine and Preaching, printed in 1564."



When such a spectre did appear  
Under the borrow'd shape of prayer.  
But when it spake in mother tongue,  
And Hopkins' psalms in metre sung :  
Bless us ! how all fell down before it,  
And for their Moloch did adore it ;  
The anti-priests, that took in hand  
To serve this idol could command  
Of hypocritic tears an ocean ;  
Which, with a whining feign'd devotion,  
They would so freely vent in pulpit  
That others wept and could not help it,  
'Till cheeks were drown'd from nose to ears,  
In floods of sympathetic tears.  
In cant and wheedle most expert  
They were, they wanted naught of art  
Whereby to gain the women : then  
The women went and brought the men :  
The children, tho' they knew not whither,  
Follow'd to hell their dad and mother ;  
'Till Common Prayer had gather'd soon  
Nine-tenths, or more, in every town.  
The queen\* in other things thought fit  
To show a little of her wit,  
In compliment to Catholics  
(She'd skill in hypocritic tricks) :  
Communion-bread made up with leaven,  
Under king Ned in cubes were given ;  
But now her highness does declare,  
It shall be round† as wafers are.  
No more must they in goblets shred  
Their old stale loaves of common-bread.  
When they name JESUS all must bow,  
As Catholics are wont to do.  
The cross in baptism yet remain'd,

\* See the queen's Injunctions, apud Sparrow, p. 63.

† Injunction, p. 79.

Music in churches she still retain'd,\*  
 Not to incite the tender motion,  
 Which music raises to devotion;  
 Nor for solemnity, as David,  
 When he to God sang praise, would have it;  
 But rather for encouraging  
 Young lasses and young lads to sing;  
 And to please such as love the lute,  
 The bagpipe, fiddle or the flute.  
 Brave† motives! and denote her zeal  
 To play folks merrily to hell

God's board‡ she also gave command  
 Should in the place of altars stand,  
 Unless when people were receiving  
 Their *this (et cetera)* with thanksgiving.  
 The board in her own§ chapel, she  
 Adorn'd as altar us'd to be,  
 With silver crucifix upon it;  
 Two candles also she had on it  
 Unlighted, never seen to burn,  
 But, as a flame in ancient urn,  
 Stood still without the least decay,  
 Till Knolles took candlesticks away.  
 Goes to the kitchen fire, and in it

\* Whensoever the name of JESUS shall be in any lesson, sermon, or otherwise, in the church pronounced, that due reverence be made by all persons, young and old, with lowness of courtesy, and uncovering of heads of the man-kind, as therunto doth necessarily belong, and heretofore hath been accustomed. Injunc. 52.

† See Injunct. 49, and Heylin.

‡ It is ordered, that the holy table in every church be decently made, and set in the place where the altar stood, and there commonly covered as thereto belonging and so stand: saving when the communion of the sacrament is to be distributed. After the communion is done, from time to time the same holy table to be placed where it stood before. Injunct. in Spar. p. 75.

§ In the queen's chapel, says Heylin, the altar was furnished with rich plate, two fair gilt candlesticks with tapers in them, and a massy crucifix of silver in the midst thereof; which last remained there some years, until it was broke in pieces by Patch the fool at the solicitation of sir Francis Knolles, one who openly appeared in favour of schism at Frankfort.

Consumes her candles in a minute,  
Which else, by magic art of queen,  
Had two perpetual candles been :  
For Puritanic zeal and light  
Mov'd Patch and this adventurous knight,  
In spite of queen, or dread of halter,  
To spoil her God's-board, or sham altar ;  
And tumble all things to the ground,  
That they in royal chapel found.  
Thus Patch, the fool, and Knolles, the knave,  
Did neither cross nor candle leave,  
Nor anything besides, that might  
Grace represent, or gospel light.

One would have thought they had by now  
Done all that they design'd to do  
In the reforming of the land :  
Reforming's never at a stand ;  
For now the zealots of the nation  
Desire a further reformation,  
And fall a playing o'er again  
Their pranks, just as in Edward's reign.  
The queen grew ev'ry day more brain-sick,  
And gave at last command to ransack  
Churches and chapels through the land,  
And not to let an image stand,\*  
Tho' 't was our Saviour Christ's or Mary's ;  
And yet her own, and Ned's, and Harry's,  
They without scruple made and kept  
In churches, halls, and where they slept ;  
So Fox ras'd from his Calendar  
Our blessed Lady's name, and there,  
Saint like, put Bess's in its stead,  
In letters capital, and red,

Communion-bread must now no more  
Be made in form it was before ;  
But cut in cubic shape of dice

\* Against images see the queen's injunctions (2, 23, 35), and F. Parsons in his Examination of Fox's Calendar.

enny-loaf, and of a size  
nes so large that few could chew it,  
t a draft of claret to it.  
nes it happ'd a greedy gull  
get his gullet cramm'd so full,  
ake him 'glore, and gasp for wind,  
l'd Old Trot would come behind,  
th her fist, between his shoulders,  
, to the wonder of beholders,  
her strokes, laid on in haste,  
his throat she'd drive the paste.  
ow God's-board they turn about,  
ast to west, from north to south ;  
om the place where altars were,  
e it to the midst of choir ;  
ck again into the place  
altar-wise, at first it was.  
v its end, and not its side,  
the eastern wall applied.  
ock-boat, forc'd from broken cable,  
st like their communion table.  
ious ornaments they burn,  
red things to ashes turn ;  
halices, and corporals rent,  
me the blessed sacrament :  
is, what int'rest first begun,  
ritanic carried on ;  
ight, in fine, but desolation  
ed this mad reformation.  
is rate church affairs went on,  
ir wild reformation  
to thinking people, hateful ;  
nds abhor, what late seem'd grateful ;  
ck into the Church amain,  
whence they fell, return again.  
prelates, finding no conforming,  
expected, fell a storming ;  
sting in their minds about,

What way they might compel 'em to 't;  
Found naught would do at any rate,  
Without the help of magistrate;  
So they resolved to address  
Themselves to parl'ament and Bess;  
And in such solemn sort to do 't,  
As could not fail of gaining suit.

They to their cruel clergy and  
Who else in blood would have a hand,  
Send out their pastoral command  
To meet their graces; and to bring  
For execution, anything  
That might seem proper, or could be  
Useful in act of tragedy.  
The black obey; as fast they come,  
As soldiers call'd by beat of drum:  
And every parson brings his pack  
Of murdering tools upon his back.  
Some scourges bring, and some battoons,  
Some come with halberds, swords, and guns,  
Others with gibbets, halters, racks,  
And some with gullet-knife and axe.  
And after these do others some  
With lying books and ballads come,  
Which here and there abroad they throw  
Among the rabble as they go;  
Thereby the better to prepare 'em,  
To murder ev'ry papist near 'em.  
In rear of all this mad procession,  
The prelates come with their petition;  
And all the argument they had,  
Whereby t' excite the queen to blood.

In order thus, as you have seen,  
They all appear before the queen,  
The parl'ament, and chiefs of state,  
And thus their grievances relate:

It is not long since fortune gave us  
Yourself, O blessed Bess, to save us

From popery ; which you have done  
Till now, to admiration;  
Nor doubt we but to you is given,  
In spite of pope, Christ's Church, or heaven,  
To guard us and our country still  
From their religion.—Yes, that I will,  
Quoth Bess ; but you, supern'al powers,  
Bless us, and shield what's ever 's our's !  
In name of wonder, what d' ye mean  
Thus to appear before your queen ?  
Why bring you here, in such confusion,  
Those instruments of execution ?  
Amaz'd she stops. Then they go on  
With this their dire oration :

Know, that the papists every hour  
Do gather courage, strength, and pow'r ;  
And still increase and multiply  
In numbers most prodigiously.  
Who fell, when you began to reign,  
Do now return as fast again ;  
As having been impos'd upon,  
By this our reformation  
Ere they consider'd what they'd done.  
Besides, they preach, write, and dispute,  
And every day say Mass to boot,  
Which draw vast numbers of the people  
Into their chapels, from the steeple.  
There's Stapleton, and Dr. Harding,  
Value our Jewell not a farthing ;  
Nor bishop Horn do they regard,  
More than they do a Grecian's beard ;  
These two, and Dr. Sanderson,  
Have brought our reformation  
Int' such contempt and loss of credit,  
That very few of late do heed it.  
But that which grieves us we protest,  
A score times more than all the rest,  
Our Articles and Common Prayer

They'll not subscribe ; nor will they swear,  
Madam, that you are Christ's vicegerent,  
By virtue of your crown inherent.  
But that which does disturb our ease,  
Without comparison more than these,  
The pope, against yourself and nation,  
Has sent an excommunication,  
And curst us all for heretics :  
Incapable of bishoprics :  
And the whole Church, e'en at this day,  
Tremble at his anathema,  
And think 't as just as that by which  
St. PETER curst Simon the witch.  
So that, if order be not taken,  
You'll be by the whole world forsaken :  
Your bishops, too, must every man  
For heathen pass, and publican.  
In this, quoth Bess, what can I do ?  
We'd have, say they, your highness know  
The case is desp'rate be 't as 't will ;  
There are but two ways, both are ill :  
You must think either of compliance,  
Or set his curses at defiance.  
The first way to our fat estates,  
The second to our souls relates :  
Complying is the laying down  
We of our caps, you of your crown ;  
Leaves reformation in the lurch,  
And brings us back into the Church ;  
Then *we* and all our clergy must  
From all our rents and tithes be thrust ;  
And Romish clergy be restor'd :  
*From such an ill, defend us, Lord !*  
For what must we maintain our wives with ?  
Or what support our merry lives with ?  
For our parts, we're not us'd to thrashing,  
Unless it be on pulpit cushion ;  
Nor our fine wives to aught but dressing.

, if, on the other side,  
he's anathema's defied,  
curst by the see of Rome,  
ard all i' th' life to come:  
it on earth the Church does tie,  
l in heaven most certainly;  
se who are excluded here  
ie Church, can ne'er come there,  
ese texts be true and right,  
cripture's sacred penmen write.  
at you say I'm much surpris'd,  
desire to be advis'd;  
hty matters, such as this,  
unsel me aright, quoth Bess.  
say they, must you advise,  
he latter, if you're wise;  
not you his curse a rush,  
*n hand's worth two in bush.*  
e have riches, ease, and laughter,  
w not what shall follow after;  
efore hold what is possest,  
st the Lord with all the rest.  
he Catholic religion:  
e it out of the region:  
a man of that opinion  
throughout your whole dominion.  
oth the queen, to ruin all  
ove me too tyrannical,  
mp my name, in deathless pages,  
ody, to succeeding ages.  
majesty, say they, must know,  
things shall be done by law:  
arily 'twere done,  
od were your objection:  
en there's law for what you do,  
n the law that kills, not you;  
are not accountable  
od, tho' guiltless blood they spill,



Provided that they keep the bounds  
 Of law, and go on legal grounds ;  
 Such penal laws\* we will invent,  
 As death, or long imprisonment,  
 Shall be the punishment of those  
 That do our kirk or us oppose ;  
 We'll make it treason† to become  
 A member of the Church of Rome.  
 By law we'll bring 't within the reach  
 Of death, for any priest to preach,  
 Say Mass,‡ or even to be found  
 On any spot§ of English ground.  
 Nor will we mercy have or spare 'em,  
 Who either harbor priests or hear 'em  
 Behold the laws ! for we have drawn 'em,  
 In form, as here : do you but own 'em,  
 By only giving your consent,  
 And then they're acts of parliament.  
 We've also brought these tools you see,

\* *Penal laws.* Statute 1 Eliz. 1, abolishes the pope's authority, and enacts the queen head of the church, or (as they word it) chief governess in all ecclesiastic affairs. By this and stat. 5, Eliz. 1, those who maintain the jurisdiction of the see of Rome, incur a præmunire. In that stat. the oath of supremacy was imposed : first refusal of that oath is a præmunire. The second refusal, and the second maintaining the jurisdiction of the see of Rome, if convicted, is high treason.

† Stat. 13 Eliz. 2. To obtain or use any bull of absolution, or reconciliation, from the bishop of Rome, or to absolve, or be absolved thereby, shall be high treason. The comforters and maintainers of such offenders shall incur a præmunire, and their counsellors misprision of treason.

‡ Stat. 23 Eliz. 1. To say Mass is the forfeit of 200 marks, and one year's imprisonment. To hear Mass is the forfeit of 100 marks and one year's imprisonment. By this act, every person repairing not to church, according to stat. 1 Eliz. 2, shall forfeit twenty pounds a month.

§ Stat. 27 Eliz. 2. All jesuits and priests, and other ecclesiastical persons, born within any of the queen's dominions, and ordained or made such by the jurisdiction of the see of Rome, which come into or remain in any of the said dominions, shall be adjudged guilty of high treason ; and their receivers, aiders, and maintainers, shall be adjudged felons, without benefit of the clergy. *With a great many more, which you may find at large in the statute books.*

presence, purposely ;  
he penal laws and these,  
hang and head them when you please.  
pe, you see, has smote us all  
keen sword spiritual ;  
expecting, but in vain,  
us back to him again,  
e us all obedient  
and to Church government :  
we'll never more endure,  
rom Christ derive his pow'r.  
fore pray you, potent Bess,  
us on his holiness ;  
np'ral weapon in your hand,  
the papists in the land :  
urself: about you lay,  
n of Orleans in fray,  
her lord nor beggar spare,  
nor sex, nor friend forbear ;  
ess as death go on,  
k, and hang, and hew 'em down,  
se our instruments of blood,  
men do their underwood.  
her feet (these words be'ng said)  
nal laws and tools they laid,  
e her go and use the same,  
and the devil's name ;  
our deeds can be no flaw  
ou do nothing but by law.  
f I be secured by law,  
t what it is I do,  
e ; I therefore give consent  
our acts of parl'ament ;  
n those instruments you bring  
out like anything.  
strate in all the land,  
have halters in his hand,  
and gibbets at command.

—  
She said, then authoriz'd her men all  
To execute her statutes penal,  
And priests and jesuits were martyr'd,  
Cut up, beheaded, drawn and quarter'd.  
Such haste the cruel butchers made  
To rip them up, ere they were dead,  
That one may see them sometimes look  
On their own hearts from body took :  
And hear the pious martyrs pray  
For those that tore their hearts away.  
For then the way of taking life  
Was first half hanging, then the knife  
Ript open the blest martyr's breast ;  
His heart and liver, and the rest  
Of inward parts, into the fire  
They flung :—Thus did those saints expire.

Of these beatified, one  
Was reverend father Campion,  
That learned jesuit, who bore  
Long time his shackles in the Tow'r :  
Sherwin, Short, Bryant, victims fell ;  
Johnson and Ford ; I mourn to tell,  
That scarce the knife with these had done,  
When Philby, Kirby, Richardson,  
Nelson and Cotham, Hansy, Mayn,  
Kirkman and Lacy, Thompson, Payn,  
Thirkel and Haywood, suffered ;  
So Bell, and Hart, and Haydock did :  
With Emford, Nutter, Munden, Fen,  
And other priests,\* a numerous train :  
Who, dying for the faith of Christ,  
Increas'd the holy martyrs' list.  
Nor suffer'd priests alone, for then  
They sacrificed e'en gentlemen ;  
Of lesser rank were many tried,  
And of both sexes numbers died.

\* There suffered above 130 priests, besides others. F. Parsons  
in *Discus.*, p. 197.

In York, the good dame Chuthrey's breath  
They stopt, by pressing her to death.  
He who but harbored a priest  
Past for a traitor at the least;  
And who was known to hear a Mass  
Must for an impious felon pass:  
Such laws those Herods did invent,  
To murder all the innocent.  
Besides the blood profusely spill'd,  
All prisons in the land were fill'd;  
Where cruel usage, stench, and whips,  
And hunger, slaughter'd them in heaps.  
In short, not many 'scap'd the jaws  
Of all-devouring penal laws,  
But either were depriv'd of bread,  
Or thrown in jails, or murdered.  
For 'twas design'd by queen and state,  
Religion to eradicate.  
But, by a pow'r divine, their malice  
Has still been curb'd, as that of hell is.  
By plots and letters counterfeit,  
By cunning trick, and subtle cheat.  
By suborn'd evidence, and lies,  
Leicester and Walsingham devise\*  
Strange traps t' ensnare the innocent,  
For traitors to the government:

\* Camden, in his History of the Life of Elizabeth, edit. 3, says of the lord Paget, Arundel, and other Catholics, that they were forced to fly the land: "That they heavily complained of the subtle artifices of Leicester and Walsingham; that strange kinds of tricks and cheats were invented, and secret snares so closely laid, that they must, whether they would or not, and before they were aware, be involved in the guilt of high treason." "And (continues he) verily there were at this time some ways taken to try how men stood affected: counterfeit letters were privily sent in the name of the queen of Scots and the fugitives, and left in papists' houses; spies were sent abroad up and down the country, to take notice of people's discourse, and lay hold of their words. Reporters of vain and idle stories were admitted and credited. Hereupon many were brought into suspicion, and among the rest Henry earl of Northumberland, his son, Ralph earl of Arundel." p. 294.

As Leyburn, Arden, Paget, and  
 Norfolk, and good Northumberland,  
 And Arundel and his son, and Shelly,  
 And lamentable 'tis to tell ye,  
 That the black venom of their spleen  
 Was shed against their lawful queen,  
 The pious Mary, queen of Scots :  
 For, when thro' Knox and Murray's plots,  
 Expell'd her land, she hither fled  
 For refuge and for promis'd aid ;  
 In barb'rous and unnat'ral manner  
 ('Gainst law of nations, justice, honor,  
 And *promise to her of protection*  
*Against the Scottish insurrection,*)  
 She was into a prison thrown  
 By Bess, that had usurp'd her crown ;  
 Where eighteen years confin'd she lay,  
 Beset with miseries ev'ry way ;  
 'Till she was freed by cruel death,  
 And sent to joys above from pains beneath ;  
 The AXE more merciful in this,  
 Than cruel and perfidious Bess.

The warrant† signed by the chief

\* "Again (says Cambden), such as bore a mortal hatred against the queen of Scots, took occasion to hasten her death. And to strike the greater terror into the queen (Elizabeth), they raised false rumors and terrifying reports all over England, that the Spanish fleet was landed at Milford-haven; that the Scots were broken into England; that the queen of Scots was escaped out of prison, and had raised an army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion; that there was a new conspiracy on foot to kill the queen (Elizabeth), and set the city of London on fire; yea, that the queen (Elizabeth) was dead, with other such like stories," p. 376.—Again, "Upon the account of difference in religion, the hot Protestants thought that the queen of Scots, though her title was most undoubted, yet because she was of another religion, was to be rejected," p. 73. "Others, that she should be at once deprived both of regal authority and of life, and put to death. And this Knox and some ministers of the word thundered out of the pulpit," p. 95.

† "With such scarecrows and affrighting arguments as these, they drew the queen's (Elizabeth) wavering and perplexing mind to that pass, that she signed the warrant for putting the sentence of death in execution," p. 379.

Head of their kirk, to take her life ;  
 Buckhurst and Beal, the earl of Kent,  
 A canting dean, and bishop went  
 To put that final resolution,  
 The writ of death in execution.  
 Madam, say they, from court we come,  
 To bring you notice of your doom :  
 Lo, here is the warrant for your death,  
 Sign'd by our good queen Elizabeth ;  
 Prepare you then, for we must see  
 Your head cut off immediately.

I am no subject to your law,\*  
 Says she, but, since the matter's so,  
 Come, welcome death, the gate to bliss ;  
 My Lord for me died on the cross,  
 And shall I not with joy embrace this death  
 For my Redeemer, and his holy faith ?  
 Welcome a thousand times the fatal stroke,  
 She said ; and made her ready for the block.

But when with tears she did desire  
 To have her *confessarius*† by her,

\* When the warrant of execution was read, she undauntedly (says Camden), and with a composed spirit, made this answer. "I did not think the queen, my sister, would have consented to my death, who am not subject to your law and jurisdiction ; but seeing her pleasure is so, death shall be to me most welcome. Neither is that soul worthy of the high and everlasting joys above, whose body cannot endure one stroke of the executioner."

† She desired that she might have conference with her confessor. For her confessor, it was flatly denied, that he should come to her, and the earl recommended unto her the bishop and dean of Peterborough to comfort her ; whom she refusing, the earl of Kent in a hot burning zeal to religion, turning towards her, breaks forth into these words, among other speeches : "Your life will be the death of our religion, as contrariwise your death will be the life thereof." At this she asked Burgoin, her physician, whether he did not now find the force of truth to be great ? "They say (quoth she), that I must die, because I have plotted against the queen's life ; yet the earl of Kent tells me, that there is no other cause for my death, but that they are afraid of their religion because of me. Neither hath my offences against the queen, but their fears because of me, drawn this end upon me." Cam., p. 383, 384, 385. Baker, in his Chronicle, says, that the lords Buckhurst and Beal were sent to the queen of Scots, to let her under-

To give the holy sacrament ;  
No, no ! cries out the earl of Kent,  
No sacrament, no priest's forgiving,  
We kill but half, while half is living ;  
The body is but half the man,  
The soul the other half : why then  
Shou'd we not punish this b'ing faulty  
As that ? It's the whole man that's guilty.  
In sin they jointly act together,  
Hence we must punish both, or neither :  
Let's then behead the outward man,  
And damn the inward, if we can.  
First, we must carefully prevent  
Her taking of the sacrament ;  
No *confessarius*, I protest,  
Shall at her death her soul assist.  
You my lord bishop, or dean Fletcher,\*  
Go try if you can over-reach her :  
If you her aucient faith can shock,  
At her last moments on the block,  
And fill her scul with clouds of doubt,  
Then she'll be damn'd, without dispute.  
At this, away goes wicked dean,  
To preach strange doctrines to the queen ;  
And offers her, in the conclusion,  
His common Pray'r Book's absolution.  
But dean and bishop she rejects  
With scorn ; and all they say neglects ;  
Telling them, she will hold till death  
The Catholic and Roman faith.

stand sentence was pronounced against her, and confirmed by parliament, and that the execution of it was earnestly desired by the nobility and the commons ; intimating, *that if she lived, the religion received in England could not subsist*, p. 373.

\* When at the block, Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, began a long speech, touching her life past, present, and to come : she interrupted him once or twice, and prays him not to trouble himself, protesting that she was firmly fixed and resolved in the *ancient Roman Catholic religion*, and for it was ready to shed her last blood. Cambden, p. 384.

At this the earl of Kent from seat  
Starts up, and tells her in great heat,  
Madam, *Your life will be the death,*  
*Your death the life, of our new faith.*  
No more her persecutor said,  
Before a crucifix\* she pray'd,  
Lifting her heart and hands to heaven,  
Begg'd all her sins might be forgiven;  
Into her Saviour's hands she recommended  
Her pious soul, and thither it ascended  
From her calm breast; whose head upon the  
block

Struck off, her soul fled at the second stroke.  
But let us leave this purple flood,  
And those tempestuous seas of blood,  
And of more pleasant matters sing  
Till the Hiberian mountains ring.

Remember that above 'tis said,  
That every one that could but read,  
Were by the queen put into gowns,  
And made the teachers of the towns;  
A wond'rous easy way of earning  
Their bread: who would not wish for learning?

\* She requested, says Baker, that she might have some Catholic priest to administer the sacrament to her, but was denied, which some deemed not *inhuman* only, but *tyrannical* and *heathenish*. She falling down upon her knees, and holding up an ivory crucifix in her hands, prayed with her servants in Latin, out of the office of the Blessed Virgin. Prayers being ended, she kissed the crucifix, and signing herself with the sign of the cross, said, "As thy arms, O Christ, were spread forth upon the cross, so embrace me with the open arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." And laying down her head upon the block, she repeated the psalm, *Domine, in te speravi, non confundar in aeternum*. See Baker, pp. 73, 374, edit. 7. Camden adds, that she repeated many times, Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit;" and her head was stricken off at two strokes; the dean crying out, "So let seen Elizabeth's enemies perish;" the earl of Kent answering, Amen," and the people sighing and sobbing. He also gives her character in these words: "A lady fixed and constant in her religion, of singular piety towards God, invincible magnanimity of mind, wisdom above her sex, and admirable beauty," p. 332.



—  
This hopeful trade inclin'd the muddy,  
Dull blockheads to begin to study,  
And weavers, tailors, carters, colliers,  
Got their dull brood set up for scholars,  
In expectation that, as soon  
As they could read and get a gown,  
They might pick up a handsome living,  
Without aught else of parents, giving ;  
But this at last, fill'd all the land  
With sable knights o' th' little band,  
And smirking parsons did abound,  
As gnats are wont in fenny ground,  
Till benefices, ne'er so bad,  
For one in ten could not be had ;  
So that they were, for want of bread,  
Half-starv'd, and gowns as bare as thread.  
When lo, the providence of queen,  
Whose eye, all-seeing, this had seen ;  
Compassion took on her poor learned,  
That had no food but what they earned,  
Nor what to set themselves about,  
Whereby to earn what belly sought,  
Unless by spunging up and down  
'Mongst brother clergy of the town ;  
Bethought herself, not far off lay  
An island in the western sea,\*  
Stor'd with good eatables great plenty,  
Cheese, butter, eggs a penny twenty ;  
Curds, cream, and hotted bonnaclaber,  
Wou'd make a hungry parson caper.  
This, by deep skill in politics,  
She found would feed her canonics :  
For yet, tho' so great plenty, there  
No parson was nor Common Prayer :

\* Let us now pass over into Ireland (says Heylin), where we shall find the queen as active in advancing the reformed religion as she had been in either of the other kingdoms. (England and Scotland), p. 300.

Therefore bids Cecil edicts write  
To Ireland (so that island hight),  
That they should quit, thro' all the region,  
Their ancient faith for new religion,  
And in their churches entertain  
Her Common Prayer and Clergymen.  
She also sends out her command  
To every parson in the land,  
That wanted living, and lay idle,  
To get a Pray'r Book and a Bible,  
And make them ready, out of hand,  
For mission to a foreign land.  
Full glad they were to hear of work,  
And that their province in the kirk  
Was to convert an unknown land,  
That not a word could understand,  
Nor knew the language of their prayers,  
Or preaching, more than they did theirs  
(For miracles do not belong  
To protestants, nor gift of tongue);  
However this they heeded not,  
But every man his Bible got,  
And Common Prayer, to read them o'er  
In English on the Irish shore.

Provided thus, they haste away,  
Each on his back his *omnia*,  
To wit, bread, cheese, and other meat  
(For travellers must often eat),  
But as for clothes, they had no more  
Than only what they daily wore.  
Which one might guess was e'en but bad,  
When one o' th' sprucest thus was clad:

A long crown'd hat on head he wore,  
Hung down behind, and cock'd before:  
A beneficial hat; for when  
A saucy wind, or shower of rain,  
Assaulted him on either ear,  
He turn'd the hanging side on 't there;

And when the rain beat in his face,  
He turn'd it still to th' griev'd place :  
Yet, though it hung before his sight,  
Holes it had in 't to give him light,,  
So that he never mist his way,  
If so he wore it all the day.  
He'd under it a satin cap,  
Made of his grandsire's doublet lap,  
And edg'd within with shred of white  
Turn'd outwards, obvious to sight,  
Much like a sergeant's coif 'twas made,  
In which he preach'd, and slept, and pray'd.  
A shirt he had made of coarse harden,  
A collar-band not worth a farthing,  
And little cuffs round either wrist,  
And woollen mittens on each fist,  
Which luckily supplied the place  
Of handkerchief to wipe his face :  
For things superfluous he had none,  
More than Diogenes had on.  
As for the cassock on his back,  
'Twas party-color'd, the ground black ;  
For when in any part worn out,  
On went of any color clout.  
To cover all he wore a black  
Canonic garment on his back ;  
By father wove, and mother spun,  
Call'd in the days of yore a gown ;  
But now so rent, like Swisses' breeches,  
That how to name 't no author teaches :  
Yet long enough it was, they say,  
Sometimes to sweep the dirty way.  
As to his ornament of foot,  
On one of them he wore a boot ;  
But on the other had a shoe,  
Hid by his coat, that none might know :  
And 'twas not unadvis'dly neither  
That boot and shoe were worn together ;

For, as sometimes it happen'd, when he  
Fell into genteel company,  
The cleanly shoe wou'd soon appear,  
Which careful boot had sav'd from mire :  
For ditch he always plum'd with boot,  
Thereby to keep the other out.  
As for his stockings, authors do  
Give small account, if one or two ;  
Some think but one, which was help'd out,  
By supplemental leg of boot.  
About his waist he wore a zone,  
Kept all things fast that he had on ;  
A useful sursingle it was,  
Fasten'd with buckle made of brass,  
Which, as his paunch was full of swamp,  
He'd wider make, or straiter cramp,  
By letting out a hole, or so,  
Just as he found his belly grow.  
Before him at his girth did hang  
Inkhorn, and pen-case, in a string ;  
Ruler and pencil too, that made  
Of broken arrow, this of lead ;  
Tools that he could not be without,  
So wisely carried them about.  
What else he had, I think I may  
Cut off with an *et cætera* ;  
As being things of little worth,  
That likewise hung at belly girth.

Provided thus for a long voyage,  
Having no other equipage,  
Save stick of hazel for his horse,  
And little knapsack at his a—e,  
With fare-ye-wells, and shaking hands,  
He takes his leave of all his friends,  
And as 't is usual, having cried  
A while, he makes for water side.

Had you at Le'erpool been, or West  
Chester, O heavens ! you would ha' blest

Yourself, and cross'd and sign'd your een,  
Such shoals of parsons to have seen,  
As thither from all parts came skipping  
For Dublin, and staid there for shipping,  
Being come at last ashore in Dublin,\*  
They all the country fell a troubling,  
For as a leprosy does spread  
To sole of foot from crown of head;  
Or like a pestilential air,  
Those parsons, and their Common Prayer,  
Spread Ireland over in a trice,  
As thick as Egypt was with lice,

\* King Henry VIII. broke the ice (says Heylin), by taking to himself the title of supreme head on earth of the church of Ireland, exterminating the pope's authority, and suppressing the monasteries and religious houses. In matters doctrinal and forms of worship, as there was nothing done by him, so neither was there much endeavored in the time of king Edward. And whatsoever was done, was presently undone again in the reign of queen Mary. But queen Elizabeth having settled her affairs in England, and undertaken the protection of the Scots (who, as he tells us, p. 299, had bound themselves by their subscription, to embrace the liturgy and all the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, which for a time remained the only worship for the kirk of Scotland), conceived herself obliged in point of piety, that Ireland should also be made partaker of so great a benefit. A parliament is therefore held on the 12th of January (an. reg. 2. 1560), where passed an act restoring to the crown the ancient jurisdictions over all ecclesiastical and spiritual persons; by which statute were established, both the oaths of supremacy and the high commission as before in England. There also passed an act for the uniformity of common prayer, with a permission of saying the same in Latin, in such church or places where the minister had not the knowledge of the English tongue. But for translating it into Irish, there was no care taken, either in this parliament, or any following. For want whereof, as also for not having the scriptures in their native language, most of the natural Irish here retained their old customs, and adhered to the Church of Rome. The people by that statute are required, under several penalties, to frequent their churches, and to be frequent at the reading of the English liturgy, which they understand no more than they do the Mass. By which means the Irish were not only kept in continual ignorance, as to the doctrines and devotions of the Church of England, but we have furnished the papists with an excellent argument against ourselves, for having the divine service celebrated in such language as the people do not understand. Thus Dr. Heylin in his Hist., p. 300.

And more molesting were by far  
Than frogs, or lice, or locusts there.

The public mass was put to flight,  
As day is banish'd by the night ;  
A work performed, not by the dint  
Of parson's prayer, or argument,  
But by a strongly armed power,  
Provided by the queen before.  
An easy way to make folk come  
To kirk, when summon'd by a drum ;  
Yet all they heard when they came there  
Was, in strange tongue, a Common prayer.

As polish'd parsons, without blushing,  
Will cant, and bawl, and cuff their cushion,  
Correcting others for the sin  
Themselves are deepest plunged in,  
So, here in England, none more keen  
Than parsons, bishops, and the queen.  
To cry the Mass down, 'cause (they said)  
The priest in unknown language pray'd :  
And yet themselves their prayer-book sent,  
To such as knew not what it meant.  
And it was read, and psalms were sung,  
And sermons preach'd in unknown tongue  
Among wild Irish : where not one  
Knew what they said ; but cried, O hone !  
O hone ! they cried, and shak'd their heads  
With grief to change their Mass and beads,  
For what they knew to be a prayer  
No more, poor souls, than Banks his mare.

It would have pleas'd ye to have seen  
Some of those English parsons, when  
They took possession of the steeple,  
And fell a praying 'mongst the people.  
Behold one in a country kirk  
Performing thus his Sunday's work :  
Making his entry into desk,  
He turn'd his book to Sunday's task,

Strok'd down his beard, compos'd his face,  
And gets him set in proper place;  
Let's fall the casement of his eyes,  
Thereby to make 'em leave the skies :  
Till, being turn'd to downward look,  
He sets 'em open on his book :  
All which perform'd in graceful tone,  
Thus he his liturgy begun :

*At what time sinners do repent,*  
*Et cætera* (for on he went  
As if his rev'rence were inspir'd),  
The people mightily admir'd,  
And at his antic gestures gaz'd,  
But at his language most amaz'd ;  
And grieved to the very soul,  
To change their priest for such an owl.  
At last, being all brimful of tears,  
And he at this part of his prayers,  
*We ha' done what we ought not to have done :*  
Out breaks O hone ! O hone ! O hone !  
From all parts of the congregation,  
Which struck him into admiration,  
And made him, thro' excess of fear,  
Break off in middle of his pray'r,  
With trembling lips, and face as pale  
As death, tho' lately flush'd with ale ;  
But having ceased their O hone !  
And naught of harm to parson done,  
He, like a man, o'ercame his fear,  
And reassumes his book of pray'r ;  
With which, and in his former tone,  
He very leisurely went on ;  
Till being come to *open thou*  
*Our lips :* another hub-hub-boo  
Sounded from all sides of the kirk,  
And scar'd him from his godly work,  
From desk and all, and made him fly  
As fast as ever he could hie,

o'd by sexton, as he ran  
on was his countryman,  
s cloth too ; but, for want  
e, was then content  
nen, and set out psalm,  
ves and into kirk to call 'em  
of bell, whene'er the time  
o him the hour of chime) :  
'd, I say, and seeing no ill  
the noise, for all sat still,  
at last out of his fits,  
ered up his scattered wits :  
new courage, and grew brisk,  
his journey to his desk :  
ing seated in his chair,  
*and praise*, and falls to pray'r,  
another hil-lim-im  
e mistook for kill, kill, him)  
l him, that he could not pray  
, but strove to get away :  
ehending that his case  
e a thousand times than 't was  
trembling seiz'd each limb,  
s fail'd, his eyes grew dim,  
cold sweat down he fell,  
lead he could not tell ;  
ey perceiving, came and made  
al noise as for the dead ;  
ey thought he was, poor man,  
the dirge they began :  
b-bub boo ! (for all did weep,  
e parson dead asleep,)  
le thee die ? Oh ! dear Aroon,  
le thee go away so soon,  
thy tithes behind ? Hub-boo !  
ou not tithe of calf and cow,  
and ewes, and new shorn fleece,  
wax, and bees, and geese !



Oh hone ! tithe duck, and sow, and pigs,  
Tithe chickens, hens, and Easter eggs,  
Hay, corn, and what in gardens grow :  
Thou tith'd our wives and daughters too :  
And was not all enough, dear joy,  
But thou must needs take pet and die ?  
O hone ! O hone ! alas, poor man !  
He'll ne'er read Common Prayer again.  
O hone ! O hone ! hub-bub-bub boo,  
Ill-lill-lill-lill-lill-lill-loo !

This note awakes him from his dream,  
And up he sets a horrid scream,  
With open mouth and staring look,  
*I'm took !* (yells he) *I'm took ? I'm took !*  
For he, deceived in his dream,  
Thought as he fled they follow'd him ;  
And they, no wiser tho' awake,  
Thought it the parson's sprite that spake,  
Crying, O hone ! he walks again,  
Hark how his spirit does complain ;  
Lo, how 't appears with ghastly look,  
Yelling with horrid shrieks—*I'm took ;*  
As if these ugly fiends, that dwell  
Below, were dragging him to hell.

At which, struck with a panic fear,  
They left the kirk and parson there,  
And scamper'd e'en as they were mad,  
Each one to that poor home he had ;  
When by and by th' amazed parson  
Being set, by sexton's help, his a—e on,  
Finding some signs of life appear,  
Groans out, *alas, my Common Prayer !*  
His book, good man, ran in his head,  
Now that he was no longer dead.

By this time Madge, his wife, was come,  
Who had a while before stepp'd home,  
As soon as she perceiv'd him rattle,  
To fetch her *aqua vitæ* bottle ;

which she rubb'd, for she was wise,  
 lips, nostrils, and his eyes ;  
 conceiv'ng that the stream,  
 his pores, would comfort him :  
 it did : for at the length  
 an increase of his strength :  
 his lips Madge held the bottle,  
 ch he suck'd, as child at duddle,  
 cheer'd far more his fainting heart,  
 she'd chaf'd without a quart.  
 endeavors 'twas not long  
 got perfect use of tongue,  
 what his soul had seen,  
 while it in a trance had been ;  
 ny wond'rous stories tell  
 ages observ'd in hell,  
 oblines came, threefold and thick,  
 pen mouths to eat him quick,  
 ien at point, they started back,  
 he was so ragg'd and black,  
 felt so rank of natural balsam,  
 ey believ'd he was not wholesome.  
 he talk'd, yet small could he do,  
 ating don Quevedo,  
 his memory was bad,  
 familiar fiend he had,  
 as so kind as t' explicate  
 stoms of th' infernal state,  
 ht give him into things  
 ng its government and kings ;  
 son given him for this  
 st discovering things to Bess,  
 to the government,  
 ht perceive some weakness in't ;  
 nce presume to go about  
 ning of Belzebub out,  
 herself up head supreme  
 dominions under him.

Madge, finding him talk thus at random,  
Dreaded some one else might understand 'em,  
As if, relating what he'd seen,  
He did reflect upon the queen ;  
Speaks therefore thus to sexton trusty ;  
Friend, you are strong, and I am lusty,  
Let's try, I pray, if we can get him  
Home to his bed : for, if we let him  
Sit raving here in this wild manner,  
He'll treason speak to his dishonor ;  
Which if the magistrate but know,  
'Twill cost his life, and our lives too.  
This said, his arms about her neck  
She gets ; at low parts of his back  
The sexton lifts, till round her waist  
She gets his legs, to hold him fast :  
Thus, *like the devil upon Dun,*  
Madge with her burden marches on ;  
The sexton lifting still behind,  
At side to which the weight inclin'd.  
B'ing thus in safety home convey'd,  
He gets his supper and to bed ;  
For always, whether *well or ill,*  
His stomach was *infallible :*  
*Their church itself was never so*  
*Infallible as parson's maw.*

# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

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## CANTO THE THIRD.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

I sing the Scripture's new translations,  
And Bible under three impressions ;  
Th' advantage Sectaries took thence,  
By wresting it to private sense.  
Of counter-scuffles next I tell,  
That 'tween reformed kirks besel.  
Objections 'gainst the Common Prayer,  
And ornaments that bishops wear.  
Of Wandsforth junto, and of classes  
Form'd here and there in divers places.  
Of Hatton's luck to save his life,  
When Hawkins fell by Burchet's knife.  
How Bess old Whitgift consecrates ;  
How church affairs he regulates.  
How Whitgift's hampered by a fell  
Hot-headed Puritan, called Beal ;  
How he and bishops nine and ten,  
Their grievances tell to the queen,  
Who kindly promises redress ;  
But then comes death to summon Bess,  
In t'other world to meet her dad,  
Eager to know what news she had ;  
After some thundering discourses,  
Both vanish in a cloud of curses.

A ROSICRUCIAN virtuoso

Would undertake (strange he would do so)  
By number, measure, weight and time,  
To make a new *Materia Prime*,

And form it too, as he thought fit,  
Into more shapes than have been yet,  
And state 'em all in true perfection,  
By philosophic wit's projection;  
But must have this his undertaking  
Perform'd by tools of his own making;  
For not a whitesmith, or a black,  
Could frame such things as he would lack;  
Only himself, that did conceive  
The work, could tell what he would have.  
Furnace he fram'd with his own hand,  
His glasses, athanor, and sand;  
His retorts, 'lembecks, crucibles,  
Sublimatories, and his stills;  
His Manica Hippocrates,  
And stranger tools by far than this:  
His balances, his measures, weights,  
His rule to square his things to rights,  
His chisels, gouges, wimbles, saws,  
Mall, wedges, axes, free from flaws,  
To split and hew his atoms with  
(Things more subtle than fishes' breath),  
And brings his matters into form,  
As folks from cream do butter churn.

Just so these new reformers acted,  
When in their faiths they grew distracted;  
Each in his head for matter traces  
Thro' vast imaginary spaces,  
On which to frame a new religion  
To fit all fancies in the region.  
Yet, ere the work they undertook,  
They first prepar'd their *Bible-book*,  
Fitting it for a tool to cut out  
Such forms of faith as they would put out.  
Thus Luther, thus Castalio,  
Thus Beza, Knox, and many more,  
Made such translations as they thought  
Would suit the doctrines each man taught.

'ry one's faith differ'd from  
her's, all from that of Rome.  
account, one master Tyndal  
his Bible ; but old Grindal  
er elders two or three,  
ag's-head confraternity,  
t it not right in ev'ry part  
yndal was a man of art),  
efore put in Bess's head  
another version made.  
rauts, and calls a convocation  
hoice bishops in her nation,  
i, disorder to prevent,  
himself sat president.  
assembly being met  
their proper benches set,  
with rev'rend look and wise,  
ple-footed stool did rise  
e wrought out of wooden-bowl  
er's chisel was his stool,  
t the head of two long planks,  
h his fellows sat in ranks,  
resembling certain fowl,  
when on wing, fly *cheek-by-jowl*).  
g upright (I say) his grace  
g posture screw'd his face,  
ok'd his whiskers, that the hair  
et his hidden lips appear ;  
both ranks of convocation,  
ters thus his sage oration :  
ords and rev'rend clergy, who  
e, I doubt not but you know  
urned clerks in days of yore,  
preach'd, and pray'd, and ne'er gave o'er :  
as their zeal and charity,  
days of popery ;  
en shall we neglect to write,  
erflow with gospel light ?

Why may we not become as famous  
 To after-times, and get a name, as  
 Remarkable as any yet,  
 That, since th' apostles' time, have writ?  
 Matter we have enough to write on:  
 For my part, I have lately lit on  
 Some ancient manuscripts, from which  
 Stories of note I mean to fetch;  
 Which bound together in one volume,  
*British Antiquities*\* I'll call them.  
 But whatsoe'er we write, the scope  
 Of all must be against the pope.

You, who in argument's defence  
 Can *fathers* quote in any sense,  
 And change their words by dex'trous stroke,  
 Quite contrary to what they spoke;  
 Come, master Jewel, you and Horn  
 Are th' only men for such a turn;  
 But when you write, this caution take,  
 And don't forget it, for my sake,  
 When *ordination* comes in play,  
 Take as light notice as you may;  
 But wave their arguments and bring  
 For your discourse, some other thing,  
 And let it never once be nam'd  
 By *whom*, or *where*, we were *ordain'd*.

I would have reasons put in print  
 To please such as are discontent  
 With this our present reformation:  
 Apologies† will please the nation.

But, brethren, yet a greater matter  
 I must to all your graces utter:  
 Pope Damasus, I understand,  
 Gave to St. Jerom‡ a command

\* Parker's *Antiquitates Britannicæ*.

† Jewel writes his *Apology*.

‡ St. Jerom, in his preface to the New Testament, dedicated to pope Damasus, and in the end of his catalogues, writes thus to the pope: "You constrain me to make a new work of an old,

e scatter'd Scriptures up to gather  
 o one volume, which the father  
 s willing here and there to seek.  
 d turn'd to Latin from the Greek  
 d Hebrew tongues, in days of yore,  
 ink twelve hundred years or more,  
 d Rome this version does allow  
 : most *authenticall* and true.  
 : verily from end to end  
 loes the Roman faith defend.  
 r contradicts in any place  
 e single point that they profess,  
 which 'tis fitting we consider :  
 d therefore why we are call'd hither,  
 o adapt a new translation  
 this new faith we teach the nation.  
 oin all your wits in one to do 't,  
 ne shall not fail to help you out ;  
 t mind what copies you translate,  
 at of St. Jerom\* now I hate :  
 ke therefore some Greek copy, which  
 u may with greater freedom stretch,  
 cause but few are skill'd so well  
 Greek and Hebrew, as to tell  
 en from th' originals you vary :  
 us Tyndal did in days of Harry.  
 ay therefore also read well o'er  
 at version Tyndal made before.

t, after so many copies of Scriptures dispersed through the  
 id, I should sit as a certain judge which of them agree  
 h the true Greek. I have restored the New Testament to the  
 h of the Greek, and have translated the Old according to the  
 ew. Truly, I will affirm it confidently, and will produce  
 y witnesses of this work, that I have changed nothing from  
 truth of the Hebrew."

St. Austin thus commends this translation of St. Jerom : " In  
 se our days, Jerom, a priest, a man most learned and skilful  
 ll the three tongues, who not only from the Greek, but from  
 Hebrew, translated the same scriptures into Latin, whose  
 med labor even the Jews confess to be true." *Vld. de Civit.*  
 . lib. 18. et Ep. 80. ad. Hieron. et lib. 2. Doct. Christi.



Be critical, and every line  
Of the originals refine  
From what may favor popery,  
Or with our own sect disagree.  
For commas sometimes periods change,  
A letter may the sense estrange ;  
Words add, words alter, words transplace,  
And the word which you like not, rase :  
Whole sentences you may transplant,  
And new ones make, when them you want :  
Blot chapters out, cast books away,  
Or brand them with Apocrypha.

One thing especially, I pray,  
Let not the word *Church* come in play,  
Or *Catholic*, but turn the one  
From *Church* to *congregation* ;  
The other into *general* :  
For 'tis ridiculous to call  
Ourselves a *Church*, or make pretence  
To *Catholic* in any sense.  
In short, our Bible must be made  
Fit for all *Protestants* to read :  
Who will, as soon as you have done it,  
With diligence begin to con it ;  
Till growing quick by frequent reading,  
As practis'd lawyers are by pleading,  
May Papists now and then confute,  
Or at least match them in dispute :  
Nay, I assure you, this translation  
May so be made as t' turn the nation  
From ancient popery, unto  
What faith we please to set up now :  
Or let them their religions draw  
From thence, it matters not a straw ;  
For, if but popery they miss,  
All 's one to us whate'er it is.  
This said, he'd little more to say :  
And DIXI lighting in his way,

A word as common as to breathe,  
To end his declamation with,  
He said it ; and, being once begun  
To end his speech, he held his tongue.

To this grave speech not one objection  
Was made, but straight, by his direction,  
They fell a setting out translations,  
And chang'd them in their next impressions,  
*All different, none of 'em true ;*  
And which to stick to no man knew.  
Here some took one, and there another,  
And some were for them all together :  
For all were publish'd with allowance,  
And had authority for true ones :  
*Tho' sure, when contradictions meet,*  
*Both cannot possibly be right.*

This made king James the First avow,  
Of all their Bibles none was *true*.  
Yet worse than these, was that invented  
By Knox, and at Geneva printed.  
Bess's and Knox's were not all  
'Tween James the First and Harry's fall :  
But 'tis not worth my time to read 'em,  
Or yours, and therefore never heed 'em,  
More than to judge, from different rules  
Of faith, how all could save their souls.

Corruptions found in those translations,  
And some few gross falsifications,  
I'll in the margin\* here rehearse  
From Bible, chapter, book, and verse.

\* Queen Elizabeth had no sooner left the Catholic Church, but she and her pretended bishops published a translation of Scripture, under the title of " The Holy Bible in English. According to the Translation that is appointed to be read in Churches. Anno 1560." In this and other impressions, they have left out the word *Catholic*, which used to stand in the titles of the several epistles of the New Testament and, for anything known to the contrary, had been the title ever since the Apostles' times that wrote them, as the Catholic Epistle of James, the Catholic Epistle of Peter, of John, and of Jude. But in their Bibles of 1598, 1599,

Their Bibles thus fit to an hair,  
 They bound 'em up 'twixt Psalms and Prayer;  
 And in one volume quickly spread 'em  
 O'er all the land, for folk to read 'em,

they took in the word *General* instead of *Catholic*: the *General* Epistle of James, the Epistle *General* of Peter, &c. Nor would they to this day ever re-admit the word *Catholic* into any of their Bibles. To blot out *Catholic* they knew would be to small purpose, while *Church* stood in the Bible. And therefore in this said Bible of 1560, they took care that the name *Church* should never once sound in the poor deluded people's ears; for, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Revelations, it is not once to be found, but *congregation* in the place of it: as in St. Matt., chap. 18, ver. 17, "And if he will not hear them, tell it unto the *congregation*." And if he will not hear the *congregation*, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Ephesians 5. 25, 27. "Love your wives as Christ loved the congregation: a glorious congregation," &c. 1 Tim. 3. 15. "The house of God, which is the congregation of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." As they obliterated the Catholic Church, so did they also the name priest, turning it into elder, and priesthood into eldership. As in St. James, 5. 14. "If any be diseased among you, let him call for the elders of the congregation." Bible in 1560. Acts 14. 23. "When they had ordained to them elders *by election* in every congregation." Bible in 1560. These words, *by election*, were thrust into the text by Tyndal, in king Henry VIII.'s time, and retained in it by Cranmer and all the pretended reformers of king Edward VI.'s reign; so here, in queen Elizabeth's Bibles, as may be seen in these editions of 1560, 1577, 1578, 1598, 1599. Nor were they obliterated until king James I. made a new translation: whence it is evident that the church or congregation of England in those times held and taught that election only, without any episcopal consecration or ordination, was sufficient to make bishops and priests. We are, therefore, very certain, that if Matt. Parker, queen Elizabeth's first pretended archbishop of Canterbury, had been truly consecrated by Catholic bishops, so that he could justly have laid claim to the character of bishop by divine right and apostolical succession: if, I say, he had been thus truly consecrated a bishop, it is certain that he, Grindal, Whitgift, Jewel, Horn, and the rest, would not thus wretchedly have corrupted their Bibles, in direct opposition to the character and divine institution of holy orders, by making the text ordain them *by election*. Nor would they have published this vain doctrine of election, or only calling and sending, without the least mention of other sort of ordaining, in the 23d of the 39 articles. Nor would they have also, in the 25th of their articles, made it even a point of their faith, that *order is no sacrament*, nor has any *visible sign or ceremony ordained of God*: by which they are obliged to profess and believe, that the *visible sign or ceremony of imposition of hands* (though themselves use it) is not *ordained of God*; and therefore, at the best, can stand them in no more stead than a

And their religions thence to take,  
Just as themselves were pleas'd to make.  
To kirks, with Bibles under arm,  
Like bagpipes, from each country farm

bare sign of election. And thus they may elect a man to the office of a constable of a parish if they please. Nor would they ever have contented themselves with those naked forms of consecration and ordination devised by the Zuinglians in king Edward VI.'s time, which have neither the name of bishop or priest in them, or any other word equivalent to the same, to denote their character or office. Nor, finally, would they, to disgrace the sacrament of holy order, have falsely translated *gift* instead of *grace*. As in 1 Tim. 4. 14, they make St. Paul say, "Despise not the *gift* which is in thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the company of the eldership." And in Bible 1560, 2 Tim. 1. 6, "I warn thee, that thou stir up the *gift* of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." All which consider it is to be wondered that archbishop Abbot, and his chaplain, Mr. Francis Mason, should so confidently publish to the world, in the 13th year of the reign of king James I. a certain register or record, to show that Matt. Parker was truly consecrated at Lambeth. But for this I refer the reader to what is said of the Lambeth records in king James I.'s reign (Canto IV.) when they first appeared. See also the Nag's Head consecration in Canto II. All which you may confer with what is said concerning their making new forms of consecration and ordination in king Charles II.'s reign (Canto IV.), rejecting those made by the Zuinglian gospellers in king Edward VI.'s time. Against the real presence of the body and blood of Christ, in the blessed sacrament of the altar, they change the words *blessed* and *blessing* into *giving thanks*; on purpose to take away our Saviour's divine benediction or consecration of the holy sacrament. See St. Matt. 26. 26, and St. Mark 14. 22, where the true text is, "Jesus took bread and *blessed*, and brake, and gave to his disciples, saying, Take, eat, *this is my body*, &c. But they falsely translate thus: "Jesus took bread, and when he had *given thanks* he brake it," &c. Against confession, in St. James 5. 16, they translate *acknowledge* your *faults*, instead of *confess* your *sins* one to another. Bible 1560, 1596, 1599. Against the sacrament of penance, they change the word *penance* into *repentance*, to take away all penitential and satisfactory works. As in St. Matt. 3, St. Luke 10, and in all other places through their Bibles. To dishonor and disgrace our blessed Lady, the Mother of God, they turn the angel's salutation, St. Luke 1. 28, which was *Hail full of grace*, into *Hail thou that art freely beloved*. Bible 1577, 1596, 1599. To dishonor the sacred images of our blessed Saviour and his saints, they turn the word *idol* into *image*: as in Exodus 20. 4. "Thou shalt not make to thyself any *graven image*," say they: whereas, according to the Hebrew, it is, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any *graven thing*." The seventy interpreters took the true sense of the Hebrew text, translated it into the Greek, thus: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any *graven*

They trudge; each ploughman had his book,  
 In which the texts and proofs to look,  
 As parsons in the pulpits quote 'em;  
 Which so much pains and study took 'em,  
 That little else they gain'd from him,  
 Than hearing proofs and seeking them:  
 And he to profit most was held,  
 Whose Bible was the biggest swell'd  
 With dog's-ear'd leaves he had turn'd down,  
 At places by the parson shown.

Return'd from kirk, the pious flock,  
 Of texts and proofs stor'd with a stock,  
 Would fall a seeking out from thence  
 To every text a proper sense.

*idol.*" Again, 1 John 5. 21. "Babes, keep yourselves from *images*." It should be from *idols*. (I have seen this writ upon their church walls, to scare them with images even from their cradles.) They as absurdly call a covetous man a *worshipper of images*. Ephes. 5. 5. Bible 1560. Their Bible of 1599 corrects it thus: "A covetous person, which is an *idolator*."—Again, 2 Cor. 6. 16, which is, "What agreement hath the temple of God with *idols*?" they translate, "How agreeth the temple of God with *images*?" And, 1 Cor. 10. 7, where the apostle says, "Neither become you *idolators*," &c. They falsely turn it to, "Be not *worshippers of images*." Bible 1560. Against *limbus patrum* and *purgatory*, they absurdly translate *grave* instead of *hell*: as in Acts 2. 27, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in *grave*." And Psalm 86. 13, instead of *lower hell*, they say *lowest grave*. Bibles 1598, 1599. So in many other places. Against apostolical traditions, they turned the word *traditions* into *ordinances* and *instructions*; as in 2 Thessal. 2. 15, and 3. 6. Besides their corrupting their Bibles against all or most points of Catholic doctrine, they even change the ancient, Catholic, and accustomed use of words of Scripture into new devised terms; as for church, *congregation*; for charity, *love*; for priest, *elder* and *minister*; for eucharist, *thanksgiving*; for grace, *gift*; for sacrament, *mystery*; for baptism, *washing*; for penance, *repentance*; for angel, *messenger*; for apostle, *ambassador*; for Christ, *anointed*; for Holy Ghost, *holy wind*. It is not my business here to enumerate all their heretical corruptions; I therefore refer the reader to Dr. Gregory Martin's book, entitled, *A Discovery of the Heretical Translations of the Bible*: it was printed at Rheims, anno 1582. See the Catalogue or Table of Corruptions found in the Bibles of 1562, 1577, 1579. You will find it in the end of the Rheims Testament. See also the Errata to the Protestant Bible, printed in 1688.

ord to beggar none were idle,  
employ'd on text of Bible.  
alous lady and her woman  
senses out that were not common;  
sound doctrines set 'em out  
he neighborhood about;  
om authority of madam,  
l 'em true, and glad they had 'em,  
with points of faith, already  
oy themselves from Scripture study;  
ing madams would set off  
etter grace their homely stuff.  
oll, the kitchen wench, was stor'd  
octrines learned from the word,  
ou'd set up to teach the groom,  
else that pleas'd to come.  
entice boys of ev'ry trade  
em had their Bibles laid,  
ch their understandings fed,  
with their hands they wrought for bread.  
weaver, nodding at his loom,  
ring a text for ev'ry thrum,  
t forbid, from the beginning,  
ve up woollen yarn with linen.  
usewife search'd for texts as plain,  
tradicting this again;  
hen she could not find 'em, thought  
unning rogue had stole them out;  
had dreamed long ago,  
*the beginning 'twas not so.*  
as fell with fiddlers in contention,  
their handicraft's invention,  
er of more antiquity,  
ho more noble in degree;  
h alleg'd the text show'd plain  
edigree from Tubal Cain:  
son's wife, to end dispute,  
dden sense of text found out,

And solv'd between 'em thus the riddle;  
 Tubal an anvil had for fiddle,  
 And for his fiddle-stick an hammer,  
 That struck the treble, mean and tenor.  
 And base too; if base notes were then  
 Us'd by such honorable men:  
 And he by whom a hammer's made,  
 You'll grant must be a smith by trade.  
 Hence follows he was first a smith.  
 The fiddler was convinc'd herewith.  
 And this was all we ever read on,  
 That Bible disputants agreed on.

Their Bibles cannot reconcile  
 Parsons themselves, when once in broil,  
 Or any else fallen into wrath  
 About self-found-out *points of faith*;  
 For every one has leave to cite  
 Texts to his fancy, *wrong or right*,  
 And put what sense he pleases on 'em:  
 This brought ten thousand sects among 'em,  
 And rais'd up in all places preachers;  
 Hammond and Kett set up for teachers.  
 Carlisle, and Bannister, and Glover,\*  
 Did each a different faith discover:  
 So Hacket, Arthington, and Brown,  
 Had different faiths, each man his own;  
 And so had Harrison and Barrow,  
 And Snape, and Wigston, Payn, and Barlow;  
 Another sort did more approve  
 Of H. N.'s† *Family of Love*.

\* Concerning these, see Camden, p. 453.

† Henry Nicholas, of Leyden, chief of the *Family of Love*, as he called his sect. They taught, that those only were elected and should be saved who were admitted into that family, and all the rest reprobates, and to be damned. They held it lawful to deny upon their oath, before a magistrate, whatsoever they pleased. This Henry Nicholas wrote English books, under the titles of *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, *The Prophecy of the Spirit of Love*, *The Publishing Peace upon Earth*. See Camb. p. 42.

Hume's, Pager's, Gifford's catechisms,  
Rent Protestancy into schisms ;  
And ev'ry leader had his sect  
Of disagreeing subjects packt :  
Yet to the Bible all pretended,  
And what they held, swore it defended.  
The bishops, as before is said,  
Allowing each his book to read,  
And in what sense he pleas'd to take it,  
And, for his faith, from thence to make it ;  
They after could find no pretence  
To bind up folks to parson's sense ;  
Nor parsons would submit their reasons  
To the sense of their diocesans,  
Or th' archest bishop in the land :  
This put their graces to a stand.

Thus when the Nag's-head bishops found  
Themselves beginning to lose ground,  
And their authority decay,  
And all their herds to run astray,  
A thing they knew must needs undo 'em,  
And, if not stopp'd, be fatal to 'em,  
They beg the queen to espouse their cause,  
And help 'em out by penal laws :  
To which she yielding, fell to bang  
With crab-tree some, and others hang ;  
To death she roasted Matthew Hammon,\*  
Broil'd Kett like slice of bacon gammon,  
And set a twitch on Hacket's weason,  
And starv'd poor Coppinger in prison.  
Thacker she hang'd, with other Brownists,  
On gallows-trees as high as crow-nests ;  
And burn'd two Anabaptist† teachers,  
That Bedlam should have had for preachers,

\* Matthew Hammond, burnt at Norwich, anno 1579. Francis Kett, burnt at Norwich, anno 1588. See Rogers, in his explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles, Art. II. p. 9. See also Hollinshead and Stowe.

† The 29d of July, two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, were burnt in



And might have held forth at the rate  
That Noll's old porter did of late.

This rough proceeding of the queen  
Turn'd all the petty sects to spleen.  
Letting her bishops loose upon 'em,  
And heartening those bull-dogs on 'em,  
Who had no mercy or compassion  
On such as own'd not their profession,  
Provok'd 'em all to deadly wrath,  
'Gainst Prayer Book, discipline and faith;  
Especially the Puritans;  
And these were join'd by other clans,  
So that they made a numerous party\*  
Of sturdy combatants and hearty;  
Such as the bishops never yet  
Could beat, or force, to fly the pit.  
And now's a proper place to tell  
What bickerings between 'em fell  
In Bess's reign, for afterward  
They fought more bloodily and hard,  
As shall be shown, when I go on  
*To sixteen hundred forty-one.*

Smithfield, who died in great horror, roaring and crying. Howe upon Stowe, p. 670.

\* Many, says Heylin, were raised to great preferment, who, having spent their time of exile in such foreign churches as followed the platform of Geneva, returned so disaffected to episcopal government, and to the rites and ceremonies here by law established, as not long after filled the church with most sad disorders. Nothing was more considered in them than their zeal against popery, and their abilities in learning to confirm that zeal. On which account we find the queen's professor in Oxford to pass amongst the *nonconformists*; and Cartwright, the lady Margaret's in Cambridge, to prove an unextinguished firebrand to the church of England. Whittingham, the chief ringleader of the Frankfort schismatics, preferred to the deanery of Durham, from thence encouraging Knox and Goodman in setting up presbytery and sedition in the kirk of Scotland. Samson advanced into the deanery of Christ Church, and turned out again a few years after, for an incorrigible nonconformist; Hardiman, one of the first twelve prebendaries of Westminster, deprived soon after for throwing down the altar and defacing the church. Heylin, p. 287.

Deep naturalists, if all be right  
That they from curious searches write,  
Do tell of dire antipathies  
'Tween scaly snakes and ashen trees;  
'Tween toad and spider; frog and mouse;  
'Tween cat and cur in empty house;  
'Tween wolves and sheep-guts made in therms;  
'Tween charms and proper counter-charms:  
Greater antipathy than these  
'Tween bishops is and presbyters.  
For this is now the name they hold,  
Who were call'd Puritans of old.

John Calvin first began the war  
'Gainst bishops and the Common Prayer;  
Knox prosecuted it at Frankfort,  
'Till he had like to have been hang'd for 't.  
From Calvin's school came Whittingham,  
Samson, Cartwright, and Hardiman;  
And these in England carry'd on  
The war that Calvin had begun;  
And gave assistance to John Knox  
In Scotland 'gainst the orthodox  
(By the name *Orthodox* they now  
Would fain be styl'd; because they know  
They never can, by art or trick,  
Steal the Church-title *Catholic*).  
Thus 't was (as you before have read)  
That presbyterianism bred.

Its offspring,\* now a rampant cattle,  
Enter again the lists of battle

\* Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, Benson, and others, who, with burning zeal professing a more sincere religion, allowed nothing but what was drawn from the fountain of holy Scriptures, or, out of an affectation of a more pure discipline, novelty, or dissension, openly called in question the received discipline of the church of England, the Liturgy, and the vocation of bishops; yea, condemned them, as savoring too much of the Romish religion (with which to have any communion, they cried out, was impious), using all the means they could, that all things in the church of England might be reformed according to the pattern of

'Gainst bishops, Common Prayer, and prince;  
As fierce as monsters in romances,  
Encount'ring sometimes man for man,  
Then all at once as clan and clan.

The earl of Leicester\* heads the faction,  
But subtilly keeps out of action;  
Sets Cartwright, Fox, and Kneustub on:  
Snape, Udal, Penry, Egerton,  
And Hardiman, themselves prepare  
To attack the prelates and their prayer;  
Lord North and Knolles, and Walsingham,  
Add fuel daily to the flame;  
For these long'd now to be at work  
In purging o'er again the kirk,  
Aiming thereby to lay their hands  
On bishops' revenues and lands.

Old bishop Grindal, that arch traitor,  
A Presbyterian by nature,

the church of Geneva. Incredible it is how much the follow of this sect increased everywhere, through a certain obstinacy wilfulness in them, indiscretion of the bishops, and secret favour of certain noblemen, who gaped after the wealth of the Church which this sect began presently to be known by the odious name *Puritans*. Camb. p. 107, edit. 3.

\* Dr. Heylin tells us, that the Puritans were encouraged on hand by Leicester, North, Knolles, and Walsingham, who at apparently at the ruin of bishops and cathedral churches: that Grindal, archbishop of Canterbury, sought all things to promote the Presbyterian designs, making great alterations in church of England. A breach happened, says he, betwixt Grindal and Leicester, that mighty patron of the Puritan faction occasioned by Grindal's denying, at the earl's request, to allow his house and manor of Lambeth, that it might serve for a fitting place to that mighty favorite. And hereunto he contributed further, by refusing to grant a dispensation to marry that was near of kindred to him. Leicester, exceedingly vexed left all passages, which before were shut against Grindal's moves, free and open; whereupon they acquainted the queen's neglect there was of the public Liturgy in most parts of the kingdom, what ruin and decay of churches, what innovations made already, and what more projected; by which she would be in time of all cares of government, and find the same to be transferred to the Puritan consistories. See Heylin's History of the Reformation, p. 271; and Historical Collections, p. 312.

And never friend to Common Prayer,  
Tho' now in Canterbury's chair,  
Sat as asleep, without once heeding  
Unless to help on their proceeding.  
And what in greater courage put 'em,  
The queen herself connived at 'em;  
Till Grindal had denied Lei'ster  
A cottage house, scarce worth a tester,  
Hight Lambeth; which the earl requested,  
Because 'twould hold a little bedstead,  
And serve him for a summer-house,  
When heats of court were out of use:  
And had besides a little garden,  
And some out-lands that were not barr'd in,  
In which he might (the weather fair)  
Take the cool morn and evening air.  
This Lei'ster begg'd that the archbishop  
Would alienate unto his worship:  
But Grindal wisely begg'd his pardon,  
And to himself kept house and garden.

Another boon Lei'ster beside  
Of Grindal begg'd, but was deny'd;  
And it was this, he lov'd a lady,  
Gay as a cowslip on a May-day;  
But in prohibited degrees,  
Perhaps his sister or his niece;  
It matters not a farthing whether,  
Nor need you care a straw if neither;  
Seeing she was so nigh relation,  
They could not wed 'thout dispensation;  
So begg'd of Grindal to dispense  
With this his marriage of the wench.  
But sullen Grindal this deny'd him,  
And Lei'ster ru'd that e'er he try'd him.  
Thus broke their friendship: Grindal never  
Had after that the least of favor;  
Lei'ster gives ear to all complaints  
Against him and his fellow-saints,

Telling the queen that their increase  
 Would soon disturb her church's peace.  
 She blames false Grindal for neglecting  
 The public worship, and protecting  
 Those that did open war declare  
 'Gainst bishops and their Common Prayer.

Griev'd at this check, tho' but a slight one,  
 In greater fury now they fight on.  
 Martin-Marr-Prelate\* he steps out,  
 A giant terrible and stout ;  
 With him a *dwarf*,† to undermine  
 The bishops' walls of discipline,  
 Grub up the groundwork, and shake loose  
 The pillars of their sandy house :  
 These issued out of Penry's brain,  
 And Udal's fruitful pericrane.  
 Another fierce as either went,  
 Admonisher‡ to the parliament :  
 And after this another came,§  
 As champion to defend the same.  
 Thus these grim warriors in print,  
 In neck of one another went,  
 With full design to lay for dead  
*The order of the horse's head.*

In rear of these fell Cartwright|| comes,  
 Beating with fist his pulpit drums,

\* A bitter libel written against the prelates.

† Administration of the discipline.

‡ The admonition to the parliament.

§ The defence of the admonition. See Baker in *Queen Eliz.*

|| Now comes Cartwright on the stage, on which he acted more than any of the Puritan faction: he, coming from Geneva (to which place he had fled before, for shame of being worsted in a disputation before the queen at Cambridge, by one Preston), became more practical, or pragmatcal rather, condemning the vocation of archbishops and bishops, archdeacons, and other ecclesiastical officers; the administration of the sacraments and observance of our rites and ceremonies. And buzzing these conceits into the heads of many young preachers and scholars of the university, he drew after him a great number of disciples and followers; among whom he prevailed so far by his practices, but much more by a sermon which he preached on a Sunday morn-

Cambridge boys of all degrees,  
 gamblet coats, left surplices;  
 made 'em ready to dispute  
 turning prayer and prelates out.  
 on, and Hallingham, and Burton,  
 n to squeak like *Hogs-of-Norton*.  
 by their grunting up and down,  
 'd Common Prayer Books from the town,  
 ace of which they usher'd in  
 Calvin's wholesome discipline,  
 nting their pulpits in their frocks,  
 reach down cross and weathercocks.  
 lofty pride of crowned steeple  
 bad example to the people,  
 ose faith, and worship, and their manners  
 it to be void of pomps and honors,  
 in simplicity profest,  
 out the trappings of the beast,  
 eremonies vain and pompous,  
 kept within the gospel compass.  
 his superstitious Common Pray'r,  
 all its ceremonies, are  
 dry devotions for the saints,  
 purer sort of Protestants,  
 by their godly lives do merit  
 'gift of praying by the spirit.  
 he cross made 'pon the infant's forehead  
 zealous Protestants abhor it),  
 iperstition, so are crosses,  
 rk-garths, and in market-places.

the college chapel, that, in the afternoon, all the fellows  
 cholars threw aside their surplices (which by the statutes  
 house they were bound to wear), and went to the divine  
 e only in their gowns and caps. But he, not content with  
 hich was done in the college, put up his disciples into all  
 ipits in the university; where he, and they, inveigh most  
 y against the government of the church, and the governors  
 the ordination of priests and deacons, the liturgy, and the  
 hereof. Heylin's *History of Presbytery*, p. 263.

Who was it, but a pope, that sent  
The cross to Ethelbert of Kent,  
By those that first baptiz'd our nation ?  
'Tis then, you see, a popish fashion,  
Brought at the first from Babylon ;  
Down therefore with it, down, down, down.  
Tho' Rome's expositors do tell us,  
The cross that sacred sign and seal is,  
With which twelve thousand souls were sign'd  
Of ev'ry tribe of Jacob's kind :  
And that the angel seal'd with it  
Of other nations infinite.  
And tho' the devil shuns the cross,  
As did the angel Balaam's ass,  
Yet naught can make us more secure  
Than what we have, the gospel pure.  
Nay, tho' they say redemption was  
Accomplished upon a cross,  
And, if we will believe 'em, can  
Prove it the sign o' th' Son of Man,  
Which at the last day we shall see  
Come in the clouds in majesty,  
Yet give no ear, beloved, pray ye,  
Nor let these arguments dismay ye,  
But slight whatever they can say  
In its defence, and throw 't away,  
Nor cross your little children more  
When they're baptiz'd, but give it o'er.  
*Is 't fit that we shou'd e'er come nigh it,  
When e'en the devil himself does fly it ?*  
To give the bride a wedding ring,  
Is an abominable thing ;  
Worse than the wedding of the sea is  
By superstitious dukes of Venice,  
Who with great ceremony fling  
Into the sea a little ring,  
Holding from that day during life  
The gulf for spouse (the better wife).

But, *with my body I thee worship!*  
Lord, what idolatry in courtship!  
'Tis next adoring stock or stone,  
For woman's but a moving one.  
What man is then so dull a clod  
To think his wife a living God?  
Why therefore should he in this manner,  
*The mighty Lord of Hosts* dishonor,  
And give a woman what, in fine,  
Is due to God, worship divine?  
Papists themselves will never grant  
God's worship to the highest saint;  
Shall we then, who lead purest lives,  
Make common idols of our wives?  
Adore not therefore such a one,  
The gospel, we rely upon,  
Bids us to honor God alone.  
But worship women! O beloved,  
We find no Bible text to prove it.  
Good Friday's fast, and Christmas feast,  
Are not in holy writ exprest.  
The fast of Lent, that old tradition,  
Is but a popish superstition.  
'Tis true they're of an ancient standing,  
And from th' apostles came by handing  
Down to our times, as we must own,  
'Cause no beginning of them's known.  
But, dear beloved, what o' that,  
Since they are not in Scripture\* set?  
For keeping of those days they call  
The feast of Peter, John, and Paul,

\* Baker tells us, that Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, Benson, and others, making profession of the pure religion, would allow of nothing but what was directly taken out of the scripture; openly condemning the received discipline of the church of England, together with the church liturgy, and the very calling of bishops, as savoring too much of the Romish religion; protesting in the pulpit that it was an impious thing to hold anything in common with the Church of Rome; and used all diligence to reform the Church of England in all points according to that of Geneva. Chron. p. 351.



Of Mary, Thomas, Philip, James,  
And all that calendar of names  
That in the Common Prayer Book stand,  
We find in Scripture no command.  
Nor is there one text in the Bible  
That bids us any day keep idle,  
Unless the sabbath: and for it,  
In Exodus\* there 's something writ;  
But in that text it is exprest  
That we may labor all the rest:  
'Tis true, the day we sabbath call  
Is, of the sev'n, the last of all;  
Th' ungodly call it Saturday,  
They work on 't, and on Sunday pray;  
So we: in them it is a breach  
Of what the holy Scriptures teach;  
But not in us. 'Tis true we find  
It has been held time out of mind.  
Tho' some will say, if this we grant,  
'Twill authorize the feast of saints:  
Well, well, beloved, tho' they do,  
Yet in your answer let 'em know,  
That, *to the Lord's elected all things*  
*Are free, the great and eke the small things,*  
So that the saints may well allow  
What the ungodly must not do.

The bowing at the name of JESUS,  
That popish custom does not please us:  
For what 's a name but a bare sound?  
And where is any Scripture found  
That bids us worship sound of words?  
The Bible no such text affords.  
Or, when we read the character,  
What see we but an image there?  
Or something upon paper printed,  
By which our Saviour 's represented.

\* Exodus 20.

Which in effect is just the same  
With that which we an image name ;  
For to th' imagination both  
The same thing represents in troth.  
If we should then bow when we frame  
Thoughts of him from the sound of name,  
Or name expressed by the letter,  
Beloved, then, what are we better  
Than papists ? for they do no more  
But in his Name and Image him adore.  
And if this then in papists be,  
As we affirm, idolatry,  
The same it needs must be in us  
To worship J—E—S—U—S.  
We know tis said, *all knees shall bow*  
*In heaven, earth, and hell below,*  
At naming of this sacred Name ;  
Yet surely we shall be to blame,  
If we stand cringing every foot  
The Common Prayer Book put us to 't ;  
And if not always when we hear it,  
Why should we bow at all, or fear it ?  
We own indeed the devils fear  
And tremble, when his name they hear,  
And could be glad 't were in their nature  
To love him too ; but that's no matter.  
We're not so fond as t' imitate  
Those fiends, we rather ought to hate.  
Beloved, let us give them o'er,  
And never worship JESUS more.

Besides, this Common Prayer Book pesters  
Us with a thousand antic gestures ;  
As kneeling when we take communion ;  
A thing as fond, in our opinion,  
As if we should fall on our knees  
When we at home eat bread and cheese ;  
For certainly you're not so mad  
To think the bread and wine a god.

Gowns, rockets, lawn sleeves, and that gear,  
Which bishops and their clergy wear,  
Have no authority at all  
In Scripture : but we read that Paul  
Wore a short cloak upon his back  
At *holding forth* : its color black,  
As we suppose, or grey, or brown,  
For this in Scripture's not put down.  
Yet plain it is, as to its shape,  
'Twas like a mantle with a cape :  
Which, when at Ephesus forgot  
We judge, he held forth in his coat.  
So that, dearly lov'd, of these,  
Cloak, mantle, coat, take which you please,  
But never use that vain attire  
Which the proud clergy so admire.

Nor do the trappings only grieve us,  
Their tyranny is most mischievous :  
They keep our kirks now under more  
Than all the popes did heretofore ;  
Pretending to a jurisdiction,  
By right divine from their election ;  
And exercise dominion o'er  
Us presbyters, with boundless pow'r ;  
Not suffering us to pray or preach  
But in dry forms, that they must teach  
In common prayers and homilies,  
And any other way they please ;  
As if from them, and not the Lord,  
The saints were to receive the word.  
Whereas the elect now are free  
To practise gospel liberty,  
And not to have the spirit stinted  
By forms which human art invented.  
'Tis true (if all be true that's said),  
A certain form of prayer was made,  
And, in plain words, by Christ himself  
Taught and deliver'd to the twelve :

But, brethren, tho' Christ did so much,  
'Twas in the childhood of the Church,  
When his apostles knew not how  
To pray by inward light, as we do :  
Forms deafen predestinated ears,  
And never cause soul-melting tears,  
As those are wont, of special worth  
Which we extempore breathe forth  
From an inflam'd zeal-burning mind,  
Sufflated by the holy Wind.\*

And what is worse than all that 's noted,  
When our young sisters, well devoted,  
Chan'd (as they call 't) to go astray,  
That is, with godly brothers play,  
Their spy-knaves have no better sport  
Than to inform the bishop's court :  
From whence comes out, first a citation,  
And then an excommunication.  
And when at last they get you in,  
They'll fleece you to the very skin ;  
And when the stock you have is gone,  
You must do penance, not till then ;  
But, brethren, who can suffer this,  
When not a saint but has his miss ?  
'Tis therefore fitting we begin  
To oppose those mighty men of sin,  
Till they are willing to incline  
To better form of discipline,  
And cast their Common Prayer away,  
With all its stubble, wood, and hay.

Th' effect of what they preached thus  
Quickly appear'd, and thus it was :

The chiefest heads of all their sect  
Did a presbytery† erect.

\* In their first Bibles, they called the Spirit of God, the Wind of God : the Holy Ghost, the Holy Wind.

† A presbytery was erected on the 20th of November, 1572, at a small village in Surrey called Wandsworth; the first establishment they endorse by the name of the Orders of Wandsworth : in which

Which grand assembly I conceive  
To be a company of grave  
Grey-bearded elders, the most sage  
Their sect afforded in that age ;  
Men not unlike (if right I guess)  
Old innkeepers among the Swiss.

These being in assembly met,  
Of all their wits made one huge wit,  
Which, set to work, fell to refine  
Their worship, prayer, and discipline,  
Till these could easily endure  
A Bible-test ; for they were pure.  
To all the kirks they sent commands forth,  
Entitled Orders made at Wandsworth :  
For Wandsworth was the famous place  
Where this convention forined was.  
All the affairs this council sat on  
Opposed were by one Sir Hatton ;  
A mighty man that time at court,  
And chancellor, as some report ;  
Nor was there any noble peer  
Had more than he, queen Bess's ear,  
Nothing could be at Wandsworth hatched,  
But Hatton had a way to catch it :  
What Lei'ster, Knolles, or Walsingham  
Promoted, Hatton cross'd the same ;

the elders' names are agreed on, the manner of election declared, the approvers of them, their officers agreed on also and described. Sir Christopher Hatton was at that time in special favor, of known averseness to the earl of Leicester, and consequently no friend to the Puritan faction. This obstacle must be removed one way or other. This office Burchet undertakes upon this opinion, "That it was lawful to assassinate any man who opposed the gospel : " but he mistakes the man, and stabs one Hawkins desperately with a poniard, conceiving him to be Hatton : but by the terror of a proclamation, and the execution of this Burchet, they were restrained from practising any further. Hist. Collection, p. 310 ; he cites Heylin's History of Presbytery. This sir Christopher Hatton was captain of the guard, vice chamberlain, one of the privy council, and was made lord chancellor, &c. See Howe upon Stowe, p. 741.

The Wandsworth sages, this perceiving,  
Fell all a plotting and contriving  
How to remove without delay  
This block of courtier out o' the way,  
But found it could not well be done  
Without assassination.

The case of conscience fairly stated,  
And by their casuists debated,  
"Whether 'twere lawful to take life  
Upon th' account of gospel strife;"  
With one consent they answer give,  
Deciding in the affirmative,  
By dictate of their inward light;  
And so resolv'd to kill the knight.

To do the bloody deed they pitched  
On a grim ruffian called Burchet,  
One pure from sin and worldly fortune,  
Yet wore a dagger, but a short one.  
The desp'rate tool had its abode  
Under a cloak of th' elect mode,  
Which always kept it out of sight;  
Thus arm'd he goes in quest of knight.  
But meeting in convenient place  
One Hawkins, both in garb and face  
Like Hatton, Burchet falls to work,  
And does in Hawkins stick his dirk.

It was not long before report  
Reach'd all the ears in town and court,  
And gave account what Burchet did  
(Such deeds as this are seldom hid):  
Who being seiz'd and clapp'd in fetters,  
Discover'd his Wandsworth abettors;  
And told the arguments they brought,  
That moved him (poor fool) to do 't:  
In short they hang'd him for his wages,  
And drove out all the Wandsworth sages.

This bloody deed and dreadful clamor  
Made Bess (as it indeed became her)

To stir her stumps and look about her,  
At things within and things without door ;  
And settle in archbishop's chair  
Old Whitgift with his Common Prayer ;  
With orders to reform abuses,  
Both in the church and private houses.  
But ere, good man, he would be seen  
In primate's chair, the pontiff queen  
Was pleas'd (if all be true that's said)  
To lay her hands upon his head.

Quoth he, your majesty\* (and kneel'd)  
Head of our church is, therefore yield  
To *consecrate* me : for your power  
Is *more* than PETER'S, I am sure.  
At least to *us*, divided from  
The apostolic see of Rome ;  
On your bless'd brow is stamp't the *mark*  
Of pope and supreme patriarch :  
At this the queen her ear inclin'd,  
And with sweet looks and speeches kind,  
Told him, she took it well, that he  
Respected her supremacy.

For tho' a woman, I am sure,  
Says she, the pope has no such power.  
For by our doctrine it is plain  
The prince (tho' female) may *ordain*,  
*Absolve*, and *consecration* give ;  
Which, if you cannot well believe,  
Behold the *keys* for your conviction  
Of order and of jurisdiction,  
Which did belong to two late kings,  
Here hanging from my apron-strings.

She said, and look'd down to her *knees*,  
Where the authoritative keys  
Hung both together in a chain,  
Such as Dutch Ufrouws hang 'em in :

\* See an old book called *The Catholic Apology*, wrote long before that of the lord Castlemain's, which has the same title.

Which having reach'd, she let him see  
First one, and then the other key ;  
Assuring him they were the same  
That from her predecessors came ;  
By Ned and Harry wrested from  
The pope, when they made war with Rome.  
He own'd they were, and said he knew 'em,  
She need not take the pains to show 'em.  
At which her majesty expands  
The thumbs and fingers of both hands :  
And in a solemn manner laid  
All her ten digits on his head ;  
Holding them there till she had done  
These words of jurisdiction :  
" Take thou authority to preach\*  
God's word sincerely and to teach  
Or force the people to become  
In faith and worship uniform ;  
To *bind* and *loose* take thou the *keys*,  
And rule thy flock by lawful ways."

This said, she bade the bishop's grace  
To Canterbury hie apace,  
And see who durst his power oppose :  
Then up the potent prelate rose,  
And fell, by strong compulsive power,  
To mend what was amiss before.  
Conformity to such a stretch  
He screw'd, that wider grew the breach :  
For those, who seem'd conjoin'd of late  
In the same chaos separate,  
As not content to keep in union  
Upon such hard terms of communion :

\* The queen acquaints Whitgift, that she determined to discharge herself from the trouble of all church government, and leave them wholly to his care ; but that notwithstanding he must resolve, not only to assert the episcopal power, but also to restore the uniformity in worship. Hist. Coll. p. 316, from Heylin's History of Presbytery, p. 302.



But rather choose to quit the steeple,  
And preach in barns among the people.

Whilst Whitgift, on the other side,  
Permitted none in kirk to 'bide,  
That durst refuse his Common Prayer,  
Or the least ceremony there :  
But sharply lash'd 'em all away,  
With his nine-tail'd anathema ;  
A sort of whip before untried  
Upon a Puritan's back-side.

This treating of 'em thus severely\*  
Set 'em a praying late and early,  
That some great de'il would break his neck :  
Or, Cora-like, earth eat him quick.  
With greater fury now than ever  
To cross his measures they endeavor ;  
Set pen and ink, and Beal† to work.  
Beal was a keen and active spark,  
In hunting Jesuits up and down,  
And seeking priests o'er all the town ;  
Which property, as Lei'ster said,  
Was all the good tricks that he had.  
Yet was his talent more than this,  
He hated Protestants no less ;  
For all their bishops and their priests  
He took for little antichrists.

\* The brethren moved heaven and earth, the court and country, and all the clergy and laity, to come to their assistance, in this time of their trial. By means whereof they raised so strong an opposition against Whitgift's proceedings, that it put him to great difficulties.

† Some great men about the court, who had engaged themselves in the Puritan quarrels, thought best to stand awhile behind the curtain, and set Beal upon him, of whose impetuosity and edge against him they were well assured. This Beal was in himself a most eager Puritan, trained up by Walsingham to draw dry foot after priests and Jesuits, his extreme hatred to those men being looked on as the only good quality that he could pretend to. He conceived that the bishops were to be esteemed as no other than the sons of antichrist. See Heylin's History of Presbytery, p. 302, apud Hist. Coll. p. 317.

This mov'd Walsingham and Leicester  
To urge on that fell cur to pester  
Old bishop Whitgift, by exclaiming,  
Writing, railing, and defaming  
Church government and Common Prayer,  
And the strange garb that bishops wear.  
Which Beal performed in such sort,  
As pleas'd the Puritans at court.

His deeds could not have, by the queen,  
At any rate been overseen,  
If Lei'ster, North, with Walsingham  
And Knolles, had not protected him :  
For when complaints against him came,  
As soon as Bess had heard his name,  
She'd answer, never mind foud Beal,  
His indiscretion springs from zeal.  
Thus wink'd at, and encourag'd, he  
Grew insolent to the last degree,  
And claw'd old Whitgift and his surplice,  
And Common Prayer Book to a purpose.  
Nor was 't attacked by Beal alone  
For the whole brotherhood fell on,  
Mauling old Whitgift, with intent  
To force him from church government.  
But finding 't would not do by force,  
Resolve to steer another course.

In Grindal's\* days come flocking hither  
Swedes, Dutch, and Danes, in shoals together ;

\* By Calvin's letters to Grindal, and the friends they had about the queen, way was given to such of the French nation as had repaired hither, to enjoy the freedom of their own religion, to have a church unto themselves. They could not but remember those many advantages which John a Lasko and his church of strangers afforded to the Zuinglian gospellers, in the reign of king Edward VI. They got a French church settled upon Calvin's principles, in London. Upon the news of this success, both French and Dutch repaired into England, planting themselves in the sea towns, and openly professing the reformed religion ; under which covert they disguised their several heterodoxies and blasphemous dotages : all endeavoring to disperse their heretical doctrines, and to impoison the people. They erected many French

French Hugonots, Genevans too,  
Such as have little else to do  
But seek their bread in foreign lands,  
Under the trade of vagabonds.  
Calvin, Knox, Beza, Peter Martyr,  
Blew loud from the Genevan quarter,  
Desiring all to fall to work  
In modelling the English kirk.  
Letters they write, in pressing sort,  
To sev'ral grandees of the court,  
That they would move the female head  
To pity the Genevan breed,  
That were come hither from afar  
To beg some o'er-worn house of prayer,  
As John a Lasko did of late,  
When blessed Edward rul'd the state.  
This John brought o'er a crew of Poles,  
Of bodies lean, but starved souls,  
'Till they got kirks wherein to eat,  
From Lasko's mouth, the gospel-meat;  
Ned gives the Savoy to the men,  
To feed both souls and bodies in,  
Who soon get each a double chin.  
Now they, from hope of like success,  
Beg the like favor of queen Bess;  
And that her highness would allow 'em,  
By granting public churches to 'em,  
Freely to preach God's holy word  
As they receiv'd it from the Lord.  
Lei'ster, and Knolles, and Walsingham,  
In Calvin's, Knox, and Beza's name,  
Beg her to yield to their request,  
And churches grant to their oppress.  
How can I yield to this? quoth she;  
Their faith and ours do not agree;

and Dutch churches in the maritime ports, which they infected  
with some of their frenzies. See Hist. Coll. out of Heylin's Hist.  
Presb. p. 270.

Their worship and their discipline  
Can never suit (ye know) with mine.

Madam, quoth Cecil, give me leave  
To speak a word or two; you have,  
My lord (quoth Elizabeth) go on:  
Says he, those men's religion,  
'Tis true, from ours differs quite,  
Yet notwithstanding, both are right:  
Theirs right to them, so\* ours to us,  
Which easily is proved thus:  
By their faith they, by ours we  
Are sav'd, as our divines agree:  
Hence certainly both faiths are true,  
For false faith cannot save, you know.  
God's word to divers people hath  
Reveal'd quite different points of faith;  
Nay, tho' both true, sometimes they vary  
So for as to be quite contrary:  
So Luther's consubstantiation  
Gpd ne'er reveal'd to the Helvetian,  
Nor to the Scotch or English nation:  
Yet by the Saxon, Dane, and Swede,  
'Tis held the best point in their creed:  
And by the book of God reveal'd  
To them, tho' yet from us conceal'd.  
So those who do deny the same,  
The contrary 's as true to them.

And thus, thro' every article  
Of faith, all may hold what they will:  
Provided that all sides agree  
To damn the pope and popery,

\* John Chamberlayne, in his *Present State of England*, edit. 21, printed in 1704, agrees well with this discourse of Cecil's. "The church of England," says he, "is truly transcendant: it hath the grand mark of the true Church, which most European churches seem to want, and that is charity towards other churches: for it doth not so engross heaven to its own professors, as to damn all others to hell," p. 34.

And this I'm sure those strangers do,  
As much as either I or you.

Besides what point to-day is true,  
Perhaps to-morrow is not so.

For, when the contrary 's reveal'd,  
By it the former truth 's repeal'd,  
For instance, my own faith has been  
Just what would please the king or queen.

For when but young, it is confest,  
I was brought up a Romanist :

But when king Henry fell from Rome,  
And got a new faith made at home,  
I to his judgment did incline :

And, as his faith chang'd, so did mine.

He dead, the child his son, king Ned,  
His father's faith abolished,

And made a new one of his own.

I was of this, while 't pleas'd the crown ;

But when queen Mary came to reign,

I was a Catholic again ;

And, when your grace came to the throne,  
I follow'd your religion.

The cause of changing, in this fashion,

Was in each reign fresh revelation.

You must confess, that while they stood,

Each diff'rent faith was very good,

Wholesome and saving in its day.

'Gainst this the queen found naught to say,

But yields, and public churches grants

To those Calvinian errant saints.

By this means English Presbyters,

Under the cloak of foreigners,

Got also public churches here,

Maugre old Whitgift and his prayer :

And in short space their offspring grew

To be a mighty numerous crew :

In all seaports up churches sprung,

Stor'd with a pure and zealous throng,

That were prepar'd on all occasions,  
To vex poor Whitgift with invasions.

Tho' to this vast prodigious bigness  
Their body grew in length and thickness,  
Yet had it not a common head,  
And, wanting this, a body's dead :  
The elders, who consider'd this,  
And scorned such a head as Bess,  
Or that her bishops should bear rule  
Over a gospel free-born soul,  
Bethink 'em how to bring to pass  
Church government, by way of class.

A class is a petty synod  
Of elders pack'd, a dozen in 't,  
Or sometimes less, and sometimes more,  
Gin 't please 'em, they may have a score ;  
Only when more, there's more debate  
In that ecclesiastic state ;  
Because new points of faith may appear  
To one, which nineteen saw not there ;  
For saints have their degrees of light,  
He who observes it first must try 't  
By a dispute with all the rest,  
To see if 't 'bides the Bible test.  
However, they must all have zeal  
For discipline and common weal ;  
And seem like gifted godly men,  
Tho' in the bottom rogues in grain.  
Such are fit members\* for the classes,  
Tho' otherwise as dull as asses.

Their general class was in London ;  
By this great things were done and undone ;  
For all the other classes did  
Depend on this, as ears on head :  
So that what through the other past,  
Must be approv'd by this at last.

\* See Heylin's *Hist. of Presb.*, p. 213, and *Hist. Collect.*, p. 234.

These classes b'ing acquainted well with  
Lord Burleigh, thought him best to deal with,  
About new forms of pray'r and worship,  
Which now they had a mind to brush up.  
Fit persons therefore they select,  
To bring the matter to effect,  
Who to grave Cecil make address,  
And thus his lordship they caress :

Great ruler of the church and state,  
Next under her, whose happy fate  
Is both to govern sea and land,  
And hold two nations in her hand,  
Which she can toss like tennis-balls,  
One down, one up, as t' other falls :  
To you, great sir, we legates from  
Our classic brethren greeting come.

Whereas of late a reformation  
Was made by th' wisdom of the nation ;  
And happy we it was begun,  
If 't had but thoroughly gone on,  
Till all the beast-heads had been lopp'd off,  
And ev'ry popish error cropp'd off.  
But those, alas ! who first went from  
The pope, and left the Church of Rome,  
Came laden each one with his pack  
Of superstitions on his back ;  
You'll in their Common Pray'r Book find 'em  
(If e'er you use it, pray ye mind 'em) :  
Therefore, wise sir, our supplication  
Is for a thorough reformation ;  
And that the church of England may  
Fling all her popish gear away,  
And in her public worship join  
With us in prayer and discipline.  
Our form 's refin'd like gold, it 's pure,  
And can the Scripture test endure.  
Our classes, sir, beg you'll incline  
The queen t' embrace our discipline

And form of pray'r, and ev'rywhere  
Cry down her present Common Prayer:  
And we, her suppliants, shall pray  
That she may live *for e'er and aye*.  
Quoth Burleigh\* (who, it does appear,  
Was an obliging courtier),  
I'll do whatever I can do  
For your new form of pray'r and you:  
Let's see the book of which you mean,  
That I may show it to the queen;  
And by the interest I shall make,  
I do not doubt but it will take.

My lord, the book of which we speak,  
Say they, we have as yet to make.  
Our classes have not yet begun  
To get our form of worship done;  
Nor have our elders, tho' at work,  
Finish'd the discipline of kirk.  
But, soon as discipline and worship  
Are fit to come before your lordship,  
Our chiefest elders, as is meet,  
Shall lay them at your mighty feet.

Cecil, who smil'd but once a year,  
At this could hardly choose but flee,

\* Lord Burleigh, upon some complaint made against the liturgy by some of the brethren, required them to compose another, such as they thought might generally be accepted by them. The first class thereupon devised a new one, agreeable in most things to Geneva: but this draught being offered to the consideration of the second class, there were not fewer than 600 exceptions made against it, and consequently so many alterations to be made therein before it was to be admitted. The third class quarrelled at those alterations, and resolved therefore on a new model, which should have nothing of the other: and against this the fourth class was able to make as many objections as had been made against the first. So that as no likelihood appeared of any other form of worship, either better or worse, to be agreed upon between them, he dismissed their agents for the present, with this assurance, that whencesoever they could agree upon any liturgy, which might be universally received amongst them, they should find him very ready to serve them in the settling it. See Heylin's *History of Presbytery*, apud *Hist. Collect.*, p. 318.



To see them beating thus the air  
For an imaginary pray'r,  
That yet their maggot had not hatch'd.  
So with this answer they're dispatch'd ;  
Go frame your book as you would have it ;  
Bring me one, to the queen I'll give it ;  
But ere you bring it, see it passes  
The approbation of all the classes,  
That farther contest may arise none.  
This was his answer, and a wise one,  
For he foresaw 't wou'd never pass,  
Without dispute, in any class.

Away they go, pleas'd with his answer,  
As much as ladies in romance are,  
When rescu'd from enchanted castles  
By errant knights, in mighty battles.  
To work they fell, and, with great care,  
Frame a new discipline and prayer  
Resembling much Geneva's platform ;  
For they devoted were to that form,  
As fittest for a commonweal.

And now the trial ordeal  
It must endure, and smoothly pass  
Untouch'd by all, thro' every class ;  
And, if the highest at the last  
Approve it, then its *doom* is past.

The first class made it, so it passes  
The first, but not the second classes :  
For this class made when having seen it,  
Six hundred alterations in it.  
The third class found when well inspected,  
Six hundred faults more, uncorrected.  
Thence to the fourth class it was sent ;  
This was the furthest journey 't went.  
They doom'd it to the common house,  
Where 't lay expos'd to private use,  
As being very fit it should,  
While leaf on 't lasted, do some good ;

Else had the labor of the men,  
That first contriv'd it, been in vain.  
Next Walsingham,\* who did pretend,  
At every turn, to be their friend,  
Takes underhand their baff'd cause,  
In hopes to manage it with applause.  
The way that he propos'd to do 't,  
Was, if he could but bring 'em to 't,  
For each side to incline a little,  
Till, by degrees, they meet i' th' middle.  
He sends away, with great respect,  
For the chief leaders of their sect;  
Those he advises to comply,  
For sake of uniformity,  
With Bess's English liturgy,  
Upon condition that it shall  
From popery be purged well.  
I'll undertake in Bess's name,  
Three things shall be expung'd the same;  
The first is kneeling at communion,  
That gulph between the church's union;  
The cross in baptism is the next,  
And, since you 're at the surplice vext,  
It shall come no more on back of parson,  
But his fine wife, that smock has scarce one,  
For private use shall have the linen:  
The rest of Pray'r Book there's no sin in.  
Subscribe it then, sirs, I advise;  
Blessed be the class that first complies.

\* Walsingham tries his fortune next, in hopes to bring them to allow of the English liturgy, on the removal of such things as seemed most offensive; and thereupon he offered, in the queen's name, that the three ceremonies at which they seemed most to boggle, that is to say, *kneeling at the communion, the surplice, and the cross in baptism*, should be expunged out of the Book of Common Prayer, if that would content them. But thereunto it was replied, that they would have a total abolition of the book, without retaining any part or office in it, in their next new nothing. Which peremptory answer did much alienate his affection from them. Heylin's Hist. of Presbytery, p. 302, Hist. Collect., p. 319.

They answer him in surly manner,  
 Without the least regard to honor,  
 We'll have no part of prelates' prayers,  
 But blot out all what's ever's theirs :  
 The book we'll totally abolish,  
 For nothing's in 't but what is foolish,\*  
 So, be this all you have to say,  
 Farewell (quoth they), and go their way.  
 At this rude answer and uncivil,  
 Walsingham gave them to the devil.

Soon after this they fell to scribble  
 A scandalous ill-natur'd† libel,  
 And sent it out amongst the mob  
 In manner of a dialogue ;  
 For so 't was called, to display  
 The English kirk, and open lay  
 Its faults, and where it was defective ;  
 A most malicious invective.

A form of worship they got penn'd,  
 And discipline hung at its end,

\* Calvin also gave in his censure long before, *there are many foolish trifles in it.*

† A scandalous libel, in the nature of a dialogue, is published and dispersed in most parts of England, in which the state of the church is pretended to be laid open. They likewise had prepared the way to the parliament then sitting, anno 1586, by telling them, "that, if the reformation they desired were not granted, they should betray God, his truth, and the whole kingdom. That they should declare themselves to be an assembly wherein the Lord's cause could not be heard ; wherein the infelicity of the miserable could not be respected ; wherein truth, religion, and piety, could bear no sway : an assembly that willingly called for the judgment of God upon the whole realm : and finally, that not a man of their seed should prosper, be a parliament man, or bear rule in England any more." This necessary preparation, being thus premised, they tender to the parliament, *A Book of the Form of Common Prayer*, by them desired, containing also, in effect, the whole pretended discipline, so revised by Travers ; and their petition in behalf of it was in these words following, to wit : "May it therefore please your majesty, that the book hereunto annexed, and everything therein contained, may be from henceforth used through all your majesty's dominions." But in this they were able to effect nothing. Heylin's *Hist. of Presbytery*, p. 161, apud *Hist. Collect.*, p. 392.

—  
And a petition tack'd to it,  
Which to her Majesty was writ :  
A letter also they compile, .  
In a severe and threat'ning style ;  
All which to the queen and parliament  
Six old grave elders did now present,  
In a demure and canting strain ;  
And hundred cringes ; but in vain :  
For Whitgift's party of black coats  
Had in the senate major votes,  
And bade the elders, in a jeer,  
To come again another year.  
Derided thus, away they haste,  
And tell the classes all that past ;  
Which into gall turn'd all the blood  
Of the enraged brotherhood.

They all unanimously join  
To execute their discipline,  
And settle their Genevan worship,  
Without the leave of queen or bishop,  
Or further asking the consent  
Of council, court, or parliament.

But Whitgift, who was always waking,  
Spied, in good time, their undertaking,  
And, by his power, and careful heeding,  
The current stopp'd of their proceeding.  
Yet not so well but soon its course  
Broke out again with greater force ;  
For, as a gun with powder cramm'd  
The closer down the same is ramm'd,  
When taking fire, it breaks out thence  
With so much greater violence :  
So, more these fiery saints were curb'd,  
The more the bishops they disturb'd,  
And put their kirk to greater trouble  
Than e'er they did before, twice double.

For near the end of Bessy's reign,  
When time had almost eat the queen,

And age had drank her spirits up,  
Till she lay sleeping like a top,  
That boys had whipp'd about until,  
As if for ease, it stands stock still  
She heedless grew of church and faith,  
And Puritanics' active wrath;  
Affairs ecclesiastic leaves,  
To Leicester, Knolles, and other knaves,  
Such as to Whitgift and his party  
Bore no good will, or kindness hearty.  
These with their country friends transact,  
To get a house of commons pack'd  
Of godly members, such as stood  
'Gainst Whitgift, for the brotherhood.  
And new petitions from all places  
Came swarming in against their graces,  
From 'prentice boy to *good your worship*,  
Let's have no Common Pray'r nor bishop.  
This was the daily cry of London:  
In short, the bishops had been run down,  
If Whitgift had not us'd his skill  
To hinder the design'd ill.

First thing he does, to pray'r he falls,  
Spreads out ten claws shod with long nails,  
And thus invokes: *Lord, prithee now*  
*Or never look on us below.*  
Can'st thou behold how things are carried,  
And how I and my flock are worried  
By Presbyterian wolves and foxes,  
Of Calvin's litter, and of Knox's,  
And sit as if thou were inclin'd  
To see our queen's kirk undermin'd,  
'Till it falls down, maugre its head,  
On us that first the building made,  
When I am sure, this twenty year  
Thou had not had one half so fair?  
O Lord, I could be glad that thou  
Would come and help us; but I know,

That where thou art thou **MUST** remain  
 'Till doomsday brings thee here again.  
 As in our\* article is writ,  
 And we are bound to credit it ;  
 But if thou canst but now hear me,  
 Distant at such a vast degree,  
 That, if a millstone were thrown down,  
 Ten ages would not bring the stone ;  
 Then prithee, Lord, some way invent  
 To cross this factious parliament :  
 Dispatch some angel, for I know  
 They have more liberty than you.  
 Give him commission to support  
 Our kirk, 'gainst parliament and court.  
 Lord, if thou know'st for what I've pray'd,  
 Grant it. There needs no more be said.  
 Disburthen'd of his pray'r, he sends  
 For brother bishops, his sure friends,  
 Bids them in haste themselves attire  
 In what the rubrics do require.  
 For we, says he, now I have been  
 So long in pray'r, will to the queen,  
 And beg her aid ; for she is near us,  
 And can immediately hear us.  
 They trim their beards, and comb their hair,  
 And 'dorn 'em as the law require ;  
 In rocket, sleeves, and other trapping,

\* *Article 29.* "The body of Christ cannot be present in many different places at the same time ; and since, as the holy Scriptures testify, Christ hath been taken up into heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the world ; it becometh not any of the faithful to believe or profess, that there is a real and corporal presence," &c. See king Edw. 29 Art. The words in the Latin article are : "Christus humanæ naturæ veritatem perpetuo retinet quam uno et definito loco esse, &c., quum igitur Christus, in cœlum sublatu, ibi usque ad finem sæculi sit permansurus, atque inde non aliunde venturus sit, ad iuricandum vivos et mortuos, non debet quisquam fideliū carnis et ejus sanguinis realem et corporalem presentiam in eucharistia vel credere vel profiteri." The bishop of Sarum sets down this article more at large, from the *original manuscript* of articles subscribed by both houses of convocation, in 1562. See his *Exposition*, p. 11.

Approach the queen, but found her napping ;  
Yet softly jogging, with battoon,  
Awake her from her squab of down ;  
And thus salute her, just awaking,  
In a strange rustic sort of speaking :

Thou female pastor of the sheep,  
Canst thou lie nodding thus asleep,  
Regardless of thy silly flock,  
Whilst ravening wolves lay waste thy stock ?  
Arise, thou careless drowsy queen,  
Behold what work 's on yonder plain !  
Your lambs are worried, and the fleeces  
Of all your sheep are torn to pieces.

Bless me ! says she, why all this fury ?  
Is 't fit your queen should thus endure ye '  
In name of wonder, what's the matter,  
That you come thus with such a splutter ?  
You ought to use more civil speeches,  
*My petticoat's above your breeches ;*  
Consider I am still your head.  
At this the bishops grew afraid,  
Impute the ringing such a peal  
To th' overflowing of their zeal.  
Aside she turns her head awhile,  
To steal a little modest smile ;  
And Whitgift, in a manly style,  
Salutes her, thus : thou high and mighty,  
Who ponder'st things both small and weighty,  
And canst discern 'tween wrong and right,  
When presbyters and prelates fight ;  
You, who touch heaven with your brow,  
And under whom earth's axles bow ;  
You, by whose might the Netherlands  
Have freed themselves from Spanish bands,  
And who th' invincible armada  
Drown'd and dispers'd in less than a day ;  
You, who the papists clapperclaw  
By ever-blessed penal law,

Let your exterminating power  
The cursed Puritans devour.  
To you alone for help we cry  
To save us from Presbytery.

With open mouth they set upon us,  
And cast such damn'd aspersions on us,  
That we by all the giddy rabble,  
Are held for most abominable.  
I'm sure they aim to seize our lands,  
And turn us out for vagabonds.

The arguments that we assume  
'Gainst papists and the Church of Rome,  
These Puritans make use of now  
'Gainst ourselves, our church, and you :  
They call us limbs of antichrist,  
And you the scarlet whore ; the beast,  
You sit on, is our church and us ;  
Was ever people plagued thus ?  
Nor talk they only, but they write,  
And texts from revelation cite :  
Those very texts that we produce  
'Gainst papists, they against us use ;  
And swear they are as right applied  
To us, as to the other side.  
And when we, in our own defence,  
Put on the texts another sense,  
They pertly ask us how we know  
That their's is false and our sense true ?  
And here we're set ; for, on my soul,  
To prove it right we have no rule.  
And, if authority of church  
We bring, they value 't not a rush,  
But tell us that's the popish plea  
Against ourselves. And what, say they,  
Can you oblige us to assent  
To that old popish argument,  
To which yourselves would ne'er submit,  
What can you gain in pressing it ?



If we affirm our faith is good,  
And that from Christ our Church has stood,  
They sniffing say : How can you tell  
Is this your church *infallible* ?

Our answer, as you may conceive,  
Must needs be in the negative ;  
For were God's church infallible,  
Then to reform her had been ill.  
Nay then, say they, if it be so,  
Our kirk is right, for aught you know,  
We are reform'd as well as you.  
Thus in *dilemmas* we are caught,  
And into contradictions brought.

Here's Beal,\* a gibing arch buffoon,  
That has his spies o'er all the town,  
To mind us and our clergy strictly,  
And watch our *by-steps* circumspectly ;  
And, madam, who of mortal men  
But has his *downfalls* now and then ?  
When at their club they meet together,  
They give their notes to one another ;  
So that by all each fault is known,  
And quickly blaz'd o'er all the town ;  
And this exasperates the people  
'Gainst us, our doctrine, prayer, and steeple,  
That folk are brought to such a pass,  
They'd rather see the de'il than us.  
Those rake-hells are set on by Lei'ster,  
And Knolles, and Walsingham, to pester

\* Beal accounted the bishops for sons of antichrist, because they were not looked upon as fathers by the brotherhood (nor by anybody else) ; and so far was he hurried on by these dissensions, that though he were raised to be one of the clerks of the council, yet he preferred the interest of that faction before that of the queen's, insomuch that he was noted to jeer and gibe all his sermons as did most commend her majesty's government, as move the auditory to obedience, not sparing to accuse the preachers to have broached false doctrine. From this man the archbishops received great affronts. Hist. Coll., p. 317.

Me and my fellow bishops here,  
And run down parsons everywhere,  
By quarrelling at what we teach,  
And ridiculing all we preach;  
That, if you'll trust us, could we help it,  
We'd never more appear in pulpit.

For my part, tho' I preach a sermon  
That there is neither *good* nor *harm* in  
(And most are such, for my intent  
In preaching's to be innocent),  
This Beal will fleer, make mouths, and stir  
His brows: Oh, he's a plaguy cur;  
And, by his witty taunts, can twine  
The mob beyond our best divine.  
When in our presence scarce he speaks,  
But some tart scoff or jest he breaks,  
To ridicule our godly labor  
In kirk or private with our neighbor:  
And laughs and winks at Walsingham  
And Lei'ster, they again at him;  
And this in scorn and great derision  
Of us, your bishops, and our mission;  
Till, what by them and by the crowd,  
We and our clergy are so cow'd,  
That, if you'll credit what I say,  
We scarce dare either preach or pray,  
Or in our robes canonic pass  
The street; they're grown to such a pass,  
That when the boys our lawn sleeves spy,  
The wanton rogues will hoot and cry,  
*A Babylonian maggot pie!*  
Such gross affronts as these, I'm sure,  
No saint alive can e'er endure.

But what is ten times worse than all this,  
A parliament\* but lately call'd is,

\* The *brethren* had procured many of their chief friends to be received for knights or burgesses: by whose means they procured a bill to pass in the House of Commons, 1585, for making trial of

As Puritanic at the bottom  
As if John Calvin had begot 'em.  
This parli'ment has pass'd a bill  
For all to marry when they will,  
Be it in Advent or in Lent,  
Without once asking our consent,  
Or feeling any of our court,  
Or ever taking license for 't.  
Another bill they've also pass'd  
Will be our ruin at the last :  
No candidate in all the town  
Must be ordain'd, or wear a gown,  
Or ever take the name of priest,  
But only such as 'bide the test  
Of twelve precise judicious laymen,  
Who must appointed be t' examine  
All such as are to be ordain'd ;  
But only such as will prefer  
Their new-form'd discipline and prayer.  
If this go on (as Lord forbid it)  
Down goes our church ; say I have said it.

They also vote, as some report,  
The regulating of our court,  
As touching fees, presentments, fines,  
And this our purses undermines.  
Another bill, as ill as these,  
They bring against pluralities :  
Thus they go on, till by degrees,  
At last our revenues they'll seize.  
And out of house and harbor turn us,  
And bid us go, the Devil burn us.

the sufficiency of such as were to be ordained or admitted ministers by twelve laymen, whose approbation and allowance they were first to pass, before they were to receive institution into any benefice. Another bill was also passed, for making marriage lawful at all times of the year. They were in hand also with a third bill, concerning ecclesiastical courts, and the episcopal visitations ; pretending only a redress of some exorbitance in excessive fees, but aiming plainly at the overthrow of the jurisdiction. *Hist. Collect.* p. 319, 320.

To sign, O prudent queen, these bills,  
Is to make way to further ills.  
In short, we're, every mother's son,  
Both church and state, and prince, undone.  
Our Common Prayer Book once thrown by  
(I speak by way of prophesy),  
And Calvin's settled in the land,  
Episcopacy cannot stand :  
Nor will your grace have cause to boast,  
If once *supremacy* be lost ;  
Which you and all your realm must own  
The fairest jewel in your crown ;  
Nor can your kingdom shun the fate  
Of being turn'd into a state :  
For Presbyterian discipline  
And monarchy have ever been  
At mortal strife with one another,  
Like fire and water when together.

Now with pythonic fury swell'd,  
Till girdle cracks and garments yield,  
He stares with look severe, and brows  
As threat'ning as an angry Jew's ;  
And hand extent, by spirit's force,  
As if he meant some vehement curse ;  
Then speaks : O mighty princess, know,  
If at this careless rate you do  
Permit those worse than mortal harms  
To fly about our ears in swarms,  
And do not speedily prevent  
What threatens church and government,  
Your kingdom shall be from you rent ;  
At this his hand on breast he laid,  
And three times swore what he had said ;  
And here, as at its utmost stretch,  
Out flew the python with his speech.

As planet-struck, for half an hour  
He stood aghast, and spoke no more,  
Till, finding he was disposses'd,

He turns about to all the rest :  
Belov'd, says he, now I am calm,  
Let's sing a proper metre psalm :  
He sets it out, they all begin  
In Hopkins' dialect to sing.  
At this, the tears began to rise  
Above the floodgates of their eyes,  
Which being by her highness seen,  
So mollify'd the breast of queen,  
That naught they ask'd could be deny'd ;  
Thus to their graces she reply'd :

My lords, I give you strict command  
To take your past'ral staves in hand,

*\* Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,  
And hide it in thy lap ?  
O pluck it out, and be not slack  
To give thy foes a rap.*

And lay about you even so  
As Samson did with ass's jaw :  
Spare neither legs, nor arms, nor ears  
Of those Philistine Presbyters.  
Let your authority and care  
In church and state affairs appear,  
By settling in your discipline  
An uniformity, and join  
Dissenters and kirk-folk together  
As close as sole to upper leather.  
Act in this matter as you will,  
I will maintain it, good or ill.

He that refuses to comply  
With a strict uniformity,  
See that by force of discipline,  
And penal laws, you bring him in.  
Tho' Knolles and Lei'ster are your foes,  
My hand shall ward off all their blows :

—  
Tho' Walsingham and Beal contend,  
I will, my lords, your cause defend.  
Tho' crafty Cecil side with them,  
Yet, while I wear this diadem,  
I will, I swear by head and crown,  
By sceptre, sword, and good battoon,  
In spite of all protect your graces ;  
Be therefore active in your places.  
As for church lands and Common Prayer,  
Of which your graces take such care,  
They shall, as long as I am queen,  
Remain i' th' safety they are in.  
She said, and with a gracious look  
Took up and kiss'd the public book,  
And safely lock'd it in her chest.  
Her royal hand the bishops kiss'd,  
And, humbly thanking madam Bess,  
Took leave each for his diocess,  
And here it is the story changes  
To what most horrible and strange is.

The scenes that were till now so gay,  
Insensibly are drawn away ;  
And ere the queen or courtiers knew,  
The stage was all of sable hue ;  
And on the scenes were painted out  
Dread shapes, revengeful furies wrought,  
As prisons, halters, axes, knives,  
And penal laws that took the lives  
Of innocent and holy priests,  
Who there appear'd with ript-up breasts,  
And heads cut off, and limbs in quarters,  
Just as they had before dy'd martyrs.  
Mary, the queen of Scots, whose head  
Close by her body bleeding laid,  
Was there ; all painted as they dy'd.  
And other horrid forms beside,  
As demons in odd shapes, and strange ones,  
With each a vial full of vengeance,

To pour on heads of those who had  
 A hand in spilling all that blood.  
 And now the actors they begin  
 To play their parts : Old Age comes in—  
 Crook'd, wrinkl'd, doating, black, and thin. }  
 And after this, Sickness appears—  
 Pale with despair and ghastly fears.  
 This was pursu'd by Death, in black,  
 And endless night close at his back.

Lord Hundsdon\* comes upon the stage,  
 Sick in his bed—some think with age :  
 But, let the cause be what it will,  
 His *comforters were sent from hell* ;  
 Such as with him before had been  
 In all the councils of the queen,  
 And carry'd on the great affair  
 Of *Protestancy* many a year,  
 Made laws just as they had a mind,  
 Against God's Church, and these she sign'd.  
 First Dudley, earl of Lei'ster, came,  
 Rol'd round about in glaring flame :  
 Out at his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears,  
 Sprung pointed flames from inward fires.  
 Then Walsingham, all on a glow :  
 And Pick'ring, cold as frozen snow ;

\* Sir Harry Cary, son of sir William Cary and Mary Boleyn, the queen promoted to the honor and degree of lord Cary of Hundsdon, Heylin, p. 277.—This lord Hundsdon, being in the year 1596, sick to death, saw come to him, one after another, six of his companions already dead. The first was Dudley, earl of Leicester, all in fire ; the second was secretary Walsingham, also in fire and flame ; the third, Pickering, so cold and frozen, that touching Hundsdon's hand, he thought he should die of cold ; the fourth, Hatton, lord chancellor ; the fifth, Henneage ; and the sixth, Knolles. These three last were also all in fire ; they all told him that sir William Cecil, one of their companions yet living, was to prepare himself to come shortly to them. All this was affirmed upon oath by the said lord Hundsdon, who a few days after died suddenly. This is recorded by Fr. Costerus, in *Compendio veteris Orthodoxæ Fidei* ; and also by Phillip D'Oultreman, in his book entitled *Pedagogue Chretienne*, p. 156.

Who of his hand scarce taking hold,  
Hundsdon was fit to die with cold.  
Hatton was the next that did appear,  
In midst of flame of glowing fire;  
And Henneage comes after him,  
Burning all o'er in rapid flame.  
The last of all comes impious Knolles,  
Curl'd round about in flaming rolls,  
That grind him in their whirling gyres,  
And from the dints spring streaming fires.

A while those horrid spectres stood  
Before the wretched Cary's bed,  
To give him time to contemplate:  
And well observe their damned state,  
Then told him, Cecil was to come,  
A fellow-partner in their doom;  
So bade him tell him to prepare,  
Then vanished to subtile air.

Hundsdon, with horror struck at this,  
Sends speedy news to madam Bess;  
Who caus'd inquiry to be made;  
And Hundsdon swore to all he said.\*  
Soon after he resign'd his breath,  
And Cecil dy'd a sudden death.

The queen, till now of temper jolly,  
Soon after this fell melancholy:\*

\* Queen Elizabeth, in the beginning of her sickness, told two of her ladies, that she saw one night, as she lay in bed, *her own body, exceeding lean and frightful, in a light of fire*. See Parson's Discussion of Barlow's Answer, p. 218.—Camden, in his Life of Queen Elizabeth, gives this account of her last sickness: "In the beginning of her sickness, the almonds of her throat swelled, but soon abated again; then her appetite failed her by degrees; and withal, she gave herself over to melancholy, and seemed to be much troubled with a peculiar grief, for some reason or other: whether it were through the violence of her disease, or for want of Essex, &c. She looked upon herself as a *miserable forlorn woman*, and her grief and indignation extorted from her such speeches as these: *They have yoked my neck. I have none whom I can trust. My condition is strangely turned upside down.*" See Cambd. Hist., lib. 5, pp. 659, 660. F. Parsons, in his Discussion, tells us that she sat two days and three nights upon her stool.



Struck to the heart with sudden grief,  
 No medicine could yield relief,  
 Rolling her eyes with ghastly stare,  
 Show'd inward symptoms of despair.  
 As one depriv'd of sense and wits,  
 Two days, three nights, on stool she sits,

ready dressed, and could never be brought by any of her council to go to bed, or to eat or drink, only the lord Admiral persuaded her to take a little broth: she told him, if he knew what she had seen in her bed, he would not persuade her as he did. She, shaking her head, said with a pitiful voice, *My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck; I am tied, and the case is altered with me.*—One of her privy counsellors presented her with a piece of gold, of the bigness of an angel, dimly marked with some small characters, which she said an old woman in Wales bequeathed to her on her death-bed; telling her that the said old woman, by virtue of the same, lived to the age of one hundred and odd years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her body, but being withered, and wanting nature to nourish her body, it was taken off and she died. The queen, upon the confidence she had thereof, took the said gold and wore it on her ruff.—Two ladies waiting on her in her chamber, discovered in the bottom of her chair the queen of hearts, with a nail of iron struck through the forehead, which they durst not pull out; remembering that the like thing was reported to be used to others for witchcraft. *Discuss.*, pp. 217, 218, printed 1612.—Her death was pitiful, in dying without sense, feeling, or mention of God, as divers report. *Discuss.*, p. 197.—One of the ladies that waited on her, leaving her asleep in her privy chamber, at the beginning of her sickness, met her, as she thought, three or four chambers off; and, fearing she would have been displeased that she left her alone, came towards her to excuse herself, but she vanished away; and when the lady returned into the chamber where she left her, she found her still asleep. Growing past recovery, and keeping her bed, the council sent unto her the bishop of Canterbury and other prelates: upon the sight of whom she was much offended, cholerically rating, bidding them be packing; and afterwards exclaimed to my lord admiral, that she had the greatest indignity offered her by the archbishop that could be done to a princess, to pronounce sentence of death against her as if she had lived as an atheist: and some lords mentioning to have other prelates brought to her, she answered, that she would have none of these hedge priests. The queen being departed this life, her body was opened and embowelled, and being seared up, was brought to Whitehall, where it was watched every night by six several ladies; who being all about the same, which was fast within a board coffin, with leaves of lead covered with velvet, it happened that her body broke the coffin with such a crack, that it split the wood, lead, and sear-cloth, to the terror and astonishment of all present. See the *Discussion*, p. 218.

And in one posture always keeps ;  
Nor speaks, nor eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps,  
Save only once some broth she took,  
And only once some words she spoke.  
Dismal her sayings were and sad,  
As forlorn people speak when mad ;  
As these, or such like words as these are,  
My miseries are beyond measure :  
I have no friend that I can trust,  
My neck in chains is yoked fast,  
Spectres present themselves to sight,  
And haunt my bed in dead of night.  
I've seen my very self appear  
Like an old hag in flaming fire.  
The talisman, the old Welch wife  
Bequeath'd me, will not save my life,  
Tho' hitherto, with hopes enough,  
I've worn the sigil on my ruff.  
The queen of hearts, that long has laid  
Here in my chair nail'd thro' the head,  
I have no trust in, as I had ;  
Nor can I *hope at all* in God,  
Because I never served him,  
After I got the diadem.  
Thus left of all, comfort from no man,  
I am a *wretched forlorn woman*.

Nor could her god-like bishops, who  
Had led her by the nose till now,  
Give the least ease or ghostly cure,  
Tho' they absolv'd her o'er and o'er ;  
For not at all did she believe  
(More than themselves) they could forgive ;  
Although they took the Common Prayer,  
And show'd her absolution there.  
Your penance and your absolution  
Is not of *divine* institution,  
Nor *sacrament*, says she, as you  
Have taught me many years ago ;

*But sprung of corrupt following  
Of the apostles : if the thing  
Be so, what good can it do me ?  
Turn to your articles and see.*

*To this not one word was reply'd,  
But comfortless the woman dy'd.*

*High time that she were gone : for now  
She'd done what mischief she could do,  
In settling reformation ;*

*Her long, long thread at last was spun,  
Which one that did attend her (but  
Play'd least in sight), a saucy slut  
With her unwelcome scissors cut,  
And headlong to old Harry sent her :  
Who in this sort doth compliment her :*

*King. Welcome, brave daughter ! Thou that  
hast*

*The Roman Church and faith displac'd.  
What news from th' other world above ?*

*Queen. Father, not only faith but love :  
I've done whatever I could do*

*To banish, imitating you :  
For children anything will gather  
From the example of a father :*

*And, that religion never more  
May enter on our English shore,  
I've made it penal to become  
A convert to the church of Rome,  
And have more bloody statutes made  
To murder priests than Nero had,  
Or Dioclesian ever saw.*

*Father, I kill 'em all by law.*

*K. That's the best way—but pray go on ;  
What work made Ned when I was gone ?*

*Q. On bishoprics and church's lands,  
That you had left, he laid his hands,  
And left the naked church as bare  
As when it first drew vital air ;*

So that there was, when I came in,  
Scarce anything to lose but skin.  
Six articles which you devis'd,  
And by strong statutes authoriz'd,  
And burned such as did not heed 'em,  
The young rogue laugh'd at, when he read 'em;  
And by a statute cry'd 'em down;  
Then set out new ones of his own;  
Made a new form of worship too,  
Impos'd it on the realm for true:  
But, by and by, this pleas'd him not,  
So burn'd it, and another got.  
If more of him you list to know, sir,  
Call Cranmer, Ridley, Cox, or Bucer.  
Parker and Grindal too can tell,  
So Horn and Jewell very well;  
These will inform you what you please  
In my time, and in Neddy's days;  
Pray beckon on 'em with your thumb.

K. I would so, if they could but come.

Q. Why not? They're not so far from hence;  
I'll call 'em, shall I?

K. Do not, wench.  
They're chain'd i' th' places where they lie  
With fiery shackles; so am I.

Q. You, father, chain'd! That cannot be.

K. Yes, daughter, and they'll fetter thee.

Q. No, but they shall not, I'll away.

K. You cannot go.

Q. I will not stay.

K. The gates are lock'd and strongly barr'd.

Q. Crown'd heads imprison'd! This is hard;  
What, no respect for majesty?

Let us proclaim *supremacy*,  
And then they'll certainly respect us.

K. *Supremacy* cannot protect us.

See how yon fellow hastes amain,  
Trailing a thousand links of chain,

Which, you'll observe as he draws nigher,  
Are made of curled rings of fire.

Q. And with his chain what will he do ?

K. Bind ev'ry limb and joint of you.\*

Q. Help, father !—ugly fiend, begone !

I will not have these fetters on.

Alas ! feet, hands, and fingers fast ;  
Belly and back, and sides and breasts,  
And neck and throat, girt round with flame,  
On head a glowing diadem,  
And royal robes of waving fire !

The torments that from this attire

Arise, I now begin to feel

Thrill thro' my soul from crown to heel

K. You now begin to take your wages :  
The pay will last for endless ages.

Q. What have I done to suffer this ?

K. Destroy'd faith and religion, Bess.

Q. Yourself began that work at first.

K. I did so : be that day accurst.

Q. This is my comfort, life cannot last long ;

\* It is not rash judgment to say with our Saviour (St. Mark 16), *He that believeth not, shall be condemned* ; and St. Paul (Titus, 3. 10), *A heretic . . is condemned by his own judgment*. Dr. Barlow accused the learned F. Parsons of judging queen Elizabeth before her time. But that reverend father, in his *Discussion of Barlow's Answer* (p. 223), frees himself from the false aspersion, by plainly showing that he judges not otherwise of this queen's future state (neither do I) than as St. Paul not only allows, but obliges us to judge of all heretics. He also further proves clearly, both from Scripture and the Fathers, that those who die schismatics or heretics, cannot be saved. Now queen Elizabeth was really excommunicated for schism and heresy ; she established heresy in her dominions, and maintained it to her utmost power as long as she lived. Nor was there any the least sign of contrition or penance for it, before or at her death : nor will even Protestants themselves grant that she ever so much as desired reconciliation to the Catholic Church she had left ; but, on the contrary, did all affirm, that she died in the new religion that she had established i. e. in condemned heresy. What else then can anybody judge of her, than as we, and Protestants, too, do of Arius, Nestorius, and other condemned heretics ?

A heart burn'd to a coal, a scorched tongue,  
Eyes boil'd in liquid fire, a flaming breath,  
Must needs be symptoms of immediate death;  
Which to my pains will be a welcome cure.

K. There is no death, but what we now endure.

Q. Well, this will quickly take our lives away.

K. Not so, for tho' we die, we *live for aye*.

Q. I understand you not, how comes 't that here  
We do not die when naught but deaths appear?

K. We die, 'tis true, but it's an endless death

Q. Is this the way then souls do die beneath?  
Call it not death, but some more proper name.

K. Well, call it, if you will, devouring flame.

Q. I would so, if I found it could devour,  
But this it does not, for we still endure.

By death, I mean *not-being*: pray tell me,  
Will there a time come when we shall *not be*? }

K. No, time's no more: but an eternity.

Q. Then I perceive there is no end of *being*:  
And this, it seems, is what you call our dying.

K. To souls that are tormented here beneath.  
Their endless being is *eternal death*:

So, to the souls above in joy and bliss,

*Eternal life* their endless being is.

Thus both the *bless'd* above, and *damn'd* beneath,  
Live ever: those in life, and these in death.

Q. Ah, dreadful death! its sight my pains in-  
crease;

Are all our *worldly glories* come to this?

Sad change! from pleasures in the upper world,  
To be into such endless anguish hurl'd;

The thoughts of pleasures past make torments  
here

Ten hundred thousand times the worse to bear.

(Both) And yet these thoughts we eagerly desire,  
And for their sakes still hug the gnawing fire

Let's even now, maugre increase of pain,  
Think all our past by pleasures o'er again.

K. How strutted I, when styl'd *great king,*  
*great lord?*

Q. How lofty I, when by my court *ador'd?*

K. When we the pope's and Church's rights  
infring'd,

How pleasant then it was to be reveng'd?  
When we by sacrilege vast treasures made,  
And at our feet the hallow'd riches laid?  
With what strange transport did we then behold  
The altar's jewels, and the Church's gold?  
But joy excessive, when into my hands  
I seiz'd the abbeys and the abbey lands.\*

Q. Old charters, father, you and I have read,  
In which, on pain of curse, we were forbid  
To meddle with the Church's patrimony,  
For it is God's; not to be touch'd by any.  
How durst you then presume to take away  
The sacred treasures that on altars lay?  
How durst you seize Church lands, rob priests  
and poor,  
And turn the vow'd religious out of door.

\* The reader may find the ancient deeds, charters, and donations to the clergy, Church abbeys, and other religious houses, in Dugdale's Monasticon, in which he will see the many dreadful and heavy curses denounced against all those who shall any way knowingly and maliciously alienate, or violently take away the Church's lands, and deprive it of its rights, donations, and privileges. Such for instance as this following, which I have transcribed out of Mr. Chamberlayn's Present State of England, printed 1704, edit. 21. In the Parliament, anno 1253, the king stood up with his hand upon his breast; all the lords spiritual and temporal stood with burning tapers in their hands, and the archbishop pronounced as follows: "By the authority of God omnipotent, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, &c., we excommunicate, anathematize, and sequester from our holy mother, the Church, all those who henceforth knowingly and maliciously deprive and spoil churches of their rights; and all those that shall, by any art or wit, rashly violate, diminish, or alter secretly or openly, in deed, word, or council, those ecclesiastical liberties, &c., granted to the archbishops, bishops, prelates, &c. For everlasting memory whereof, we have hereunto put our seal." After which, all throwing down their tapers, extinguished and smoking, they all said, "So let all that shall go against this curse, be extinct and stink in hell."

K. I slighted all those charter-curses, when  
 I look'd upon and seiz'd the sacred gain ;  
 But now I do experience to my grief  
 Their dire effects ; nor hope I for relief.  
 Yet still I love and hug the satisfaction  
 I then enjoy'd in ev'ry wicked action.

Q. The very thoughts of these our pleasures  
 past,  
 And of celestial joys that we have lost,  
 Rack me with horrid pain, that seems to tear  
 My soul two diff'rent ways with hooks of fire.

K. And what is worse, we must expect to be  
 Thus torn in pieces for eternity.

Q. This is a wo beyond the reach of thought,  
 Wo to the pleasure that's so dearly bought.

K. But who imagin'd it would happen so ?

Q. The more fools we ! And now the more's  
 our wo.

Alas ! alas ! we are utterly undone :

Curs'd be our wicked reformation ; [bed,

Curs'd be the night you left queen Cath'rine's

Curs'd be the day you Anna Boleyn wed :

The time you saw her first, be it accurst,

With me, the fruit of your unlawful lust.

Curs'd be the envious pride of schismatics,

The spiteful tongues of lying heretics.

And hands that seiz'd Church lands and  
 bishoprics. }

Curs'd be all those that counsell'd us to change

Religion : may their thoughts for ever range

On frightful objects, ever roll about,

And meet new pains at ev'ry turn of thought.

Curs'd be the articles that I and Ned

Devis'd, and impious liturgies we made ;

Curs'd be our penal laws and oaths supreme,

May they be fuel for eternal flame.

Curs'd be the instruments by which we shed,

Of holy martyrs, such vast streams of blood ;



—  
Accurs'd be Walsingham's and Lei'ster's plots :  
And mine against the pious queen of Scots.  
I curse the day in which myself was born ;  
May 't never more in annual circle turn.  
I curse *you, father*, and my *mother* too ;  
*Ten thousand double curses light on you.*

K. Curse on. The curses of the damned are  
Th' effects of horrible and black despair.  
I curse *you, daughter*, as you 've cursed me,  
With curses heavier, if such curses be :  
As you have curs'd th' occasion of our sin,  
Just so do I ; I curse them o'er again ;  
And add to these a thousand curses more,  
*We'll curse eternally and ne'er give o'er.*

# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Of Church affairs 'tis still I sing,  
In reign of James, the northern king ;  
Of Charles, his son, and Charles, his grandson ;  
The Presbyterian kirk's expansion.  
Of other things I make report,  
As the dispute at Hampton Court ;  
The Bible o'er again translated ;  
The powder plot, and who 'twas that made it ;  
Records of Parker's consecration,  
At Lambeth, publish'd by Frank Mason ;  
Of a new Common Prayer Book made,  
And sent the Scots by Bishop Laud ;  
And how Jane Gaddis, that shrewd quean,  
Pelted (for reading it) the dean ;  
What mischiefs did in kirks arise,  
For setting tables altar-wise ;  
How Grantham's vicar, by the rabble,  
Was bang'd about communion table ;  
The propagation of the word  
By blood, and wounds, and fire and sword,  
And the beheading of their king.  
Of a new priesthood too I sing.  
Made by new forms of consecration,  
At Charles the Second's restoration.  
At last the canto ends in plots,  
Contriv'd by Tony, Tong, and Oates.

If the deep-learn'd astitial quacks  
Paint Time to life, in almanacs,

He has on brow a lock of hair,  
But all his head beside is bare.  
Instructive lock ! Turn he his back,  
You'll never catch him by the lock.  
A scythe he bears in his right hand,  
And in his left a glass of sand,  
To show, that when your hour's run,  
As folk cut grass he mows you down.

This workman lopping off the queen,  
Made room for James the first to reign :  
Who catching forelock, mounts the throne  
Ere any other got thereon.

The ceremonies being done  
About his coronation,  
He very briskly falls to work  
As all kings do, in clouting kirk.  
For, since our princes were *supreme*  
*In church affairs*, not one of them,  
At coming to the crown, but hath  
Reform'd his predecessor's faith ;  
*\* As if religion were intended*  
*For nothing else but to be mended.*

This prudent king, perceiving now  
The greatest thing he had to do,  
Was to unite, if't could be done,  
Two disagreeing kirks in one ;  
And so compose th' eternal jars  
'Twixt bishops and the presbyters ;  
A conference at Hampton Court  
Appoints, to which both sides resort :  
All chosen men for brain and lungs,  
Well arm'd with texts and nimble tongues.  
Of bishops, London, Winchester,  
And Durham, and their deans were there,  
'Gainst whom came Reynolds briskly on,  
With Kneustubs, Sparks, and Chaderton ;

Which four against the prelates storm'd,  
 For not being thoroughly reform'd.  
 We'd have your lordships know, they say,  
 That twenty blocks lie in our way,  
 Which till remov'd, ne'er think upon  
 What you require, *an union*.

The cross\* in baptism cast away,  
 And throw your smocks off when you pray;  
 In pulpits preachers place of worth.  
 Zealous and lusty holders-forth,  
 That can preach by the spirit's motion,  
 And pray till one may hear devotion  
 Break out in twang of nose, and hums,  
 And sobs and sounds, like kettle-drums.

Let presbyters each in his parish,  
 'Tween Portsmouth, Tweed, Land's-end and  
 Harwich,

Have leave of confirmation : †  
 So may the children through the nation  
 All times with greater ease hav' t granted  
 (Or old folks either, if they want it),  
 Than wait till they a bishop see,  
 Which ten to one may never be.

Next, *let the church's ‡ doctrine be  
 Sound : and correct its liturgy.*  
 For what you call the § Common Pray'r,  
 Is superstitious everywhere.

\* One of their scruples, says Baker, was the cross in baptism ; the next thing objected, was the wearing the surplice ; another, that good pastors might be planted in all churches to preach the *pure doctrine according to God's word*.

† Another : that confirmation might not be by bishops only, but that every pastor in his parish might confirm ; but this was thought to intrench too much upon the jurisdiction of bishops, and to be a step to bring in a Presbyterian government, which the king much disliked.—Baker.

‡ Another request was : that the doctrine of the church might be preserved in purity, according to God's word.

§ Another : that the Book of Common Prayer may be fitted to more increase of piety. See Baker's Chron., pp. 444-5-6.—*The king and bishops gave satisfaction to none of these their demands.*

Its Psalms, its lessons, and, what else  
Of Scripture, are translated false :  
The meaning of the Holy Ghost  
Thro' all its Scripture part is lost,  
Because the version's alter'd quite  
From what the sacred penmen write.

Aghast at this the bishops look,  
And\* Reynolds opened the book,  
Which carefully from end to end  
He turn'd and ev'ry sentence scann'd ;  
Condemning many faults again,  
That had been found in Bessy's reign ;  
Discov'ring yet an hundred more  
Than e'er had been observ'd before,  
All which the Presbyterian side  
Demanded might be rectify'd.

But this the bishops would not do,  
Nor would the king consent thereto,  
Thinking it would disgrace old Cranmer,  
And brand him for a false reformer,

\* Besides what Reynolds, Sparks, Chaderton, and Kneustuba, had objected against the Common Prayer, the ministers of Lincoln diocese wrote a book against it, which they delivered to his majesty, December 1, 1606 ; in an abridgment of which book, I find these following objections against it : first, that the Book of Common Prayer appointed as such translation of the Holy Scriptures to be read in the church, as leaveth out of the text sundry words and sentences which were given of divine inspiration, p. 14. It doth add both words and sentences to the text, to the changing and obscuring of the meaning of the Holy Ghost, p. 15. Such a translation, as is in many places absurd, and such as no reasonable sense can be made of, p. 16. In very many places it perverteth the meaning of the Holy Ghost, by a false interpretation of the text, p. 17. In that abridgment there are exceptions against the Common Prayer, Catechism, Homilies, and some of the thirty-nine articles. We thought meet, says the king, with the consent of the bishops, &c., that some small things might rather be *explained* than *changed* ; and for that purpose, gave further commission under our great seal of England to the archbishop of Canterbury and others, &c., to make the said *explanation*, and to cause the whole Book of Common Prayer, with the same *explanation*, to be newly printed. See the king's proclamation generally printed at the beginning of the Common Prayer Book.

For them to own what he set forth  
Corrupted, and of little worth,  
Tho' they would not make reparation  
Of its gross faults by true translation ;  
Yet did the king think fit, that they  
Should rectify 't another way.  
We'll let, says he, the letter stand,  
But yet its sense shall be explain'd :  
For change of sense, I know, is better,  
Than alteration of the letter,  
And will less scandalize the weak :  
What say ye to 't ? Speak, bishops, speak !  
Learn'd prince, say they, your words are wise,  
Nor can a better way devise.  
Go then, says he, *explain* the book,  
And not one error overlook.  
They do so : and their explanation  
He authoriz'd by proclamation.  
This sort of complimentary action  
Gave none or little satisfaction  
To Reynolds, and his godly train,  
Who look'd on 't as a trifle vain :  
And told 'em such an explanation  
Was but imposing on the nation  
A sense, the words of Common Prayer,  
While uncorrected, could not bear.  
Your ceremonies (but in vain)  
You may in some fond sort explain ;  
But how, say they, can explanation  
Turn into truth a *false translation* ?  
Your explanation, tho' 't be good,  
Yet the false version stands where 't stood.  
What reason then to think that we  
Should e'er\* subscribe your liturgy ?

\* After many other points moved by Dr. Reynolds, he came at last to subscription, entreating it might not be exacted as heretofore.—Baker.

And therefore never move us to 't,  
Nor punish such as will not do 't.  
Conscience should not be forc'd, but free,  
In days of gospel liberty.

This put the bishops to a stand,  
Till Cæsar took their cause in hand,  
Who very hotly held dispute  
To help the baffl'd bishops out.

*The \*gospel hath been preached here,*  
Says he, *this five and forty year :*  
And is not this of ancient standing  
Enough to please you without mending?  
Go, stubborn villains, and comply,  
Or else, by kirk's antiquity  
I swear I'll souse ye, by and by.

His other arguments were few,  
Some think but *one*, and some say *two*,  
If *three*, the last a curled brow,  
For his I WILL, or I WILL NOT,  
When with an awful forehead put,  
'Gainst Reynolds and his whigs prevail'd,  
When all the bishop's logic fail'd.

Before the conference did begin,  
He could have told what side would win ;

\* In fine, the king told them, that " if after the gospel's preaching forty-five years among you (*a long time indeed*), there be any yet in these points unsatisfied, I doubt it proceeds rather out of stubbornness of opinion, than out of tenderness of conscience; and therefore let them conform themselves, or else they shall hear further of it." Vide Baker *supr.*—Notwithstanding the many errors, false translations, and corruptions of Scripture found in the Common Prayer Book, by the Presbyterians, yet the king and his bishops, in the book of Canons, made in their convocation of 1603, and printed in 1604, oblige everybody, under pain of excommunication, to hold it for true and good, as in " Canon 4: Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the form of God's worship in the Church of England, established by law, and contained in the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of Sacraments, is a corrupt, superstitious, or unlawful worship of God, or containeth anything in it that is repugnant to the Scriptures; let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored but by the bishop of the place, or archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors."

d long before been weary  
 and Murray's presbytery ;  
 v their principles pernicious  
 rebellious and seditious ;  
 rstood as well their knacks  
 o since wrote *Philanax* ;  
 resolved to run down  
 ks, and up lawn sleeves and gown.  
 , his mother's banishment,  
 ers that he underwent  
 whilst in his tender years,  
 ern'd by presbyters),  
 ight motives to incline him  
 s' side, who gladly join him.  
 the conference was ended,  
 e had so well defended  
 mon Prayer and sinking cause,  
 they lift their foremost paws ;  
 erbury roll'd his eyes,  
 ts' eggs, up to the skies ;  
 he gasp'd, was fit to choak,  
 broke out, when thus he spoke :  
*side myself* with joy,  
 I'd know the reason why,  
 use our god-like prince  
 ly to 't in our defence,  
 s these our foes confuted.  
 we ! that he disputed,  
 the Holy Spirit's aid  
 : ev'ry word he said ;  
 his tongue did never move  
 assistance from above.  
*their church's head to be* ,  
*o full of deity.*  
 e Prayer Book's explanation,  
 rhyme, comes in translation ;  
 fore what you meet with next  
 version of the text ;



For skill'd reformers, Bibles cobble,  
As poets verses do that hobble.

\*Reynolds and Kneustubs, with their men,  
Against false Bibles now complain ;  
And tell the bishops in great wrath,  
They had impos'd for *rule of faith*,  
Scripture corrupt and falsify'd.  
(Those needs must err, whom false rules guide.)

It's now full five and forty year  
Since our new gospel budded here ;  
Yet since it ne'er had better ground  
Than Bibles false, corrupt, unsound,  
What but a toad-stool can spring out  
From a corrupted rotten root ?

Here Reynolds stopped: the bishops stood  
Silent as carved men of wood,  
Not thinking proper to deny  
What could be prov'd apparently ;  
Nor willing it should be related,  
Their rule of faith was false translated ;  
Not one of them would move his tongue.  
The king, suspecting all was wrong,  
Bids 'em to bring him every version  
That had been since the reformation ;  
Will Tyndal's Bible bring me in,  
And Matthew's also, quoth the king ;  
I know 'em both, they're good for naught ;  
Then they bring Grafton's Bible out ;  
Geneva's Bible follows this,  
And three more Bibles made by Bess.

The king himself no labor spar'd  
To compare, and to see compar'd,  
Those versions with the Greek and Hebrew  
Originals ; for both tongues he knew

\* Another motion of Dr. Reynolds was, that there might be a new translation of the Bible, because the present translations were corrupt.—Baker.

As well as cabalistic seers,  
Or Ptolemy's interpreters.  
The further on he did proceed,  
The more he found they disagreed :  
At last he flung 'em all away,  
And to the disputants did say,

*Here's not one\* Bible, on my soul,  
That's good: Geneva's is the worst of all.*

My lords, says he, I'll ha' the nation  
No longer gull'd with false translation ;  
And therefore quickly go about  
The fitting of another out.  
Right, or at least, *secundum art* ;  
That is, *humph*, popery ! ye ken.  
My meaning : set about it then.

The bishops, who by such a hint  
Guess'd easily at what he meant,  
Protested they'd enough of zeal  
'Gainst popery to do it well.

The learned'st doctors in the land  
That did or did not understand  
The ancient language Moses spoke,  
When he composed the Pentateuch,  
Were gathered by the convocation.  
To help to make this *new translation* ;  
To work they go, no hand was idle,  
Till out there comes another Bible.  
*New rule of faith*, to guide the nation,  
Named *king James the First's translation* ;  
Yet not much better than the rest,  
As by their learn'd must be confest,  
Who always in each new edition  
Change something from the last impression ;  
So that of diff'rent Bibles now  
The number 's very hard to know.

\* The king told them he could never yet see a Bible well translated into English ; and the Geneva translation was the worst of all. See *Confer.* before his majesty, p. 46.

Or whether th' oldest or the newest,  
Or which of all the rest is truest.  
Some think they're all not worth a button,  
Witness the Oxford Polyglotton,  
Which differs from 'em ev'ry one  
In its English translation.

As Jove could into different shapes  
Transform himself to act his rapes,  
So those reforming jugglers twisted  
Their Bible to what form they listed,  
To authorize by each translation,  
A new or further reformation.  
As all their first translations spoke  
Against the faith they then forsook,  
So this, made in king James's reign,  
Is levell'd at the Puritan.

For instance, Bess's first translation  
Chang'd the word *church* to *congregation*;  
For having left the Church of Rome,  
They had nothing like a church at home.  
But this turns congregation out,  
And church in its place again is brought,  
'Cause they would now considered be  
A church beneath an hierarchy,  
A very fair advance, I swear,  
In *four or five and forty year*.  
And count presbyters, and the rest,  
But congregations, at the best.  
This congregation church would be  
Held for the ancient hierarchy:  
And now pretends to ordination  
Episcopal, and consecration:  
Therefore has brought under correction—  
*Ordaining elders by election*.  
*Election* they'll no longer try  
To make a priest or bishop by,  
And so they've from the Bible 'ras'd it;  
Where their *elected* grandsires plac'd it.

And now themselves they mean to carry  
 the bishops o'er th' presbytery :  
 All have the clergy dance attendance  
 on them, on whom they have dependence,  
 rul'd and govern'd, and ever stand  
 obedient to their command.

therefore in this Bible read  
 LE, which was in the former *feed* ;\*  
 d for the same cause translate† *power*,  
 ick was *prerogative* before.  
 dition† now comes into play,  
 ick former Bibles cast away,  
 d did, in place of it, advance  
*struction and ordinance*.

the bishops own some pious uses :  
 ick other sects count grand abuses :  
 christ'ning infants 'ere they have  
 e use of reason to believe ;  
 ptismal cross, and wedding-rings ;  
 orshipping brides, those pretty things ;  
 eeling when they communicate  
 lthough it be but bread they eat),  
 aking the Sabbath-day, and keeping  
 e first day holy|| (and for sleeping),  
 ndles unlighted† on God's board ;  
 d wearing, when they serve the Lord,  
 wn sleeves, gowns, rochets, surplices, -  
 ps, tips, and such things as these,

In St. Matthew (c. 2. 6), the true reading is, *Out of thee (Beth-  
 sam) shall come forth the ruler, who shall rule my people Israel*.  
 Queen Elizabeth's translators were so much afraid of being  
 d, that they falsely turned the word *rule* into *feed* : but king  
 en's bishops, finding in themselves a *power of ruling* the  
 byterians and other sects, corrected the corruption.  
 In the Bible of 1599, St. John i. 13: *prerogative* is corruptly  
 instead of *power* ; but is corrected in king James's Bible.  
 Queen Elizabeth's Bibles, printed anno 1560, 1597, 1599, have  
*ruptions and ordinances* instead of *traditions* ; which false  
 ions king James's translators have corrected.

Saturday.

|| Sunday.

They stand always unlighted in Protestant kirks.

Which all the sects of purer saints  
Condemn for popish ornaments.  
The other customs held for good ones,  
As eating blood in nice black puddings,  
And giblet-pies, with other food  
That cunning cooks made up of blood ;  
Feeding on strangled things, as hares,  
And other creatures caught in snares ;  
Fasting on Vigils, and in Lent ;  
Keeping the feast of ev'ry saint  
That in their Common Pray'r is found,  
And by its rubrics strictly bound.  
All which old customs they could not  
Defend by any word, but that  
Old term *tradition* : therefore they  
Have cast their ordinance away,  
And in its place again have fixt  
*Tradition*. Thus they mend the text.

They mend it only in such places  
As seem to cross their present cases,  
By giving liberty to such  
New sect as may spring up in church.  
But when in any place they found  
The text corrupted and unsound,  
If 't did the Roman faith offend,  
They seldom would the error mend ;  
As for example in the margent\*  
I'll show ; but will not much enlarge on 't.

\* The king's Bible still retains the word *elder* instead of *priest*, because, under the name *priest*, they knew people generally understood a *Catholic priest*, not a *Protestant minister*. Nor can their ministers to this day get themselves styled *priests* (unless when spoken with design), but *parsons*, *ministers*, or *elders*. And their writers, in king James II.'s time, were extremely fond of being called *ministerial guides*, forsooth ! and style themselves so in their writings. A term ridiculous enough to such as grant they have no *power* to *guide*, nor anybody *obliged* to be *guided* by them, as appears in Burnet's Exposition on the thirty-nine articles.—In that text of the prophet Malachi (c. 2. 7), which, when truly translated, is, *the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth : because he is the angel of the*

In short this last translation still  
Is false, corrupt, almost as ill  
As those crooked rules of faith they had  
In days of Elizabeth and Ned.

*Lord of hosts* : Queen Elizabeth's Bibles falsely turn the word *shall* into *should*, and *angel* into *messenger* ; and king James's still retain the corruption ; suggesting by it, that the priest's lips *should* keep knowledge, and teach the law, but *do* not. Their turning *angel* into *messenger* is done also to lessen the dignity of priesthood. The whole corruption is designed to render not only particular priests and bishops contemptible, but to stamp the character of *fallibility* on even approved general councils, and the supreme high priest that sits in the chair of that great apostle, for whom Christ prayed. *That his faith should not fail* ; yea, upon the whole Catholic Church, whether collective or diffusive. But if the Catholic Church be fallible, as they would make it, what can we expect from that thing which calls itself *the Church of England* ? Must we seek for the *law* and *gospel* at the lips of its *elders* and *ministerial guides*, or at its convocations and councils, though the greatest they can gather ?—Dr. Burnet, bishop of Sarum, in his Exposition on the Twentieth Article (pp. 195, 6), tells us better things. (His words are already noted above, in Canto II.) He sets every man on a level with the whole body of the Church of England pastors. The tinker has as much authority in matter of faith as the bishop ; the cobbler as the church, perhaps more, from being allowed to examine the matter over again ; and if at last the public decisions cannot please him, he may light his tobacco-pipe with them, and decide for himself. By this not one Protestant in England has any obligation at all, in conscience, to believe any one of their thirty-nine articles, upon the authority of the convocation that made them, or church that proposes them. The same may be said of their Common Prayer, Catechisms, Homilies, Canons, Injunctions, Preachings, Sacraments, &c., upon *their* church's authority, I say. Is it not then the most *unjust and greatest tyranny* over men's consciences that can be imagined, to punish dissenters by loss of estates, imprisonments, loss of life (as hath too often been practised by force of penal laws), and sending their souls to the devil, by their canons ? In them, I say, who declare they have no more authority than the man they so *hang and damn* has to judge for himself.—In 1 Tim. (c. 4. 14) and 2 Tim. (c. 1. 6) king James's Bible still follow the old corruption, *gift* instead of *grace*. The twenty-fifth of the thirty-nine articles obliges them to this, by its denying the holy order to be a sacrament, or to have *any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God*. Consequently no invisible *grace*.—King James's translation retains yet the word *elder* instead of *priest* ; and, because those *gifted* elders cannot be without *wives*, they resolve their Bibles shall allow them, though they make them of their sisters. As 1 Cor. (c. 9. 5.), *Have we not power to lead about a woman, a sister ?* they falsely turn the word *woman* into *wife*.

Thus, 'as their faith held on its course  
 Of change, from better to the worse,  
 Or from the worst again to better,  
 So alter'd they the Scripture's letter,  
 And made it ply like wax of bee,  
 To ev'ry shape of heresy.  
 New faiths were still the rules they had,  
 By which their rules of faith were made  
 So water brings forth ice, and then  
 Ice into water turns again.

The king, designing to prevent  
 All future strife by argument,  
 And stamp authority upon  
 What had been well, or not well done  
 Before his time in faith and worship,  
 By regal power, or power of bishop,

Queen Elizabeth's Bibles of 1598, 1599, say, 'Have not we power to lend about a wife, being a sister?' The king's Bible has it, 'a sister, a wife?' See that printed at London, 1703. They also retain the ridiculous corruption *yoke-fellow* instead of *companion*, Phil. 4.—The king's Bibles keep still that impious and spiteful corruption against our blessed Lady (St. Luke, c. 1. 28), *Hail, thou art highly favored*, which should be, *Hail, full of grace*. This is invidiously done to disgrace and lessen the blessed Virgin, mother of God; and, as much as in them lies, to debase her to the level of their own *highly favored yoke-fellows*.—Nor have they corrected that malicious corruption in the 20th chapter of Exodus (v. 4), *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image*; which, if truly translated according to the Hebrew, should be *graven thing*, or *graven idol*, as the Greeks interpret it. But the word *image* is neither in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, but altogether against the meaning of the Holy Ghost; who, on the contrary, commanded the Jews to make *images*, and to place them in the temple; this corruption has got into the Common Prayer Books and Catechisms, in their second commandment: thereby they stamp on the tender souls of their children such a horror against holy images, and so rivet into the heads of the people, that they look upon the *image of Christ crucified on the cross* with a great deal more fear and terror, than they would do to behold the devil himself. The devil's image they freely make in the horrid figures imaginable, which they keep tenderly enough; and to honor it the more, have exalted it, in the ugly poisonous form of a great dragon, to the top of their church steeples, where the *cross of Christ* used formerly to stand. Witness Bow Church in London, and Covent Garden Church, the first has a dragon on the steeple; the other, a serpent over the door.

Speaks in a grave religious fashion  
To his attentive convocation :

My lords, you know our prudent *quondam*  
Queen Elizabeth, a pious dame,  
Secur'd her kirk by statute penal  
'Gainst life and goods, which you have seen all,  
And know full well that their effect  
Falls short of what you did expect.  
I have a project reaches further  
By far than that, were 't put in order ;  
And it is this : a *ghostly law*  
Must strike in people greater awe  
Than all your penal statutes, which  
No further than the body reach ;  
For what strikes at the soul, I'm sure  
None but an atheist can endure.  
Therefore to work I'd have ye go,  
And bind their souls by ghostly law.

Of canons make a *corpus-juris*,  
To affirm that our religion pure is :  
And\* excommunicate all such  
As think not orthodox our church  
An excommunication 's frightful,  
'Cause to the devil 't sends the spiteful,  
And damns 'em for their wicked errors,  
This must strike folk with dreadful terrors,  
And make 'em glad with us to join  
In worship, faith, and discipline ;  
Spirit'al weapons keener are  
Than all the edge tools us'd in war.

\* Rogers's explanation of the thirty-nine articles (the book called *The Catholic Doctrine of the Church of England* perused and allowed by the lawful authority of the Church of England), tells us, that the most severe and uttermost punishment that the visible church can inflict upon the wicked, is excommunication. Which is to put the wicked doer from the company of the faithful, to deliver him unto Satan, and to denounce him a heathen and a publican. A man so cut off from the congregation, and excommunicated, is not to be eaten withal, nor to be received into a house. See the 33d of the 39 articles, and Rogers's explanation upon it.



They all consented to the same,  
And out a book of canons came :  
I think in number, *off and on*,  
A hundred and forty-one.

I have put down some two or three,  
For th' rest the book of canons see.  
Canon the third\* presumes to call  
Their new church apostolical :  
And yet King James, learn'd prince and sage,  
At forty-five years dates its age ;  
That is from the first year of the reign  
Of its great foundress, Bess the queen.  
Oh, what a gaping chasm ! here 's  
A leap of fourteen hundred years  
Between the apostles' time and Bess's :  
Was ever such a bull as this is ?

The †fourth heals up the Common Prayer,  
Yet cures not one corruption there :  
For all that Reynolds and his men  
Complain'd of, to this day remain.

The ‡fifth approves the thirty-nine  
For pious doctrines and divine.  
Yet in the seventeenth you'll see  
Involv'd Calvinian blasphemy,  
Rising from § absolute decrees,  
And from eternal purposes ;

\* Canon 3. Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the church of England by law established under the king's majesty, is not a true and an apostolical church, teaching and maintaining the doctrine of the apostles : let him be excommunicated *ipse facto*, and not be restored, but only by the archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of this his wicked error.

† Canon 4. As page 348, Canto IV., *supra* margin.

‡ Canon 5. Vide marginal note at the end of the Appendix.—Canon 6. Excommunicates impugners of the rites and ceremonies established in the church of England.

§ Dr. Burnet, on the 17th article, says : It is very probable that those who penned it, meant that the decree was absolute ; or, as he calls it a little before, God's eternal purpose and decree made purely upon an absolute will. He says, also, that the Calvinists have less occasion for scruple in subscribing than the Remonstrants, since the article does seem more plainly to favor them.

Which, in plain consequence, bring in  
 God for the author of all sin.  
 Christ's Church the nineteenth article,  
 In spite of Christ, makes fallible.  
 Hope, charity, and good works are  
 Excluded quite from any share  
 In man's justification.  
 Its faith must save him, *faith alone*.  
 The eleventh calls this doctrine wholesome,  
 And palms 't on souls for sov'reign balsam  
 The twenty-eighth 's an absurd fiction,  
 The thirty-fifth 's a contradiction.

The \*eighth, and †thirty-sixth, to bind  
 Young elders, that would be ordain'd,

\* Canon 8. Excommunicates impugners of the form of consecrating and ordering archbishops, bishops, &c., in the church of England.

† Canon 39. No person shall hereafter be received into the ministry, &c., except he shall first subscribe to these three articles following: 1. That the king's majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other his highness' dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal: and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within his majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries. 2. That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering of bishops, priests, and deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the word of God, and that it may lawfully be used, and that he himself will use the form in the said book in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, and none other. 3. That he alloweth the book of articles of religion agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy in the convocation holden at London, in the year of our Lord God one thousand five hundred and sixty-two: and that he acknowledgeth all and every the articles therein contained, being in number nine and thirty, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the word of God.—To these three articles whosoever will subscribe, he shall, for the avoiding of all ambiguities, subscribe in this order and form of words, setting down both his Christian and surname, viz. "I, N. N., do willingly and *ex animo* subscribe to these three articles above mentioned, and to all things that are contained in them."—*Well sworn, young parson!*—Canon 141 brings up the rear by excommunicating depravers of the sacred synod, as they ridiculously call it. The king, highly elevated with the conceit of the performances of his sacred synod, and the fine number of canons they had made him; considering also his

To Edward's form of ordination,  
 Tho' now not us'd, but out of fashion.  
 Their bishoprics do also lie  
 Under the same canonic tie  
 Of using them, when they ordain  
 And consecrate new clergymen :  
 Yet this they never meant to do  
 Since sixteen hundred sixty-two ;  
 For then it was they new ones made,  
 And by, as null, the old ones laid.  
 When they those forms chang'd, it is strange  
 They did not then these canons change,  
 And the thirty-sixth article,  
 Which binds them all to use them still.  
 Then could it not so flatly go  
 Against their oath *ex animo*.  
 But now observe their wretched state,  
 You'll find 'em excommunicate.  
 They break a main point of their faith,  
 Subscribe and swear till out of breath,

title of *defender of the faith*, thought himself sufficiently empowered by divine authority to spread his church of England religion as far as the apostles did Christianity. He therefore, to begin at home and drive the work before him, "sends divers learned divines into Scotland, to promote an uniformity of religion" Baker. —And now for Holland, to grapple with Vorstius: "whom the state," says Baker, "determined to enter for public professor at Leyden; but he, knowing him to hold many erroneous opinions, &c., earnestly solicited the states, by his own letters and by his lieger, sir Ralph Winwood, by no means to admit the said Vorstius into that place, &c., which, after much solliciting, his request was granted, and Vorstius expelled."—The next he set upon was Arminius and his doctrines in the synod of Dort, in Holland. "That synod consisted," says Baker, "of learned divines sent from the Count Palatine of the Rhine, from Hesse, from Switzerland, Geneva, Berne, Embden, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, and other provinces. Some also were sent from England, as George, bishop of Landaff, J. Dauenant, Sam. Ward, Thomas Good, and Walter Belcanquel, a Scot: which Synod was assembled to examine and determine the doctrine of Arminius, which was at last rejected, as also that of Vorstius, &c. The papists made so little reckoning of this synod, that one of them, in scorn, made Echo censure it in this distich: Dordraci Synodus? Notus. Chorus integer? Ager. Conventus? Ventus. Semo Stramen? Amen."

By all the flesh upon their backs,  
Till over stretched conscience cracks.

Their canons, faith, and perjury,  
Do damn them by authority.

The next design they set on foot  
Was a prodigious powder plot;  
Plot that had sure enough undone 'em,  
If 't had blown houses down upon 'em,  
Or blown 'em up, I think the rather  
I should say, tho' no matter whether;  
For the inventor of the plot  
Design'd it ne'er should come to that;  
And yet it did not miss the end  
For which it was at first design'd.

The king at that time kept beside him  
One\* who outwitted all that tried him;  
Deep oracle was all he said,  
Like that of Bacon's brazen head:  
An old serpentine Machivilian,  
Not one more crafty in a million.  
His politics did ever tend  
To some mischievous wicked end:  
Religion he had never any,  
Yet, like his dad, profess'd as many  
As came to hand, provided that  
They first were owned by the state.  
But whatsoever he profest,  
He was a foe to all the rest;  
Yet had a greater spite for none  
Than Catholic religion;  
Nor any by him more molested  
Than those good souls that still profess'd it.

This was the man that did invent  
The plot† that scar'd the parliament:

\* This sir Robert Cecil was made secretary of state under queen Elizabeth before his father, sir William Cecil, died, continued in that office in king James's time, and upon his good service in the plot was made treasurer.

† "The plot," says the author of the Catholic Apology, "was

Which to the papists' charge he laid,  
Like Nero, who in story's said  
To have himself set Rome on flame,  
Then charg'd the Christians with the same.

Yet Cecil, for so hight the man,  
That this contrivance carried on,  
Thought it was best not to begin,  
Till some loose papists were drawn in :  
Such as the name, but little more  
Than this, of that religion bore.  
For from the guilty his intent  
Was to defame the innocent.  
Thus bold unthinking busy fools  
Are politicians' working tools.

Under the senate house there were  
Deep cellars made for ale and beer ;  
But empty then as *vacuum*,  
Or hollow belly of a drum :  
And these they fill with thirty-six  
Gunpowder barrels and dry sticks :  
The billet-wood above they throw  
To hide the powder stow'd below.

Well, having thus prepar'd the vault,  
And all things ready for assault,

designed to make the policy of a great statesman ;" meaning Cecil, p. 399, edit. 3.—Father Ware, in his *Posthumous History of the English Provinces*, says : there was no light suspicion of a peer's knowing the conspiracy long before its discovery, who cunningly pretended ignorance, that more might be involved. See *Hist. of the Society*, p. 310. Sanderson, a Protestant, intimates the same, when he tells us that the jesuits had a note of Cecil's name in the register ; not as a day-laborer, but as the master workman ; whose foreign and domestic engineers wrought in the mine of discovery. Sand., p. 344.—And the said charge (says the Cath. Apology out of Sanderson) Cecil himself owns, by making this answer to the complaint of the Catholics :—"That even so Nero set Rome on fire, and after laid the blame upon the Christians." Sand., p. 336, Ca. Ap., p. 413.—Osborne, a Protestant, in his *Hist. of king James*, p. 38, calls it, "A neat device of the treasurer's." Cecil was made treasurer immediately after the discovery. And Sanderson says he was made an earl for his service in this business, p. 306. And king James himself usually called the fifth day of November Cecil's Holyday. Cath. Ap., p. 433.

To heave the senate, at one blow,  
Higher than e'er they meant to go.  
The next great piece of Cecil's care  
Was to discover this affair  
So cunningly, that naught of this ill  
Might seem to be contriv'd by Cecil,  
But only by those papists who  
He had procured to work below.

Cecil, to bring his plot to light,  
Does to the lord \*Monteagle write  
A letter without date or place,  
Or name to know from whence it was.  
Monteagle was a papist lord,  
Just, loyal, noble, and abhorr'd  
Conspiracies, or anything  
Against his country, God, or king;  
Who, opening this surprising letter,  
Was struck with wonder at the matter:  
For you must know the mystic scrawl,  
Like to Baltassar's on the wall,  
Seem'd at the first strangely mysterious,  
But on consideration serious,  
He dreaded something might be in 't  
Relating to the government;  
And therefore does the letter bring  
To Cecil;—Cecil to the king.

The king looks seriously upon 't,  
Reads o'er a line and studies on 't:  
And then another line cons o'er,  
And pores on 't as he did before;  
Lifts up a lug, casts down an eye,  
From its fifth corner looks, to try  
If he the depth on 't could espy.  
At last thro' oblique nerve of sheep's eye,  
Into the bottom of it peeps he,

\* Cecil contrived the strange letter that was sent to the lord Monteagle. See Cath. Apol., p. 405.

And told his courtiers what it meant;  
I see, says he, gunpowder in 't,  
By which a blast is to be given  
To blow the parliament to heaven  
To this sense of his majesty  
The council table did agree:  
Only to Cecil the whole letter  
Seem'd nonsense, or but little better;  
He still pretending to admire  
They could find powder in 't or fire;  
Or anything that in a minute  
Could up, or down, blow house of senate.

Thus he seemed not to understand it,  
Lest some might think he had a hand in 't;  
Or else perhaps might spoil his plot  
By the pursuing it too hot;  
For he to light would have it brought,  
Just as 't was fit for breaking out;  
And therefore ten days after staid  
Before that any search was made.

Till on the eve, before the sitting  
Of parliament, he thought it fitting  
To search the cellars, where he found  
The powder barrels underground.  
For as in well contriv'd romances,  
And stories made to please folks' fancies,  
Each grand adventure must break out  
In nick of time else 't serves for naught.  
So Cecil timing things aright,  
Did in fit moment bring to light,  
The powder in infernal grot,  
And then exclaim'd a *popish plot*!

He sends post-haste the tidings down,  
And bells rung out in every town;  
Great joy was thro' the nation made,  
And violins and bag-pipes play'd;  
Wine into streets they bring, and ale,  
Some in black-jacks, some in a pail,

Which set before the swinish rabble,  
They swill their guts whilst they are able,  
And with loud curses rend their throats,  
Against the pope and popish plots.  
Guns, from the Tower and the forts.  
Echo the Bacchanalian sports ;  
And squibs and crackers fly about  
With huzzas, and confused shout.

Thanksgivings, mix'd with backward prayers,  
Flew from all churches to the stars ;  
And in enthusiastic raptures  
The parsons open'd hidden scriptures,  
In which they found this plot foretold  
By ancient seers in days of old :  
As they pretended to make good  
From Scriptures wrote before the flood ;  
By Sept'agints in rolls of vellum ;  
And folks believe whate'er they tell 'em ;  
The rankest nonsense, and what not  
Is blessed preaching up of plot.

Thus the suppos'd delivery  
Of nation, in epitome,  
Was celebrated everywhere ;  
And hence it is that once a year  
The people powder-plots remember,  
*And all run mad the fifth day of November.*

The king himself, if some guess right,  
Knew all before it came to light ;  
And why and how it was begun,  
And wink'd at Cecil's carrying 't on :  
Whence 't was for him an easy matter  
T' unriddle that mysterious letter,  
But this I leave to such as know  
How far state policy may go.  
A certain writer\* I have seen,  
If all be true that pass'd his pen,

\* The book is entitled, *The Court and Character of King James*,  
by Sir A. W.



The king wanted no wit, nor skill,  
Nor conscience in plotting ill.

This is however plainly known,  
That at his coming to the crown,  
He promis'd foreign princes, that  
The penal laws he'd abrogate ;  
And that this \*plot prov'd his pretence  
To keep them up for self-defence.  
Now if to this end 't was invented ;  
Or whether to it the king consented,  
Or knew on 't, I determine not ;  
It was 't is certain Cecil's plot :  
As will appear to him that list  
To read the learned apologist.

No more of Cecil and his plot :  
Another trick 's now set on foot,  
Which bishop Abbot, and Frank Mason,  
Resolve to put upon the nation :  
A young *register* 's set on foot,  
An awkward thing comes stalking out,  
And cries† Parker was bishop made  
At Lambeth : not at the Nag's head.

Their dialogue, concerning this,  
He that 's no conjuror may guess  
To be at least to this effect,  
If not the same in each respect :

Come, master Mason, you whose cares  
Disturb your sleep 'bout church affairs :  
To you, who secrets can conceal,  
I have deep matters to reveal,  
Quoth Abbot ; and I do declare  
'Tis what deserves our greatest care.

Papists, you know, in disputation  
Oft urge our want of consecration :

\* The reader is referred to what the earl of Castlemain hath judiciously writ of this plot, in his Catholic Apology.

† The pretended records and register of Matthew Parker's consecration at Lambeth.

And tell us, we are only sent,  
And bishops made by parli'ment :  
And that we neither have vocation  
Episcopal, nor consecration ;  
Nor mission apostolical,  
In short, nor any power at all.  
If we affirm we have : you ha' 't,  
Say they, from the lay magistrate :  
But laity, tho' king or queen,  
Had never power to *ordain*,  
And 'tis a maxim, that no mortal can  
*Give what he has not to another man.*

Bristow, and Harding, Stapleton,  
Allen, and doctor Kellison,  
Have often urged us to show  
When, where, by whom, the manner how  
We were made bishops ? But such queries  
Want answer yet, tho' many a year is  
Past over since they first, in print,  
Were to old Horn and Jewel sent.  
For my part, as I am a man, sir,  
To these demands I cannot answer.  
Tho' I myself may pass for a priest,  
And of the bishops the archest,  
Yet, how this power spiritual  
Comes down to me, I cannot tell ;  
Nor can I prove our orders from  
The prelates of the Church of Rome.

And if from thence they do not spring,  
Quoth Frank, they are not worth a pin.  
For true succession there is none  
But what by Rome is handed down.  
Why took not Parker better care  
At first of all in this affair ?

Parker did what he could, poor man,  
To obtain consecration,  
And all the popish bishops tried ;  
But was by each of them denied,

Quoth Abbot : therefore to a priest,  
Hight Scory, he himself addrest ;  
Who at the Nag's-head tavern laid  
His Tyndal Bible on his head.  
Which (I may say to you) at best  
Was but an idle drunken jest ;  
And wiser men are since asham'd  
To hear the character so stain'd.

But had not Parker, quoth Frank Mason,  
Some better sort of consecration ?  
No, no, says Abbot, there is none  
By any record can be shown.  
For my part I have sought the breves,  
And every scroll in the archives,  
At Lambeth : but the de'il a letter  
Find I relating to this matter.  
Whereas, had he been consecrated,  
The thing had surely been related,  
And register'd as others are,  
That were before made bishops there.  
It is a great mishap, my lord,  
Quoth Mason, that there 's no record ;  
But how to help 't we do not know.  
Yes, Frank, I'll tell thee what I'll do,  
Says Abbot—we'll such records frame,  
In honest Matthew Parker's name,  
As shall declare him consecrated,  
And fifty years ago be dated.  
Then will we slur them on the nation,  
To authorize his consecration.

This may do well for evidence,  
But what avails a vain pretence ?  
Says Frank, it gives no character.  
Quoth Abbot, if folk think we are  
True bishops, and esteem us such,  
For character I care not much.  
Tho' we are not by *right divine*  
*Made* priests and bishops, I design

To make the world believe we are  
Stamp'd with that sacred character.  
And who will doubt our being so,  
When we our Lambeth records show ?

'Tis true, quoth Frank, find they us thus  
*In Curia de Arcubus,*

It will in ages yet to come  
Make folk believe we sprang from Rome,  
And have our priesthood from the chair  
Of Peter's great successor there.

Nay, in process of time, e'en we  
Ourselves shall of this judgment be,  
Forgetting quite our Nag's-head Pedigree.  
This is the furthest we can wish ;  
A blest conclusion ! quoth archbish.

To work goes Abbot, and man Frank,  
Study, contrive, and write, and drank,  
Compare their notes, consult each other  
(For both sat at a desk together),  
Till in few days, by careful heeding,  
The records pass'd a *second reading*.  
Some few corrections were made after  
Of moment little, more of laughter ;  
Such as the cautious noting down  
Tap'stry, red cloth, and woollen gown.  
Then a third time they were read o'er,  
And both conclude they need no more :  
But place them in the archives, where  
Records of ancient bishops are.

Then Mason speaks, with prudence mighty  
We have contriv'd this matter weighty,  
And to as fair a pass have brought it,\*  
As Parker could had he forethought it.  
But what avails a register,  
If no man knows that it lies here ?  
And therefore what must next be done,  
Is to let people know there 's one,  
Without the least suspicion that

It was contriv'd or forg'd of late.  
Quoth Abbot, how must this be done ?  
My lord, says Frank, let me alone ;  
An't please your grace to give consent,  
I will put\* out a book in print ;  
My book shall prove our orders right  
In all our enemies' despite,  
For Parker's register I'll cite ;  
And tell 'em, if they please to mind it,  
Go but to Lambeth and they'll find it.

In troth the project 's excellent,  
Quoth Abbot, but be secret in 't,  
And get it done as soon as may be.  
My lord, all other things I'll lay-by,  
Says Frank, and to my ready pen  
Betake myself, and get it done.

Away goes Frank and 't was not long  
'Ere out flies book among the throng,  
Surprising the amazed nation  
With an unheard of consecration.  
Till sixteen hundred and thirteen  
This register was never seen ;  
Nor was there made the least pretence  
To any Lambeth evidence.  
For more than one and fifty year  
That Mason's writings did appear.

When this wise man first set his book out,  
And Lambeth records dar'd to look out,  
The learn'd† Fitzherbert saw the cheat,  
And found the point they levell'd at :  
Declar'd the register a new one,  
Unknown before, so not a true one.

\* Entitled thus: Of the Consecration of Bishops, in the Church of England, with their Succession, Jurisdiction, and other things incident to their calling, &c., wherein I will clear them from the slanders of Bellarmin, Sanders, Bristow, Harding, Allen, Stapleton, Parsons, Kellison, Eudemon, Becanus, and other Romanists.

† This father Thomas Fitzherbert wrote that excellent book, entitled, *Policy and Religion*. He was a man of great learning and holy life.

I see his words put down below,  
 those of other writers too.  
 Ampney, the Sorbonist, more fully  
 Mason's grief and melancholy,  
 per'd his book, expos'd the cheat,  
 prov'd his records counterfeit.  
 Jewel and Horn were set upon  
 Harding and by Stapleton;  
 urged mightily to show  
 signs of orders, also who  
 consecrated them? and how?  
 In reply we do not hear  
 Lambeth records mentioned were.  
 Certain 't is if such had been,  
 must have needs produc'd 'em then,  
 use they could, for their defence,  
 had no better evidence,  
 these had answer'd all those queries,  
 silenced their adversaries.  
 The great historians of our nation  
 the Pool's and Tonsal's consecration;  
 that of others; yet naught 's said,  
 either Stowe or Hollinshed  
 Parker's, tho' they lived when  
 Register suppos'd it done.  
 If by them it had been known,  
 also was it not put down  
 other consecrations were,  
 in their chronicles appear?  
 did such careful men neglect  
*FIRST* *archbishop of their sect?*  
 should have honor'd him much more,  
 all that ever went before:  
 use he was the only man  
 Bessy's prelacy began.  
 on,\* from Lambeth records, says,

\* Mason, from his Lambeth Register, writes thus of Parker's  
 on: "Now the See of Canterbury continued void until De-

Parker elected bishop was  
 About beginning of December :  
 Yet on the ninth day of September  
*Bishop elect* he 's styl'd ye know  
 By Raphael, Hollinshed, and Stowe.

cember following, about which time the dean and chapter, having received the *conge-de-lire*, elected master doctor Parker for their archbishop, proceeding in this election according to the ancient manner, and laudable custom of the aforesaid church, anciently used and inviolably observed." Here the records have deceived Mason in two remarkable passages: the one is the time of election, the other is his being elected by *conge-de-lire*, both which are false. For first, if he were not elected till about December, how came the queen to send a commission for his consecration, dated on September the ninth? Certainly she would not have him consecrated before his election. Either therefore the records are false as to this commission, or as to the election in December. Doubtless in both.—Dr. Heylin is so far from crediting Mason's December election, that he positively affirms, that the most reverend doctor Matthew Parker was elected to the See of Canterbury on the 1st of August. The *conge-de-lire* (as he, following Mason, ignorantly calls the letter missive), which opened him the way to this dignity, bears date on the 18th of July, within a few days after the deprivation of the former bishops. Thus Heylin, p. 291.—Secondly, as to the pretended *conge-de-lire*, Mason, the recorder, brings it out about December, but Heylin dates it on the 18th day of July; but in real truth there was no such writ as a *conge-de-lire* at that time in being; king Harry VIII. having abolished it by an act of Parliament, stat. 25. H. VIII., (revived in stat. 1. Eliz. I.,) wherein it is enacted, "that at every vacancy of any archbishopric or bishopric, the king sends a letter missive, containing the name of the person which they (the dean and chapter) shall, with all speed, in due form, elect and choose the said person named in the said letter-missive, to the dignity and office of archbishop, &c., and none other."—King Edward VI. enacted stat. 1. Edward VI., that no *conge-de-lire*, should be granted, &c., and in the said act declares, that a writ of *conge-de-lire*, serves to no purpose, but is derogatory and prejudicial to the king's prerogative royal.—Now, candid reader, I beg you to judge whether Parker could be elected by the old Catholic writ of *conge-de-lire*, according to the ancient manner and laudable custom of the church of Canterbury, anciently used and inviolably observed. Election by *conge-de-lire*, according to the ancient custom, cannot possibly be meant of any Protestant custom; because no Protestant was ever elected to the church of Canterbury before Matt. Parker. Even Cranmer himself, though thrust in by the king, yet was elected by *conge-de-lire* after the Catholic manner: for the *conge-de-lire*, was not abolished till a year after Cranmer's election, nor the letter-missive enacted: he being elected 24 of H. VIII., and the letter-missive enacted in the 25th of his

And Heylin, on the first of August,  
Speaks him elect ; so that there's no trust  
To Mason's record can be had ;  
A four months' error's very bad,  
And stabs to th' heart the story's credit,  
Murders the cause of those that need it,

*Conge-de-lire* was sent down  
To dean and chapter from the crown ;  
A prelate must be chose by that,  
And the election fell on Mat.  
According to the ancient custom,  
Say Records : but you must not trust 'em,  
Because that sort of writ we know  
Was long before made void in law  
By statute parliamentary,  
Made in the days of old king Harry :  
And has since that revived been  
In the first year of Bess, the queen.  
So that to send *conge-de-lires*  
Had broke her own laws and her sire's ;  
A *letter-missive* in its stead  
Was to be sent by church's head.  
A *letter-missive* is a writ  
That names what man the king thinks fit,  
And only he is chose by it. }  
Where to elect there is but one,  
'Tis Hobson's choice ; take that or none ;  
Whereat *conge-de-lire* gives 'em  
More choice, and to a free election leaves 'em.

reign.—Mason himself, where he speaks without regard to his records, owns freely, "that the king grants a license to the dean and chapter with a letter-missive, containing the name of the person which they shall elect and choose." He cites anno 25 H. VIII., c. 20. Which statute (as is said above) was repealed by queen Mary, but revived by Elizabeth in the first year of her reign, before Parker's election. So that he could not otherwise possibly be elected than by the letter-missive, and not by *conge-de-lire*, according to the ancient custom of that church, as the register falsely and ignorantly says.



—  
This was the ancient custom, but  
Mat. could not then be chose by that.  
Hence 't is our learned writers reckon  
The Lambeth register mistaken.  
Since this is false, the rest may be  
Presumed all gross forgery.

Mat. now elected, out there came  
Commission in his highness' name,  
Him bishop for to consecrate ;  
September the ninth was its date,  
To Tonsal, Bourne, and Pool 't was sent,  
And old Landaff was named in 't :  
Scory and Barlow too were there,  
A base unconsecrated pair.

The three first named of the six  
Were of the ancient Catholics,  
Deprived of their bishoprics  
Two months before ; as you may read  
In Heylin, Stowe, and Hollinshed,  
Because they would not swear that Bess  
Was church's head, or governess.

Besides their deprivation, they  
As prisoners confined lay  
Some hundred miles from one another,  
Too far to come so soon together :  
Bourne was to Exeter restrain'd ;  
At Peterborough Pool remain'd.  
Tonsal was Parker's prisoner  
In Lambeth house, and died there.

All which consider'd, could the queen  
Presume those bishops, who had been  
Thrust out, and us'd at such a rate,  
Would her new changeling consecrate,  
Who were, they knew, sworn schismatics,  
And obstinate proud heretics.  
Or could she ever once imagine  
Those prelates of the old religion  
Would make a primate of the nation,

Without the pontiff's approbation :  
Or ever seat such impious elves  
In chairs belonging to themselves ?  
Bess, and her council, sure were wiser  
Than oversee such slips as these are.  
In fine, it runs beyond suspicion,  
That is but a forg'd commission ;  
And, if one part be forg'd, then all  
Will under the same censure fall.

Out comes, some three months after this,  
A new commission from dame Bess ;  
December the sixth day 't is dated,  
Mat. must by this be consecrated.  
And now the time draws on apace,  
To acquire what yet he wanted, *grace*,  
For in December, records say,  
From Bath and Wells the sev'nteenth day,  
Mat. drank his overflowing cup  
Of grace and consecration up.

By Bath and Wells you must conceive,  
An old unconsecrated knave,  
Call'd Barlow, who a while before,  
To these, as bishop, title bore.  
A lewd fall'n priest that had a wife,  
But ne'er was a bishop in his life :  
Nor is there found in any nation  
The least scroll of his consecration.

And this was Parker's consecrator,  
Scory was next, and hang the better.  
The third was whining Coverdale,  
Two fall'n priests that lov'd women well,  
But never rose to the degree  
Of consecrated prelacy ;  
Yet stole th' name of bishops, when  
There was no form left to ordain.

Hodgkins the last, yet writers can  
Hardly agree about the man :  
Some say two suffragans were there,

But tell you not who made the pair ;  
 Or whether Dover was, or Thetford,  
 The place of residence, or Bedford.  
 Wise men, who things with care discuss,  
 Conclude he dwelt in *nubibus*.

The register is trimly penn'd,  
 I mean to character and hand,  
 And put in decent form, till 't looks  
 Like what boys draw in copy-books  
 When they are minded to appear  
 More skilful than their masters are.

Anno 1559. Mat. Park.	} by {	Wm. Barlow.
Cant. Cons. 17 Decem.		John Scory.
ex Regist. Mat. Park. t.		Miles Coverdale.
1. f. 2. & 10.		John Hodgkins.

Tell me, old bishop, prithee, tell,  
 If in these matters thou hast skill,  
 Could Parker Lambeth house possess,  
 And sit lord of the diocess :  
 Be styled bishop, have respect,  
 Without restriction of elect ?  
 Could he before his consecration  
 Pass for lord primate of the nation ;  
 And bishop act in each respect,  
 Whilst yet no more but bare elect ?  
 If so, election were enough,  
 And consecration useless stuff.  
 If not he must be consecrated  
 Before the register is dated.

Now as this register is dated,  
 Parker (you see) was consecrated  
 The seventeenth day of December ;  
 But on the eighteenth of November,  
 By Heylin, and by Hollinshed,  
 He is styl'd bishop. And we read  
 That Lambeth house was then his place,  
 By consequence the diocess.

And, being thus installed there,  
Tonstal was made his prisoner.  
But Tonstal died, those authors say,  
November on the eighteenth day ;  
So that he's bishop here before  
The register a month or more.  
And where could he be bishop made  
Unless before at the Nag's head ?

In fine, behold what bonny gear  
Sets off our Lambeth register :  
The chapel's eastern end, we find,  
With Turkish tapestry was lin'd,  
And on the chapel floor was spread  
A web of kersey dyed red ;  
A color never seen before,  
In Advent on a chapel floor

There was a sermon (as was meet),  
Great flocks of folk filled every street,  
From shop and garret out they run  
To see the consecration ;  
And the most godly of the horde  
Brake bread together at God's board.

In woollen gown, that reach'd his heel,  
Comes out the fool Miles Coverdale,  
Girt round his loins with woollen list,  
And lays on Parker's head his fist :  
For Mat. could get from him no mission  
In robes that smell'd of superstition.

The \*queen her spies sends closely out ;  
Here one, and there another scout,

\* How circumspectly the queen proceeded, says Mason, may appear by this, that her letters patent were sent to divers learned professors of the law, that they might freely give their judgment : and all of them jointly confessed, that both the queen might lawfully authorize the persons to the effect specified ; and the said persons also might lawfully exercise the act of confirming and consecrating in the same to them committed, whose names, subscribed with their own hands, remain in record as followeth : William May, Robert Weston, Edward Leeds, Henry Harvey, Thomas Yale, Nicholas Bullingham. He cites in his marg. *Ex. Regist. Mat. Park., fol. 3.*

I think in all some five or six  
Arch quirking lawyers, skill'd in tricks,  
Who were to mind if things were done  
To rights in consecration.  
As if the consecrator Barlow,  
And three associates, that there lay  
Their hands on Parker's head, were fools,  
And the elected duller souls.  
In short, it shows she thought their worships  
Had little skill in making bishops.

These lawyers watch all motions made,  
Who hands imposed, and who had pray'd;  
What garbs canonic they had on,  
And who it was that wanted one.  
All finish'd, they return to queen,  
Relating what they'd heard and seen;  
Concluding that all things went well,  
Save only that Miles Coverdale  
Would not be counsell'd to leave off  
His old grey gown, for sacred stuff;  
But this they very wisely thought  
Of moment small, or next to naught.  
Yet counsell'd Bess, to shun offence,  
With his sheep's clothing to \*dispense.

\* Bramhal says, Coverdale's side woollen gown was uncanonical, and needed a dispensation.—*Some remarkable notes collected out of the writings of the most learned and intelligible authors of those times, concerning this affair.* To begin then in queen Elizabeth's reign, five or six years after Parker had got thrust into the See of Canterbury, Jewel into Salisbury, and Horn into Winchester, &c. The learned Dr. Harding, in his Confutation of Jewel's Apology, fol. 57, 58, after having disproved Jewel's succession, demands how he came to be bishop, thus: 'Therefore, to go from your succession, which you cannot prove, and to come to your vocation, how say you, sir? You bear yourself as though you were bishop of Salisbury. But how can you prove your vocation? By what authority usurp you the administration of doctrine and sacraments? What can you allege for the right and proof of your ministry? Who hath laid hands on you? By what example hath he done it? How, and by whom, are you consecrated? Who hath sent you?' After abundance of Jewel's evasions, wide from the purpose, Dr. Harding replies thus: 'But you

If Parker's consecrators be  
No bishops, then no bishop he ;

were made, you say, by the consecration of the archbishop (Parker he means) and other three bishops. And how, I pray you, was your archbishop himself consecrated ? What three bishops in the realm were to lay hands upon him ? Your metropolitan, who should give authority to all your consecrations, had himself no lawful consecration.' To this Mr. Jewel answered not one word, but passed all over in silence.—Dr. Stapleton, in like manner, urges Horn to this purpose : 'To say truth, you are no lord of Winchester, nor elsewhere, but only Mr. Robert Horn. Is it not notorious, that you and your colleagues were not ordained according to the prescript, I will not say of the church, but even of the very statutes ? How then can you challenge to yourself the name of the lord bishop of Winchester ?' Counter-Blast.—And again in the same Counter-Blast, fol. 301, 'You are,' says he to Horn, 'without any consecration at all of your metropolitan (Parker) himself, poor man, being no bishop neither.'—Again, Dr. Stapleton, in another place, tells them, "You have taken upon you the office of bishops, without any imposition of hands, without all ecclesiastical authority, without all order of canons and right. I ask not who gave you bishoprics, but who made you bishops ?" See Stapleton's Return of Untruths, fol. 130, and his Challenge to Mr. Jewel and Mr. Horn, touching their consecration.—Note. That Dr. Harding's Confutation of Jewel's Apology was printed in the year 1565, and Dr. Stapleton's Return of Untruths in the year following.—Dr. Bristow, Motive 31. 'Consider,' says he, 'what church that is whose ministers are but very laymen, unsent, uncalled, unconsecrated, holding therefore amongst us, when they repent and return, no other place but of laymen ; in no case admitted, nor looking to minister in any office, unless they take orders, which before they had not.'—Mr. Reynolds. 'There is no herdsman in all Turkey who hath not undertaken the government of his herd upon better reasons, and greater right, order, and authority, than these your magnificent apostles and evangelists can show for this divine and high office of governing souls, reforming churches,' &c. Vid. Calvino Turcis, lib. iv. cap. 15.—These and several others, as Sanders, Howlet, the translators of the Rhemish Test., &c., that wrote against them, lived in queen Elizabeth's time, when the Lambeth records of Parker's consecration must needs have been fresh in the memories of both parties, if any such register or records had been in being, and must have as certainly been produced by Jewel and Horn in their own and Parker's defence. Indeed Whitaker and Fulk, who also wrote in that queen's time, were a great deal more ingenious than to pretend to any consecration or orders at all from Rome. The quite contrary. 'I would not have you think,' says Whitaker, 'that we make such reckoning of your orders, as to hold our own vocation unlawful without them.' 'You are highly deceived,' says Fulk, 'if you think we esteem your offices of bishops, priests, and deacons, better than laymen.' And in his Retentive ; 'With all our hearts, we defy, abhor, detest, and spit at your stinking, grea-

He none, then you may truly say,  
Not one in the whole world have they.

sy, and antichristian orders.' Vid. Contr. Dureau, p. 821 : and Answer to a Counterfeit Catholic : and Dr. Champney, p. 121. If these two, the most learned Protestants in England at that time, could have derived their orders successively from Catholic bishops, and produced records at Lambeth for it, would they, to the disgrace of the whole pretended church of England and its bishops, so contemptuously have denied all ordination, and so spitefully treated the bishops, priests, and deacons in the Church of Rome, as to reckon them no more than laymen ? Thus much, before the world ever heard of Parker's register at Lambeth. But in king James's time, 1613, out it comes in a book of Mr. Mason's : it so surprised the amazed world, that the noise of it quickly flew as far as Rome itself, where the excellent F. Thomas Fitzherbert saw the forgery, and immediately detected it in public print. His words are as follows, taken out of the Appendix to his book entitled, an Adjoinder to the Supplement of Father Robert Parsons, printed 1613 : ' This Adjoinder being printed, it was my chance to understand that one Mr. Mason hath lately published a book, wherein he pretends to answer the preface to F. Parson's Discussion, especially concerning one point treated therein, to wit, The Consecration of the first Protestant Bishops in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; and further, that he endeavors to prove their consecration by a register, testifying that four bishops consecrated Mr. Parker. Understand, good reader, that this our exception, touching the lawful vocation and consecration of the first Protestant bishops in the late queen's days, is not a new quarrel lately raised, but vehemently urged divers times heretofore by Catholics many years ago ; yea, in the very beginning of the queen's reign, as namely, by the learned doctors Harding and Stapleton, against Mr. Jewel and Mr. Horn, whom they pressed mightily with the defect of the due vocation and consecration, urging them to prove the same, and to show how and by whom they were made bishops.' Here he quotes the words of Harding and Stapleton at large, as I have set them down ; then proceeds thus : " And what, trow ye, was answered thereto ? Were there any bishops named who had consecrated them ? Were there any witnesses alleged of their consecration ? Was Mr. Mason's register, or any other authentic proof produced either by Jewel or Horn ? No, truly ; for as for Mr. Horn, he never replied ; and Mr. Jewel, though he took upon him to answer it, yet did it so weakly, coldly, and ambiguously, that he sufficiently fortified and justified his adversary's objection." Then he sets down Jewel's answer, which being nothing but shuffling evasions, I think it not worth transcribing ; only this is to be observed, that he neither names Parker's consecration, who consecrated him, any Lambeth register, or answers directly to any one question Dr. Harding proposed. I omit, for brevity's sake, a great deal more of Fitzherbert's writings, also the account he gives of their consecrating one another at the Nag's Head, because enough is said of it in the second Canto.—In the year 1617, the learned Sorbonist, Dr. Champney, published his

Now that the Lambeth story's done,  
Judge what you please, and let's go on

Treatise of the Vocation of Bishops and other Ecclesiastical Ministers, proving the ministers of the pretended reformed churches in general to have no calling, against Mr. Du Plessis and Dr. Field: and in particular, the pretended bishops in England to be not true bishops, against Mr. Mason.—Though Cranmer was rightly and lawfully consecrated (which yet is not granted, considering his impious oath and villanous perjury committed by him at his consecration, which may be seen in Mason, Heylin, and Burnet), yet by his schism and heresy, he lost the lawful use of his orders before his death. And that he was an impious heretic and wicked schismatic, is publicly declared under his own hand in his recantation. Secondly, he proves those pretended bishops made in king Edward the Sixth's time, to be not true bishops at all; not only as being heretics, but the manner also of their calling and pretended consecration being in itself invalid and null, for want of a valid form of ordination to consecrate them by; two of them being never consecrated by even this new form. Another convincing argument against them (noted also by Champney), is, that whoever have at any time taken orders according to that new devised form, have never been owned for bishops by the Catholic Church. But when any of them happen to be converted, they esteem themselves no more than mere laymen; and if they will become priests or bishops in God's Church, it must be by Catholic ordination; which were damnable sacrilege to do, if the Church were not certain that their Protestant orders are null and insignificant in all respects whatsoever; it being as much sacrilege to re-ordain as to re-baptize.—When Dr. Brookes, bishop of Gloucester, was to degrade Ridley, Hooper, and Farrar, who were of king Edward's making, he told Ridley, "that they were to degrade him only of the priesthood, for they did not take him for a bishop."—But when Cranmer came, they degraded him as a bishop, because they knew him to be consecrated, Dr. Champ., p. 166. He cites Fox's Acts.—It is also recorded in the books of law cases, that the leases made by bishops consecrated in king Edward's time, though confirmed by the dean and chapter, were not esteemed available; and the reason given, "because they never were truly consecrated, and therefore were not bishops." The judge's words are these: "It is said, that bishops in king Edward the Sixth's days were not consecrated, and therefore were not bishops: and therefore a lease for years made by them, and confirmed by the dean and chapter, shall not bind the successor; for such were never bishops. Contrariwise, a bishop deprived, who was a bishop in fact at the time of the letting (the leases) and confirmation made by the dean and chapter." And in the margin, "diversity of leases made by bishops not consecrated, and bishops deprived." So that it appears by the judgment, as well of the civil as ecclesiastical magistrates, that they were not true bishops for want of consecration. Thus Dr. Champney. He quotes Brooke's Novel Cases, Placito, 463, fol. 101, printed 1604, by Thos. Wight, with privilege.—More remarkable than this is



To Charles the first's unhappy reign,  
Where prayer and war compose the scene.

the case of bishop Bonner against Horn, of Winchester, in which the Protestant judges themselves were forced to grant that they were not bishops; therefore, by an act of parliament, in the eighth year of the queen's reign, they were declared and enacted bishops; which the judges and laws of England could not say they were before. Of this see more in Canto Two.—Coming now to the consecration of Parker himself, he first proves Barlow, his chief consecrator, never to have been a bishop at all; and so, of the two next, Scory and Coverdale; of which he writes thus: "They were found, even by the judges of the realm, to be not true bishops (as is said). And this is further evidently proved out of Mr. Mason's own records and testimonies; for Mason saith, they were consecrated on the 30th of August, 1550, to wit, five months before the new form of consecration was set forth or allowed. For the Parliament of the 5th and 6th of Edward the sixth, which authorized and set forth this new form, did not begin till the 13th of January, 1551, that is, five months after the pretended consecration of Coverdale and Scory. It is evident, therefore, that they could not be consecrated by the new form, which was not then in being. Nor could they be consecrated by the ancient Catholic ordinal or form; for that, as Mason confesses, was abrogated in the Parliament of the 3d and 4th of Edward the Sixth, as appears by the 12th statute of that Parliament. So that it is clear that these two consecrators themselves were never consecrated at all, neither by one form nor other." Champ., p. 199.—As to Hodgkins, the suffragan, he brings great grounds of doubt whether ever there was such a man there. 'It is to be observed,' says he, "that Mason's registers disagree with those that Mr. Goodwin used in his catalogue of bishops, sometimes in the days sometimes in the month, and sometimes in the year, as is manifest in the consecrations of Poynt, Ridley, Coverdale, Grindal, Horn, Guest, and Piers, which necessarily proveth falsity in the one, with suspicion of forgery in both. Again, Mason, Sutcliffe, and Butler, do all differ one from another in naming Parker's consecrators; for Mason says it was done by Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and Hodgkins. Sutcliffe says, besides the three first, there were two suffragans. Butler says the suffragan of Dover was one of the consecrators; who, notwithstanding, is not so much as named in the queen's letters patent for commissionating them to consecrate Parker," pp. 187, 188.—After all this he goes on and still proves, by undeniable arguments, that Parker and his followers were never bishops; and in fine, utterly confutes Mason, and proves his pretended Lambeth register a mere vain and impudent forgery.—Mason has the confidence to tell us that Parker's register was published in print even in his own time. But this Dr. Champney detects for a gross untruth.—Bramhal says, "that priests and jesuits, then prisoners, were called to see the records, and give their opinions of them, who, upon diligent inspection, declared they believed them authentic." This is so far from truth, that, on the contrary, those fathers went away dissatisfied, without making any answer

Death, who devours everything,  
 Makes but a morsel of a \*king,  
 And has as many ways to swallow,  
 As there are accidents that follow.  
 By sickness, wounds, and other harms,  
 By war, plague, famine, fire, and storms,  
 Sometimes he takes away a man's life :  
 So a chaste bishop and his wife  
 Were both in bed together slain,  
 In the late dreadful †hurricane.  
 Thus rudely sometimes he falls on us,  
 And sometimes slyly steals upon us;  
 In subtle manner creeping in  
 Under the cloak of medicine ;  
 None can foresee by what disaster  
 He'll die, or when : Death, by a plaster,‡  
 Seiz'd James the first, as authors think  
 (Poison's not always given in drink) ;  
 But whether by that means or no,  
 In short he died : and let him go.

He left his *omnia* to his heir,  
 Amongst the rest a fatal prayer,  
 In sheets of which was for his son  
 A death bound up, he dream'd not on.

This James the first,§ sirs, you must know,  
 When he had little else to do,

to the point, till they had a second review of them, which could never after be granted. The author of the Nullity of Prelatic Clergy, who detects this for a villanous lie, has exposed abundance more of Bramhal's fictions and forgeries, and, in short, clearly disproved and confuted whatsoever Bramhal wrote on this or the Nag's Head affair. I refer the reader to the book itself.

\* Of king James the first.

† This happened to Dr. Kidder (bishop of Bath and Wells), and his lady, in the year 1703.

‡ A black plaster was laid on his breast, which is reported to have poisoned him. See *Mystery of Iniquity* yet working, p. 7.

§ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, printed at Oxford, 1702, tells us, "that the whole nation of Scotland seemed, in the time of king James, well inclined to receive the liturgy of the Church of England, which the king exceedingly desired." That the klag desired they should have a liturgy of some sort, nobody doubts ;

Bethought him sometimes of his pray'rs,  
As pious people do of theirs :

but that the Scots (who, he owns a few lines before, were all Presbyterians) should be so well inclined, and so fond of an English liturgy, is a mere fiction : for if this had been true, what could have hindered their receiving it, when (as this author tells us in the same place) "the king's principal end of going his progress into Scotland was the bringing it to pass, though he returned without making any visible attempt in that affair." But he needed not to have returned without so much as attempting what he went for, if the Scots had been so well inclined. Besides, the Scots objected to king Charles the corrupt and false translations of the psalms, epistles, and gospels in the Common Prayer Book, which they desired might be corrected : but Laud would not consent to it : "For he knew," says Clarendon, "how far any enemies to conformity would be from being satisfied with these small alterations," &c. You see in the Protestant worship of God, corruptly and falsely translated Scripture is counted but a small matter ; and the alteration of it so small, that they never design to correct it. Clarendon says, "there had never been any thoughts, in the time of king James and king Charles, but of the English liturgy." But this is a mistake, as appears from his own words in another place, which are as follows : "It was towards the year 1633, when king Charles returned from Scotland, having left it to the care of some of the bishops there to provide such a liturgy, and such a book of canons, as might best suit the nature and humor of the better sort of that people." (Note here, that the Protestant way confessedly is to fit and frame their religious worship of God to the people's fancies, right or wrong ; and this only to humor the great ones : let the little ones go to the devil.) He goes on ; "As fast as they made them ready, they should transmit them to the archbishop of Canterbury ; to whose assistance the king joined Juxton, bishop of London, and Wren, bishop of Norwich, a man very learned, and particularly versed in the old liturgies of the Greek and Latin Churches." A sign that they designed to make this liturgy resemble those old liturgies ; and so it really did in many things, as the Scotch author of *Laudensium Autocatacrisis* makes plainly appear. "It was," says he, "now two years before the bishops in Scotland had prepared anything to offer to the king towards their intended reformation ; and then they inverted the proper method, and first presented a body of canons to precede the liturgy, which was not yet ready. After Laud, Juxton, and Wren's perusal of them, and some alterations made, his majesty issued out his proclamation for the due observation of them in the kingdom of Scotland. It was a fatal inadvertency that the canons, neither before nor after they were sent to the king, had been ever seen by the assembly or any convocation of the clergy, who were so strictly obliged to the observation of them, nor so much as communicated to the lords of the council of that kingdom. But it was the unhappy craft of those bishops (Laud and his faction), to get it believed by the king, that the work would be grateful to the most considerable of the nobility,

Cons Common Prayer Book o'er, till he  
Takes keck at England's liturgy  
(Tho' in his canons he before  
Had authoriz'd it o'er and o'er).

He musters all his wits about him,  
Consults 'em, and at last bethought him  
Of making up another tract  
Of prayer, more godly, more exact,  
Which he design'd to introduce  
Amongst the Scots, for pious use.  
Soon as resolv'd, he to it fell  
With pen and ink, and little zeal,  
It seems ; for, ere he got it fit,  
By putting in and out of it,  
Devotion tepid grew and dry ;  
Till tir'd at last, he flung it by  
Into a corner, where it lay  
Mouldy, till that unhappy day  
That Charles in rummaging old lumber,  
Awak'd it from worm-eaten slumber,  
And with the ready lap of coat  
Brush'd it from dust, till one might know 't  
To be a book, that very prayer,  
Which James, his father, had flung there.

the clergy, and the people, in order to the obtaining his majesty's approbation and authority to it: and so they durst not, in truth, submit those canons to any other examination than what the king should direct in England (which were only them three). It was, in the next place, as strange that canons should be published before the liturgy was prepared, which was not ready in a year after, or thereabouts, when three or four of the canons were principally for the observation of, and punctual compliance with, the liturgy, which all the clergy were to be sworn to submit to, and to pay all obedience to what was enjoined by it, before they knew what it contained. One of the canons defined, that no clergyman should conceive prayers *ex tempore*, but be bound to pray only by the form prescribed in the liturgy: which, by the way, was not yet made. It was in the year 1637 that the liturgy, after it had been sent out of Scotland, and perused by three bishops in England, then approved and confirmed by the king, was published, and appointed to be read in all churches.

Unclasping it, he reads and prays,  
And pores upon 't for divers days,  
Not in the least suspecting harm  
(Poor innocent), when, lo, a swarm  
Of mischiefs flew out of its belly,  
As by and by I mean to tell ye.  
So once a curious king of Spain,  
Imagining there might be lain  
Vast treasure in the fatal grot,  
Forced iron gates, found nothing but  
Prophetic images of Moors,  
That quickly turn'd him out of doors ;  
Possess'd his land, and what was good,  
And stain'd the brood with Moorish blood.

The king took so much liking to it,  
He sends for bishop Laud to view it,  
Who, having well perus'd the book,  
Thus to his majesty he spoke :  
My liege, from this I eas'ly gather,  
That the intention of your father  
Was to establish everywhere,  
Thro' Scottish kirk this Common Pray'r.  
It differs in some things, I see,  
From this our present liturgy ;  
And must be further yet amended,  
Before your majesty can send it.

Well, says the king, do you inspect it,  
And when 'tis thoroughly corrected,  
Then shall it be to Scotland sent :  
Laud took it, and away he went ;  
And in a year or two, or so,  
He got it fitly trimm'd to go.

How far from England's Common Pray'r  
'Twas chang'd, it plainly does appear  
From what the Scot was pleas'd to write  
Against it, when it came to light.  
What he imagin'd was amiss,  
He bitterly expos'd in his

*msium Autocatacrisis,*  
 ok, that takes it all to pieces  
 ort, his final censure was,  
*is almost an English mass ;*  
 not that English Common Prayer  
 selves have us'd so many a year.  
 om the Scotch writer you may reckon  
 Clarendon is much mistaken,  
 he affirms 'twas never meant  
 any other should be sent,  
 nly the same Common Pray'r  
 is'd in England fourscore year.  
 s were true, they needed not  
 been two years in moulding it ;  
 ad their canons authoriz'd it,  
 e their blockheads had devis'd it,  
 forc'd their clergy to swear to 't  
 ur before its coming out.  
 ruth is this : Laud could not brook  
 Scotch should mend the English Book ;  
 e 't would have hinder'd this to pass  
 h he had fram'd, *his bastard mass.*  
 ome Scotch bishops of his faction  
 (for a blind) put first in action,  
 ame both prayer and canons, then  
 nd them up to him and Wren,  
 uxton, who must overlook,  
 give the last strokes to the book :  
 hus it may, without mistaking,  
 lled a book of Laud's own making ;  
 so the Scots are pleas'd to style it,  
 they with tongue or pen revile it.  
 s to be observed too,  
 Scottish nation never knew  
 Laud and Juxton were about,  
 hese strange canons first came out,  
 h authoriz'd the Prayer Book, 'ere  
 ook appeared above a year.

By these sage canons, old and young  
Were bound to stand to 't right or wrong.  
Nay, tho' they knew not but it might  
Not have one single word in 't right.  
Oh, blest reformers ! you may boast  
Th' assistance of the Holy Ghost,  
As once your predecessors spoke  
On like occasion. But mistook.

Laud having done what could be done to 't,  
And psalms in English metre bound to 't,  
'Twas made the public liturgy  
Of Scotland, by authority.  
But when th' abused people saw  
It was established there by law,  
They angry grew as wasps in hole,  
When boys thrust in a burning coal.  
When it appear'd in Edinbro',  
Its entertainment was but rough ;  
For when at kirk the city met,  
And people in their pews were set,  
Expecting what prodigious birth  
The teeming mountains would bring forth ;  
And dean himself in desk had put,  
Like old Diogenes in butt,  
Compos'd his face in rev'rend fashion,  
And look'd devout to admiration,  
Not doubting but a holy man  
They would esteem him. So began  
To read his prayer ; but oh, what chanc'd,  
Ere he was thrice three lines advanc'd !  
Jane Gaddis, a virago jolly,  
Who sat on stool in midst of alley,  
Steps boldly up, and takes upon her  
To stop his mouth, but in rude manner :  
" Out ! thou faus thief (quo' she), thou hog,  
Say'st thou thy mass at my aine lug ?  
The faus fein click away thy tongue :"  
Then at his head her stool she flung.

By other zealous female souls  
'Twas followed by a show'r of stools,  
And\* sticks and stones and Bibles flew;  
Whate'er came first to hand they threw,  
Till silly dean was batter-fang'd  
Like Hudibras, by Trulla bang'd.

But when his grace, the bishop, who  
Sat trembling in his pew below,  
Had call'd his spirits from surprise,  
He lifted up his voice and eyes,  
And crying loud that all might hear,  
Conjur'd his dean to disappear.

Gladly the prisoner broke loose  
Out of his little pulpit-house,  
And left it empty for his grace,  
Who nimbly stepp'd into the place;  
Not doubting but they would regard  
His graceful look and reverend beard:  
But neither heeded they his face,  
Nor if he had, or wanted grace:  
But ply'd him now their hands were in,  
Worse than before they had his dean:  
With stools and staves he was so maul'd,  
That on all fours he downward crawl'd.

But as from pulpit he made sally,  
He meets lord chancellor i' th' alley,  
Come to assist him with a guard  
Of musketeers, for fight prepar'd;  
The beaten bishop taking heart,  
Resolves on making good his part,  
Seizes Jane Gaddis by the neck,  
And gives another whore a kick,

\* A shower of stones, sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamor and disorder less than before. The chancellor commanded the provost and magistrates to descend from the gallery and suppress the riot. Clarendon's Hist., Vol. i.



—  
And briskly dares the mob to battle ;  
Who, hearing bandoleers to rattle,  
Thought safer 't was to fly than fight,  
Where naught could be expected by 't  
But broken heads, legs, and arms,  
And ten to one, more deadly harms.  
Out of the kirk in heaps they throng,  
The *weaker* sort bore up the *strong*,  
For those, b'ing trodden under foot,  
Till these went off, could not get out.  
At last the kirk from rabble clear'd,  
The bishop, freed from what he fear'd,  
Calls to the dean, who all the while  
Skulk'd in a hole i' th' northern aisle,  
Where dreading still another mauling,  
Would scarce come out at second calling :  
But, when he heard it was his grace  
That call'd him, he creeps from his place.

Bless'd be the time, says bish, sir dean,  
That my lord chancellor came in ;  
For he had not, we'd into quarters  
Been pull'd and sent to Fox for martyrs.  
Pray let us now *give laud and praise*  
*For the peace given in our days.*  
Can you tell where we left off pray'r,  
That we again may fall to 't there,  
For I love nothing I am sure,  
Less than to say a pray'r twice o'er.

To chancellor, who then stood by,  
He turns and thanks him heartily.

Soldiers, I also speak to you,  
Says he, take ev'ry man his pew :  
And, in requital of your care,  
My dean shall read the Common Prayer,  
And beg a blessing on your weapons ;  
That hens, and geese, young pigs, and capons,  
May ne'er escape ye where you come,  
But follow to the beat of drum.

And you, my lord, whose happy care,  
Engag'd you in this holy war,  
When master dean gives o'er to pray,  
Give all your soldiers leave to play,  
It's lawful on the sabbath day.  
For \*plays and games, of any sort,  
Are ev'ry Sunday us'd at court;  
And court example 's a just bias,  
You know, for every man that 's pious.  
Besides, to put it out of doubt,  
The king has sent a license out  
For ev'ry man to play on Sundays,  
As well as work, or eat, on Mondays.  
I do not think that spirit holy  
That makes folk always melancholy;  
Nor is there any harm, I think,  
Sometimes to take a hearty drink;  
I mean a quart or two, or so,  
When out of kirk they sleepy go.  
Sleep is th' effect of Common Pray'r,  
And so is mirth of good strong beer.

This exhortation being made,  
The dean took to his desk and pray'd,  
While pious people gave attention  
To this new pray'r of Laud's invention.  
The rabble, that they had shut out,  
Were busy all this while without,  
In sending now and then a shower  
Of stones against the church's door,  
And making all the windows clatter,  
Till not a glass was left to batter.

Nor was 't in Edinburgh alone,  
The like in other kirks were done.

\* The king thought good, says Parker, to set forth his declaration for tolerating sports on the Lord's day, in the afternoon.—Which the Parliament afterwards charged home upon his account.

'Gainst bishops, king, and Common Prayer,  
Arm! arm! and so began the war :  
That all run mad a cutting throats  
'Tween Exeter and John-a-groats.  
Thro' three whole kingdoms, like a flood,  
It roll'd, and drench'd the earth in blood.  
Unnat'ral war! When in the field,  
The sons the blood of fathers spill'd ;  
Fathers slew sons, brother kill'd brother.  
And neighbors\* butcher'd one another ;  
In blood of lords, slaves wash'd their hands,  
Ravish'd their ladies, seiz'd their lands ;  
Slew helpless children, when they mourn'd  
For parents slain, and houses burn'd.  
Young virgins forc'd, and, when they'd done,  
Swords thro' the ravish'd damsels run ;  
Robb'd sacred altars ; priests they slew ;  
Abus'd their own profane kirks too ;  
Nor grey hairs spar'd, nor sucking child ;  
Fury became at last so wild,  
They'd tear the infant from the breast,  
And dash its brains against a post ;  
And new-born babes mount in the air  
Impaled on the point of spear,  
The tender mothers standing by  
Spectators of the tragedy ;  
And, when the infant's life was gone  
Their pikes thro' dying parents run.

The English great *long parliament*,  
Minding at first how matters went,  
Resolve t' assist the Scottish kirk  
In carrying on the godly work ;  
And with the Covenanters join  
For Presbyterian discipline,  
And carrying on the *good old cause*,  
'Gainst king, and bishop, lords, and laws.

\* A book called *Mercurius Rusticus*, records many lamentable examples of their inhuman cruelties.

The earl of Strafford was the man  
 With whom that parliament began;  
 A noble and heroic knight,  
 Ever victorious in fight;  
 In council sage, wise his advice,  
 Resolv'd, but never resolv'd twice;  
 Faithful, his loyalty unfeign'd,  
 I grieve to say his *conscience stain'd*  
 With tyranny, and unjust tricks  
 Against the \*Irish Catholics.  
 For these he us'd as if they'd been  
 Wild infidels, not Christian men,  
 But this I leave. In ev'rything  
 He was most faithful to the king;

\* See Ireland's Case briefly stated, printed 1695, p. 18. When he came down into Yorkshire, dignified with the title and office of *Lord President of the North*, he desired his kinsman and friend, sir Walter Vavasor, to leave his Catholic religion and become a Protestant; for I (says he) am resolved utterly to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all my government in the north: to which sir Walter replied thus: "My lord, there has been a more experienced politician than you can pretend to be, about bringing the extirpation of the Catholics to pass, for now above these hundred years, but he never yet could do it: so I believe your lordship will fall short in your designs." At this the earl seemed struck, and asked him, who this politician was? To which sir Walter answered, *It is the devil*. This was related to me by a person of honor and known candor, M. P. V. C. The earl's head was cut off not long after.—Clarendon has this note in his margin: "The privy council, and some of the bishops, advised the king to pass the bill." And in his history he goes on thus: "His majesty told them, that what had been proposed for them to do, was directly contrary to his conscience." The archbishop of York told him that there was a private and a public conscience: "That his public conscience, as a king, might not only dispense with, but oblige him to do that which was against his private conscience, as a man." And that the question was not, whether he should save the earl of Strafford, but whether he should perish with him, &c. "By such unprelatical ignominious arguments, in plain terms, they advised him even for conscience sake to pass that act; though the bishop acted his part with more prodigious boldness and impiety, yet others of the same function did not what might have been expected from their calling and their trust." Thus he, which is to say, they were all of the bishop of York's mind, and gave their assent to what he advised the king. *Silence gives consent*. Brave Protestant guides. See how the king laments for this in his *Eikon Basilike*.

And certainly, if he had stood,  
The king had never lost his blood.

This lord above the king they dreaded,  
As being much the deeper headed,  
And so against him drew his charge  
(Malicious it was and large);

And to the bar of parliament  
He's call'd to answer what was in 't,  
Tho' his defence was good and plain  
Against the charge, yet all was vain,  
For they'd resolved before to vote,  
In downright terms to cut his throat :  
And so drew up the bloody bill ;  
Which Charles sign'd against his will :

For he, who knew him innocent,  
Could not in conscience give consent  
To take his life : and therefore sends  
For ghostly counsel to his friends ;  
And calls the bishops for advice  
About this case of conscience nice,  
*Whether he could an innocent*

*Behead, to please his parliament ?*  
They did not long debate the matter,  
For they were casuists by nature ;  
That into good could turn all evil  
(Fitting confessors for the devil).

They told the king there was no ill  
To give assent, and sign the bill.  
Thus warranted by ghostly guide,  
He sign'd the bill, and Strafford died.

The king and Laud, who thought they woul  
Rest satisfied with Strafford's blood,  
Perceive their error, but too late  
To shun their own approaching fate.  
The lower house grew high and mighty,  
And trifles pass for matters weighty ;  
They want a thorough reformation  
Of government, thro' church and nation,

The more the king with them complies,  
Still greater differences arise ;  
Till their design grew evident  
Of ruining the government ;  
Remonstrances, to this intent,  
O'er all the nation fly in print,  
On purpose by the commons sent,  
To vilify the government.

The giddy rabble are call'd down,  
From every corner of the town,  
Arm'd with good clubs, and truncheons trusty,  
Old swords, half pikes, and daggers rusty ;  
And with petitions more pernicious  
Than all their edge-tools ; these seditious  
Cry out, *O make the nation easy,  
By freeing 't from episcopacy.*  
Let not those prelates, disaffected  
To good old cause, nor lords suspected  
Of popery, have any vote.  
But for malignants cast them out,  
And brand their name with delinquency,  
A blacker crime than necromancy.  
Thus let the low house purge the upper  
From members rotten and improper,  
Thus the wise mob's petitions ran,  
And each pass'd for a godly man :  
The house of commons did attest  
*Vox populi, vox Dei est,*  
And, *for the Lord's sake*, freely grants  
All such petitions of the saints,  
And packs the bishops out of house,  
As tools of none, or little use.

The king thus finding things go ill,  
And all drive on against his will,  
Thinks it the safest way for him  
To abdicate the sanhedrim.

At Huntington some days he staid,  
Then down to York his progress made,

Where Common Prayer and parsons meet him,  
And northern gentry come to greet him,  
And guard his person, as was fit,  
From dangers that attended it.  
Yet badly arm'd, for almost all  
Lack powder, some want guns, some ball ;  
So that, tho' men of resolution,  
They could do little execution.

At Hull there was a magazine,  
That could supply ten thousand men  
With powder, guns, ball and buff coats,  
And instruments for cutting throats ;  
Thither his majesty repairs  
To get utensils for his wars ;  
But all in vain, tho' it was full,  
For Hotham\* barr'd him out of Hull  
This wicked traitor, and his son,  
Open rebellion first begun,  
And storms, that long had been a brewing,  
Broke out at Hull to England's ruin.

And now the drums begin to rattle,  
And parl'menteers arm for battle :  
To field rebellious armies come,  
Headed by Essex† and black Tom.  
The parl'ment seize on the strong forts,  
The magazine and the cinque ports ;  
Get the militia and train'd bands,  
And royal fleet into their hands.

On t' other side the king prepares,  
To arm his loyalists for wars :  
At Nottingham the standard royal  
Erects to show he will employ all,  
That dare to venture life and limb  
For bishops, Common Prayer, and *him* ;

\* Sir John Hotham, then governor of Hull, the first professed traitor.

† The earl of Essex and sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton.

And run the risk of axe and halter,  
For *railing-in a table altar*.  
Standard no sooner was set out,  
But to it marches horse and foot ;  
Such loyalists, and men of worth,  
Came from all quarters of the north,  
As had a mind to die in fight  
For altar, prayer, and Charles' right.  
The papists, who were ever loyal  
To government, and person royal,  
Send in their forces to assist him,  
But he in zealous scorn dismiss'd them :  
For bishop Laud, whose very nod  
The king obey'd, as man of God,  
Sent as old prophets were, to bring  
Celestial tidings to the king :  
This little black *\*lord of a fly*,  
Who hated papists mortally,  
Blew into Charles's head a maggot,  
That turn'd him to so vain a bigot,  
As to think, should he a papist list,  
'Twould bring a curse on all the rest.  
Laud thought the papists' sword would blunt  
The edges of swords-protestant,  
And turn 'em all as soft as lead,  
By occult charm in luckless blade.  
The †king dreading this dire prediction,  
Obeys his prophet's sage direction,  
And out a proclamation sends,  
That papists (tho' his truest friends)  
Should quit his armies, and from thence  
Never draw swords in his defence.  
*Happy they, had he been so kind  
As never to have chang'd his mind.*

\* The first Protestants in their Scripture language called Bezebub (the devil) *the lord of a fly*.

† His majesty declared by his proclamation, " that no papist recusant should serve in his army." Micro-Chronol. anno 1642.



But sad experience taught him better  
Than his prophetic fools of letter ;  
From being bang'd from place to place,  
And by the rebels kept in chase,  
'Till out of breath his men were grown,  
As hunted stags are when run down ;  
Then, tho' too late, he found he needed  
The help of those he fondly dreaded :  
And gladly gives them now commission,  
Without the dread of superstition.  
Resentment they have none nor spleen,  
But to his aid bring all their men.  
Their duty they as much express'd,  
As if he ne'er had murder'd priest,  
Nor shown his malice so intense  
As not t' accept of their defence :  
Which at the first, if he had done,  
He would have sav'd both head and crown.  
But, poor unhappy prince, *his fate*  
*Was to do all he did too late.*

When all was lost, the king was forc'd,  
With a small party meanly hors'd,  
To fly from Oxford to the Scots.  
A desperate way to save their throats ;  
For Covenanters, as ye ken,  
Are treacherous perfidious men.

The Scots, who then at Newark lay,  
Gladly secure the royal prey,  
In hopes, by way of merchandize,  
To fill their satchels by the prize ;  
*Wha'll buy a king ? he's here to sell,*  
Send out their crier with his bell ;  
The parliament (for such a gem  
Could not be purchas'd but by them)  
Bid for him ; and the bargain struck,  
The king is *liver'd, with ill luck.*  
A hundred thousand pounds they pay,  
The Scots snap up, and sneak away.

And now the king, a woful sight,  
Is prisoner kept in th' isle of Wight,  
Where he's detained for a while,  
Then brought to London, from the isle.

They charge him with a heap of treason,  
On pure design to cut his weason,  
And call him up to answer for 't  
Before a *self-commission'd court*.  
Those that accus'd him at the bar,  
And evidences that were there,  
Were jury and his judges too ;  
A base, ignoble, impious crew  
Of Independents, late sprung out,  
Slips from a Presbyterian root ;  
And Presbyterians mixed with them,  
Compos'd the bloody sanhedrim.

Bradshaw, a pettifogger, sent  
From hell, was made the president ;  
Next him sat Cromwell at the board ;  
First let us seek (says he) the Lord,  
To know what he would have us do ;  
We dare not act in 't till we know :  
For what we do, must e'er be done,  
Just as the spirit leads us on ;  
And thus, to seek the Lord, he fell  
To cant and pray, with tears at will,  
Till purple nose, well drench'd in these,  
Look'd like an orange dipp'd in grease :

Our hearts, *O Lard* (and thus they pray,  
As witches do, the backward way),  
With godly counsel fit and wholesome,  
And to our sores ply Gilead's balsam,  
By cutting off the evil-doer,  
Whom thou hast put into our power,  
As thou gav'st into Joshua's hand  
The wicked kings of th' Hbly Land,  
To hang them upon trees (O Father !  
Prais'd be thy name) by fives together.

The wicked, as the Scripture says,  
Shall never live out half his days ;  
Assist then what we are about,  
And let his kingdom spew him out.  
But yet, on t'other side, *O Lord*,  
If thou rememb'rest, David fear'd  
To touch the Lord's anointed ; all  
The harm he did to wicked Saul,  
Was cutting off the skirt of 's coat ;  
This makes us fear to cut the throat  
Of our anointed king. We pray,  
*O Lord*, thou'lt put us in a way  
How we may take his life, and yet  
Be innocent in doing it.  
Or else, *Lard*, if thou art content  
To take our homely counsel in 't ;  
We think it may be brought to pass  
Justly enough ; let's do it thus :  
First we'll distinguish and divide  
*Charles* from the\* *king* ; let *Charles* be try'd :  
We'll only *Charles* to judgment bring,  
But will not meddle with the *king* ;  
Pray let it, *Lard*, be thus appointed,  
To free from blood of thine anointed  
The holy people, who sit here  
Crying to thee in fervent prayer.  
Thus on they pray'd, till well inspir'd,†  
Took all for granted they desir'd,  
And with a joint consent they fling  
*Charles Stuart* traitor to the *king*.  
Then Bradshaw, as the mouth of court,  
Pronounc'd his sentence in this sort :  
    *Thy head, Charles Stuart, shall be struck  
    Off from thy shoulders on a block.*

\* They fired in the face of the king for the safety of his person, says the author of *Persecutio Undecima*, p. 2.

† The Presbyterians killed the king, and the Independents murdered Charles Stuart. Vindicat. of the Eng. Cath., &c., against Oates' Narrat., p. 2.

This said, the bloody butchers lead him  
To execution, and behead him.

The king thus murder'd, Charles, his son,  
Secur'd by pious Huddleston,  
A popish priest, the rebels seek  
O'er all the land, thro' every creek ;  
Yet by good providence that bless'd him,  
Where'er they sought, they always miss'd him,

By the two Pendrills he was fed,  
A tree his palace and his bed,  
Hid in the hollow of an oak,  
Secure he lay from fatal stroke ;  
Till at the last, by happy chance,  
They got him safe conveyed to France :  
Where James, the duke of York, his brother,  
Was also banish'd, with his mother ;  
For it, indeed, was their design,  
To murder the whole royal line.  
And, now that forty-eight is run,  
Let's back return, and so go on  
With altars, sacrifice, and prayer,  
And things call'd priests, who many a year,  
Had help'd the bishops in the brewing  
This bloody cup to all their ruin.  
Perhaps the railing in their table  
Came from queen Bess's private chapel ;  
But that's no matter, for my rhyme  
The story tells—sometimes the time.

The bishops, as they style themselves,  
A sort of busy luckless elves.  
That in reforming never yet  
Knew where, nor what they would be at,  
Brought on at first this bloody work,  
By painting th' outside of their kirk.  
To make it seem like that of Rome,  
At least as nigh as it could come,  
And not in substance be the same,  
Nor have from thence its faith and name.

Now sacrifice they'll have, and priests,  
And table like an altar drest ;  
And a strange sort of real presence,  
Without reality or essence.  
For Laud, that ape, would imitate  
The high priest's faith in Peter's seat ;  
But bungled it as monkeys do, /  
And took a false faith for a true :  
And the ambitious fool had hope  
To make himself the western pope :  
And from the Belgic ocean rule  
Beyond Hibernia and Thule.

God's board is what they first reform,  
Which never mov'd but brought a storm :  
From midst of choir they thought it good  
To place it where the altar stood  
Before the days of little Ned,  
When true religion flourished ;  
And altar-wise they needs must set it,  
Close to the wall as they could get it ;  
Where they presum'd to rail it in,  
As if an altar it had been :  
Nor would they call it now God's board,  
But *holy altar of the Lord*.

But oh, the parson\* was to stand  
At this new altar's northern end.

\* The rubric, in their liturgy, commands the parson to stand at the north side of the table when he officiates ; but having got their table set altarwise against the eastern wall, then its sides stood east and west, and its ends north and south ; so that, if the parson stands north, it must of necessity be at the north end. The author of the *Coal from the Altar*, p. 23, thus pressed, could find no way to solve this difficulty, and to make his altar agree with his rubric, but by calling its ends *sides*. "It is plain," says he, "that, if we speak according to the rules of art, every part of it is a side. When, therefore, he that ministereth at the altar stands at the north end of the same, as we use to call it, he stands, no question, at the north side thereof, as in propriety of speech we ought to call it." The author of *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing* (supposed to be William, bishop of Lincoln), ridicules this fond conceit, at a comical rate, for five or six pages : p. 50 to 57, "It is not without a great deal of reason," says he, "that Dr. Cole

To such as are dispos'd to laugh,  
The thing's ridiculous enough,  
To see the vicar offering up,  
At altar's end, his bread and cup.  
But prithee why so merry, friend?  
Their new-shap'd altar has no end,  
But only sides; 't is side all o'er,  
Two long, two short, in number four,  
*Tho' everything, if proverb's true,  
An end has, and a pudding too.*  
By calling thus its *end* its *side*,  
They got their rubric satisfy'd:  
Unlucky rubric, that bids stand  
At north-*side*, not at its north-*end*.

Vicar of Grantham was the man  
That with his table first began;  
The first I mean that fell to work  
About it in a country kirk:  
For he, in every godly thing,  
Resolv'd to imitate the king  
And bishops, who close to the walls  
Had set them in their cathedrals:  
And in the royal chapel 't stood  
Much like an altar, but of wood.  
And this he thought a pattern fit  
To imitate, so follow'd it.

No sooner had he mov'd his board,  
But all the herd of wild beasts roar'd.

thus triumphs to have found, by his rare invention and study in geometry, four sides in a long table; nor without some hope of having one day an altar and a sacrifice for joy of this diagram; and surely well may he deserve it, if, at a table that hath no end, he can officiate at the end of the table." He goes on: "If your Eve, sir, were taken from your side (but she was not taken from every part of a man), tell her, that she was taken from your heels, and you shall quickly find her (if she be mettled) about your ears." So, when you officiate at the end of the table, you may officiate at a part; but you cannot officiate at that part of the table to which, by the rubric, confirmed by act of Parliament, you are literally directed and appointed.

The alderman, and all the town,  
Rush'd in to pull his altar down.

The Vicar minding well (good man)  
The dangerous risk his altar ran,  
Click'd up a rail that they had broke,  
And to close battle him betook ;  
Deals round his lusty bangs among  
The very thickest of the throng,  
'Till legs and arms of divers men  
Fell to repent their coming in ;  
And from the danger of the fray  
Made what haste they could to get away :  
Till in good time the alderman,  
Who flying, made the rear the van,  
Facing about in midst of alley,  
*Make head !* cries he, my boys, and rally,  
Why should we be afraid, and run  
Like cowards, when we are ten to one ?

Go on, but first let's arm ourselves  
With benches, broken stalls, and shelves ;  
Pluck up, and take whate'er you light on,  
Then let us boldly go and fight on,  
He said, and from the magazine  
Of stall and pew, he arm'd his men ;  
Who in close body all assail  
The angry vicar and his rail ;  
Who by this time had wisely got  
His gown cast off, for he was hot,  
And in a little nimble vest,  
That reach'd a ceiffe beneath his waist,  
Upon the steps the sable knight  
Takes up his stand resolv'd to fight ;  
By the advantage of the steps  
He laid approaching foes in heaps  
The valiant chief, that led them on,  
Was an innkeeper, fat as brawn ;  
A busy fellow, grim and tall,  
But an unwieldy animal.

The alderman brought up the rear,  
Lieutenant-like, but came not near :  
For he resolv'd not to be slain  
Till vicar first had kill'd his men.  
Their captain bravely leads them up,  
Till they had forc'd the second step :  
When rail of vicar,\* by good chance,  
Pushes the chieftain on the paunch ;  
Who, backwards falling, rudely catches  
Two of his party by the breeches ;  
And, being heavy, down go all,  
And three behind them with the fall :  
Thus six at once, by lucky thrust  
Of rail, the vicar laid in dust.

At the first onset thus defeated,  
Some paces back the foes retreated ;  
As wisely dreading farther harms,  
And beg cessation of arms,  
Might for an hour, or so, be made,  
Till they had carried off their dead ;  
For they believed their chief, and five  
That fell in fight, were scarce alive.

But to their comfort when they come  
To lift at leader's weighty bum,  
They, by his praises and thanksgiving  
For life and limb, found him still living.

\* The Holy Table, Name, and Thing, tells us, that when the vicar fell upon removing of the communion table from the upper part of the choir to the altar-place, as he called it, Mr. Wheatley, the alderman, questioning him thereupon, what authority he had from the bishop, received this answer: that his *authority was this, He had done it, and he would justify it.* Mr. Wheatley commanded his officers to remove the table to the place again ; which they did accordingly, but not without STRIKING, much heat and indiscretion being both on the one side and the other. The vicar said, he cared not what they did with their old tressel, for he would make him an altar of stone at his own charge, and fix it to the old altar-place, and would never officiate at any other. The people replying he should set up no dresser of stone in their church, Mr. Wheatley, the alderman, writ to the bishop of those passages, as also of his light gestures in bowing at the name of Jesus, so as sometimes his book fell down, and once himself, to the derision of others. This was in 1631.



—  
All hands to work, they get the top  
End of him rear'd directly up,  
And both his nether limbs set right,  
Which like two pillars bore the weight.  
He try'd to go, and found he went,  
And that his belly was not rent ;  
Only a bruise nigh to its porthole,  
Got by the fall, but was not mortal.  
Courage he takes, and with the vicar  
Resolves a second time to bicker :  
He brandishes his sword of stall,  
And breathes out vengeance for the fall.  
Thus, big with valor, sounds to battle,  
Commanding all two-legg'd cattle  
To fall on with a stomach eager,  
And vicar's fort of steps beleaguer ,  
Who vigorously his wall defends :  
But, as he could not at both ends,  
And in the middle, be at once,  
His fort they storm by consequence.  
A bow-legg'd tailor that was there,  
None look'd upon him fit for war,  
Nor did the vicar ever mind him,  
Till the sly rascal got behind him,  
And butting, with his head, the hips  
Of vicar, push'd him from the steps  
So rudely, that he fell among  
The very middle of the throng,  
Who seize upon him and his rail,  
And stoutly thrash his coat-o'-mail ;  
And had he not call'd out for quarter,  
He'd been his altar's proto-martyr.  
Thus having laid the vicar still,  
That he could do no further ill,  
The alderman, by help of rabble,  
Brought from the wall communion-table ;  
Below the steps he plac'd it, where  
It stood before, in midst of choir.

The minister (another jest)  
Must now, forsooth, be call'd a *priest* ;  
And so a sacrifice they must  
Procure or all their labor 's lost :  
For wanting this, they saw 't was plain  
That priest and altar were in vain.

But what this holocaust must be,  
They never yet could all agree ;  
*Commemorative sacrifice*  
One holds, another this denies.  
The bishops and their doctors grave  
Will needs a *real presence* have ;  
But this must neither be by *con*  
Nor *transubstantiation* ;  
But by some other sort of way,  
Yet what, or how, they could not say.

The Presbyterian party pleaded,  
That sacrifice no other needed,  
Than offering up themselves and praise,  
And prayers and thanks in gospel-days :  
And that there needed not for such  
Material altars in the church ;  
For hearts were altars, ev'ry man  
Bore one about to offer on,  
And to himself could serve for priest.  
This doctrine pleased not the rest,  
For ere they would an altar want,  
And sacrifice to offer on 't,  
Their bread and wine they did at last  
Conclude to be the holocaust,  
And must be call'd (for they were wise)  
\**Commemorative sacrifice*.

The Presbyterians answer this :  
Hold, sirs, you take the thing amiss,

\* The Church allows of a *commemorative sacrifice* for a perpetual memory of Christ's precious death, that full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, says the *Coal from the Altar*, p. 8.

Your homily itself denies

*Commemorative sacrifice.*

Indeed you can no further pass,

Than to remember that o' th' cross ;

And this you may do ev'ry day,

Tho' priest and altar were away.

The memory of sacrifice

Most certainly can never rise

To be the sacrifice itself.

This ran them on another shelf,

And made them think their sacrament

Must needs retain Christ's presence in 't,

To make the same a fit oblation ;

And this must be from consecration ;

Yet will not have it understood,

As if *Christ's body and his blood*

Were *really* there ;\* for this will be,

Say they, no less than popery ;

From which it 's fit we keep as far

As rigid Presbyterians are ;

And, therefore, brethren, let's be all

'For presence, but not presence real.

Thus off and on their senses vary,

From *real* to *imaginary* ;

Yet not *imaginary* neither,

Nor *real*, sometimes both together,

And other whiles they knew not whether,

Till their *non-real-real-fiction*

Ended in *real* contradiction :

Which subtle Presbyterians heeding,

Thus ridicule their mad proceeding ;

\* After Dr. Pocklington has by Catholic arguments and authorities of the holy fathers, sufficiently proved the *real presence*, fearing to be accused of teaching Catholic doctrine, he explains what sort of presence was meant, out of a crowd of Protestant authors, whose testimonies, though he has the confidence to produce them for it, utterly destroy it, and bring it to a mere imaginary chimera. See his *Altare Christianum*.

*You've got a priest and altar, but  
 The \*sacrifice appeareth not :  
 A holocaust, complete and full,  
 You have, it seems, but it's a bull.  
 Concerning priest and sacrifice,  
 And setting tables altar-wise,  
 Books pro and con fly out in print,  
 Like leeches gorg'd with argument :  
 \*Grantham's stout vicar scarce had got  
 His board in place of altar set,  
 When out there comes a peevish letter,  
 To charge him for an innovator ;  
 Writ, as some authors shrewdly guess,  
 By th' bishop of the diocess.  
 Others report it writ by Cotton  
 (By whom, it matters not a button) ;  
 It shed, indeed, a stock of gall  
 On table-altar at the wall.*

*The vicar and his altar-party,  
 Stout paper combatants and hearty,  
 Resent in highest sort, th' affront,  
 And vow revenge, whate'er come on 't,  
 Which in this manner was effected :  
 One o' them, like a man distracted,  
 Starts up, and to the altar goes,  
 Catches from thence a Coal,† and throws*

\* The Holy Table, &c., ridicules them thus : "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt-offering ?" &c. But, says the Coal again, "The Church admits of a commemorative sacrifice." The Table answers, "I do confess the man hath found a sacrifice (a true and real sacrifice), but it is a bull." *Taurum Neptune, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo.* Vir. Æneid. A very strange and hideous bull, which this calf makes the church to speak unto her people in her public homily. But the church, in her homily, and other public writing, never speaks a word of any commemorative sacrifice, but of the memory only of a sacrifice. See the Holy Table, Name, and Thing.

† A letter to the vicar of Grantham, about setting his table altar-wise.

‡ In answer to the letter, comes out a book called a Coal from the Altar.

Full-drive at their pernicious writing,  
And all the table-men 't could light on.

But, sirs, behold the scorching brand  
Was scarce deliver'd from his hand,  
When from the table-party came  
The Quench-Coal\* out, to choak the same :  
But Quench-Coal, being but a dull  
Inspid lump, of nonsense full,  
Did little harm, or none at all,  
To th' victorious Altar-Coal.  
But to its aid came the most able  
Buffoons about communion-table,  
And in a spiteful laughter fall,  
By way of horse-play, on the Coal ;  
Throw canons and injunctions on it,  
And musty rubrics heap upon it ;  
With Fox's Acts, and lying Jewel,  
And homilies, contriv'd to do ill ;  
With these, upon the Coal, they fling ;  
The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.†  
This was a mighty piece of stuff,  
Brim-full of banter, droll, and scoff,  
By which, no doubt, the table members  
Had dash'd the Coal, into dead embers,  
If‡ Pocklington had not restrain'd 'em  
By his Altare Christianum ;  
A learned book, where Coal and Altar  
Found for a time sufficient shelter,  
Expell'd the venom, dull'd the sting  
Of Holy Table, Name, and Thing,  
The vicar dies ;§ and, you must know,  
He saw (it seems) from grot below,  
His altar in a danger great,  
And few that pleaded well for it ;

\* In reply to the Coal, comes out the Quench-Coal.

† Against the Coal also, Williams, bishop of Lincoln, writes a book, entitled, The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.

‡ Dr. Pocklington's Altare Christianum.

§ The Dead Vicar's Plea. Thus the book is entitled.

Takes up his pen and falls to plead  
For's altar, tho' a twelvemonth dead.  
Who doubts but all the damn'd below,  
And devils, know what sinners do ?  
Tho' 't is a crime to him that dares  
Affirm that saints hear just men's prayers.

Scarce was a pen but what was try'd,  
And books flew out on every side,  
Till every fop set up for wit,  
And Laud, and Hall, and Heylin writ ;  
And so did White, and Montague,  
And Shelford, Cousins, Watts, and Dew,  
Lawrence, and Forbes, and a crew  
Whose names would surfeit me and you.

Nor was the Presbyterian side  
Less learn'd, less fierce, less occupy'd ;  
That is in pulling down, from top  
To bottom, what the rest set up ;  
And spoiling th' image of a kirk,  
That cost prelaties so much work :  
For out comes Autokatacrisis,\*  
And dings their altar all to pieces :  
Puts out their Coal, and quite destroys  
Their shadow of a sacrifice :  
Expos'd the prelates, and their prayers,  
And rais'd the mob about their ears.

This book was writ about the year  
That Laud impos'd his Common Prayer  
Upon the Scots. It helped on  
The war Jane Gaddis had begun,  
And put an end to goose-quill fight,  
But not to malice, rage, and spite.  
Both sides, in full spring-tide of wrath,  
But in the lowest ebb of faith,  
Fall on with gun, and sword and pike,  
And shoot, and push, and slash, and strike,

\* *Laudensium 'Autokatacrisis.*

And hang, and head, and burn, and kill,  
With all their power, to people hell.  
Thus for religion both run mad,  
When not a grain on 't either had.

Old Laud, who by this time had hope  
Of setting up himself for pope,  
Was by the hatchet shorter made,  
By half the neck, and the whole head.  
His fellow prelates, three times four  
(I care not whether less or more)  
The parliament sent to the Tower:  
Where they lay sweating for a while,  
And then were banish'd from the isle.

"Thus to Presbyterian rage and zeal  
A sacrifice those busy bishops fell,  
And their reformed church was overthrown  
By its own prop, the reformation;  
For by the rule that they reformed Rome,  
By that same rule they were reform'd at home,  
All sects in England have the self-same plea  
To reform them, as they the Roman see."

The wolves at last thus laid to sleep.  
Up tigers rise to keep the sheep,  
And rule, without control, the herd,  
By force of spirit and the word;  
Two furies, which amain derive on  
To further reformation;

*For reformation never ends,  
The more it reforms, the less it mends.*

In place of former liturgy,  
They frame a strange Directory\*  
In which was neither psalm nor prayer,  
Nor creed, nor pater-noster there,  
More than you'll find in *Erra-Pater*.  
Yet highly valued for its matter,

\*The Presbyterian Directory, set out, when they cried down  
the Common Prayer.

And reverenc'd in English kirks  
As Alcoran among the Turks.

This book was made to teach the way  
Of discipline, and how to pray.  
Not by set form, but inward light ;  
By length of prayer they knew when right,  
Its efficacy, truth and strength,  
Consisting all in cant and length.

Tho' form of prayer, those men\* have none,  
Yet form of visage they put on,  
And by the twine of mouth and forehead  
Knead up an aspect damn'dly horrid,  
And shape their faces to the fashion  
Of their decree of reprobation :  
In short, a sign of all that's base,  
Sinful, and wicked 's in his face ;  
So by the outward mark is guest  
The inward nature of the beast.

On Sundays, when he leaves his house  
To go to kirk, a thousand bows  
He makes, and cringes in the street  
To ev'ry hobby-horse he meets ;  
Twisting with little smirks his face,  
To show his stock of inward grace,  
And be admired and respected  
For saint eternally elected :  
But when he comes in kirk, he goes  
As if close swaddl'd in his clothes ;  
To God he will not bow his knee,  
Like an old Agonyclitee.

Mounting his desk, a while he sits  
In silence, and his eyes he shuts,  
Thrice yawns, to suck the spirit in,  
That is, to operate within ;  
Then a deep groan, and out he brays  
Such odd extemporary prayers,

\* A Presbyter, or preaching elder.



As these that are recorded since  
In *Presbyterian Eloquence*.\*

Ending his prayer, his mouth he shuts,  
And tunes the organs of his guts ;  
So do the rest, till all perceive  
Their tune-big paunches fall to heave,  
And rumble thro' their droning pipes  
A full blast from the bag of tripes.  
Throats thus set up, and mouths wide ope,  
Bob Wisdom's Psalm 'gainst Turk and Pope  
They sing, or some Geneva jigs,  
Not much unlike the squeak of pigs,  
By Knox compos'd and such as fled  
From England at the death of Ned.  
I'll give an instance here of one  
By Knox set out, and thus sings John :

*Then Jezebel, when she grew fat,*

*Then she began to fling :*

*She's fat, she's fair, she's finger-fed,*

*Her paunches down do hing.*

Thus come at last to end of psalm,  
And all the blusterers grown calm,  
The elder, in his frantic heats,  
Falls on with fist, and pulpit beats :  
His text he takes from sacred letter,  
For holy gospel he knows better

\* "Lord, souse 'em ; Lord, douse 'em in the powdering-tub of affliction, that they may come out tripes fitting for thy table." See *Cit and Bumpkin*, by Sir Roger L'Estrange.—"Lord, give us grace: for, if thou give us not grace, we shall not give thee glory: and who will gain by that, Lord?" *Huston's Prayer*, in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*. *Borland's Prayer*. "Lord, when thou wast electing to eternity, grant that we have not got a wrong cast of thy hand to our souls." *Presb. Eloq.*—Another elder prays: "Lord, thou hast said, that *he is worse than an infidel that provides not for his own family*. Give us not reason to say this of thee, Lord, for we are thine own family, and yet have been but scurvily provided for of a long time." See *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, where the reader may find plenty of the like description.

Than any of the four that writ 'em,  
And with their native sense can fit 'em,  
As well as dextrous baboon  
A fiddle can, or bag-pipe tune,  
As soon as words of text are spoke,  
He shuts up notes and Bible-book,  
To show 'tis not from learning human,  
Or painful study, but from demon,  
That dictates to him what he preaches,  
And every paradox he teaches ;  
For whatsoever he pretends,  
He has his proofs at fingers' ends ;  
Or stor'd in skull, 'gainst time of need.  
As witches knot up wind in thread.

If't chance, as often 't does, a word  
Escapes blasphemous, or absurd,  
At heels on 't Scripture comes to back it ;  
He'll forge a text before he'll lack it :  
For 's black decree of reprobation,  
For cheating, lying, and oppression,  
For incest, rape, rebellion, murder,  
He has his texts in proper order ;  
For cutting off the heads of kings,  
Scripture authority he brings :  
That God is *author of all sin*,  
He finds the proofs his Bible in.  
Nothing flies from his impious jaws,  
But what leaps out in Bible phrase.

When in the heat of his distractions,  
Strangely surprising are his actions ;  
One fit he'll seem all saint, and civil ;  
Then, on a sudden, turn a devil :  
Sometimes he'll smile, and then he'll weep ;  
Then close his eyes, as if asleep ;  
When, on a sudden, from his dream  
He'll start, and, fury-like, exclaim  
'Gainst pope and prelate, king and priest ;  
Of these he forms his antichrist,

And paints him in a figure horrid,  
With ten huge horns on each forehead,  
And with a septi-fronted skull :  
With this his monstrous butting bull,  
He frights the women into fits,  
And scares the men out of their wits :  
But when he sets his face to whine  
(Strange force of sympathetic twine)  
The people writhe up ugly faces,  
As outward signs of inward graces ;  
Who does not this, by all the rest  
Is deem'd a reprobate at best.

It is a main part of his care  
To preach 'em all into despair :  
Horror, and desperate dejection,  
Are his chief signs of free election.

When from the kirk folk go away,  
To one another thus they'll say ;  
Ah ! Lard, what pains (good man, he took ?  
He all this while preach'd without book ;  
Yet made, bless'd man, a godly sermon :  
His countenance is sweet and charming ;  
For from each twine of mouth, or crown,  
One might perceive *grace pouring down*.  
Thus they extol, and think him even  
A very angel dropp'd from heaven ;  
Well, be it so ; then I can tell  
That he slipp'd down, when Satan fell.

Such gifted elders kept the steeple  
For sev'ral years ; and taught the people,  
From mystic sense of holy word,  
The godly use of pike and sword,  
And all the mysteries of war,  
'Gainst prelate, prince, and Common Prayer :  
Till at the last their church, alas !  
Was brought to such a warlike pass,  
That when its foes were overcome,  
It fought-on still, and kill'd at home ;

Elder with elder, saint with saint  
Fought thro' their whole church militant,  
'Till independent got the better,  
By cant and sword of the presbyter.

But ken ye not what's *Independ-*  
*Dency*? Mind, sirs, I'll tell ye then ;  
It 's Protestancy twice refin'd,  
As everybody has a mind,  
And jurisdiction wrested from  
The pope, and cut in bits at home,  
For ev'ry man to have his share  
(Equal partition's very fair) ;  
Thus each man is a parish priest,  
Just to himself, not to the rest,  
A red-nos'd ruffian, called Noll,  
*Lord Independent* of them all,  
Steps boldly up, and sets him down,  
Not in the throne, but on the crown :  
He cut that Gordian-knot in two,  
Which Charles himself durst never do ;  
That is into the house he went,  
And turn'd out the *long parliament* ;  
Then, under a pretence of zeal  
For public good, rul'd common weal.  
He took for 's title *lord protector* ;  
Rul'd divers years : at last the hector,  
In a huge hurricane, was hurl'd  
Headlong into another world.

Noll in a whirlwind blown away,  
And Dick, his son, not like to stay,  
Folk sober grew, and well content  
To call again from banishment  
Their injur'd landlord, and restore  
The farms they drove him from before :  
They having spent both blood and treasure,  
Monk quietly brings in great Cæsar.

The exil'd king again restor'd,  
In swarm the bishops and the word ;

Not that same word which out they carried,  
But a *new* faith is now declared.  
Religion takes another frame :  
It never stood two reigns the same

The *real presence*, which before  
So many taught, is held no more ;  
Nor is there any further noise  
'Bout altar, priest or sacrifice.

Charles, that long, by force of arms,  
Had been kept from three goodly farms,  
And bishops drove from dioceses,  
That had so long liv'd on their greases,  
Were glad, it seems, at any cost,  
To repossess their livings lost.  
And can you blame them ? For judge you  
What bangs and hunger will not do ;  
Especially with those whose belly  
Is all the deity they value.

Juxton and Sheldon, Wren and Cosin,  
And other such, about a dozen,  
Together met, after the fashion  
Of upper house of convocation,  
Calling their petty clerks together,  
Who, of the houses, made the nether.

Hark, brethren, says old Juxton, hark,  
We're got again to helm of bark :  
Let's not forget how Laud, our brother,  
Misguided, in his time, the rudder,  
'Till oversetting in the flood,  
The kirk was drown'd in waves of blood,  
The shelves on which he fondly run,  
I pray, good brethren, let us shun.  
By mild compliance with dissenters,  
And stretch no more their faith on tenters.  
Why should we, sirs, make all this din  
About the railing tables in,  
Or getting them set altar-wise,  
When priest we want and sacrifice ?

I'd rather have us quite disclaim  
All our pretensions to the same.

There was a rubric, many a day since,  
Contriv'd against the *real presence*,  
And set in Edward's second book ;  
But shortly after out was took,  
And flung away in reign of Bess :  
Can any o' ye tell where 'tis ?  
I have it by me, quoth Ben Laney,  
With other pieces a great many,  
That now are old and out of use.  
Go, bring it hither to the house,  
Says Juxton. Not so fast, quoth Wren,  
Let's never meddle with 't again ;  
It is a piece of impious stuff,  
Without a word of scripture proof ;  
But quite against the sacred letter !  
Well, well, quoth Juxton, that's no matter ;  
We must not stand on things so nicely,  
But for our interest act things wisely ;  
Unless we take that rubric in,  
We cannot please the Puritan ;  
And once provoke those Presbyters,  
They'll swarm again about our ears ;  
For they're a waspish sort of cattle,  
That will for trifles fly to battle.

His talk old Juxton still had held on,  
Had he not thus been stopp'd by Sheldon.  
My lord, I never, while I live,  
To this the least consent can give ;  
I'll never prostitute my faith  
For fear of Puritanic wrath :  
'Twill stain the ecclesiastic state,  
That we ourselves, who but so late  
For real presence, and for altar,  
Were in fair way to stretch a halter,  
And banish'd from our dioceses,  
Should own a rubric such as this is,

That has no presence in 't at all,  
Nor real, nor essential ;  
Whereas we all believe (ye know)  
Christ present, tho' we know not 'how.

At this the blood of bishop Juxton  
Began to boil, like\* Anne o' Buxton :  
He rolls his little eyes about,  
And thus in words his thoughts broke out ;  
Think you, sirs, I am such a buzzard  
As t' lose my bishopric, and hazard  
The want of wine, fat beef, and bread,  
If not the cutting off my head ;  
Or being trussed upon the gallows,  
By vexing of those fiery fellows ?  
You know how they have bang'd our coats,  
And cut whole thousands of our throats ;  
Besides, beheading of our king,  
And all about this very thing ;  
Is 't fitting that we provoke them ?  
No ! rather cherish, coax, and stroke them.  
Besides, the king, tho' dear he buy it,  
Will stick at naught to purchase quiet.  
'Tis not a rubric† we must stand on.  
Well, since our faith we must abandon,  
'Tis good to use a little cunning,  
And do it prudently, says Gunning ;  
Where *real* and *essential* stand,  
We'll put the word *corporeal*, and  
Blot out the other two ; by this  
The change, perhaps, may be the less ;  
For pious chaplains that have preach'd

\* A hot bath, not far from the Peak in Derbyshire.

† See king Edward's rubric at large, in Canto Two, a part of which I shall put down here : *We do declare, that it is not meant thereby (by kneeling) that any adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread and wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential presence there being of Christ's natural flesh and blood.* Thus king Edward's rubric : but king Charles' bishops have changed the words *real* and *essential* presence into *corporeal* presence.

To the late king, from Scriptures stretch'd  
Have taught Christ's body truly there ;  
Yet at the same time did declare  
That bodily he must not be,  
Where yet his body's really ;  
So we may set our rubric off  
Against *corporeal* well enough ;  
Yet in our own minds we may all  
Hold *real* and *essential*.

No sooner said, but all in this  
For aught we ken, did acquiesce :  
For alter'd thus, that rubric took  
Its stand in the communion-book.  
It seems those metaphysic noddies,  
'Twixt *real* and *essential* bodies  
And bodies that *corporeal* are,  
Could tell the difference to a hair ;  
Like Hudibras, who could divide  
To a hair 'tween south and south-west side.

Some other little changes were  
Besides made in the Common Prayer ;  
But scarcely worth the noting down,  
Setting aside this needless one,  
To wit, their litany's defect,  
They like great sages, now correct ;  
And\* schism and rebellion add,  
Words which before it never had,  
Judging that this petition there,  
For folk to beg in Common Prayer,  
Would keep them in obedience  
To church and state, and priest and prince ;  
But what effect this had one might  
See, who liv'd since in eighty-eight.

*True Protestancy's in its nature  
Composed of no other matter*

\* From rebellion, heresy, and schism, *Good Lord, deliver us.*  
A vain and needless petition, and hypocritically added, because the  
very essence of all Protestancy is schism, rebellion, and heresy.



*Than schism, heresy, and treasons,  
Rebellion too on all occasions.*

The Common Prayer was scarcely done,  
When farther business came on ;  
And it was this : grave bishop \*Hacket  
Pulls a small book out of his pocket ;  
Come speck and span new from the press,  
Against their ordination 't was,  
Proving the forms thereof invalid,  
By arguments so strong and solid,  
That they were deem'd unanswerable  
By all about the thoughtful table.  
Its title was *Erastus Senior* :

Reach me the book, says bishop †Skinner,  
I'll read aloud, that all may know  
That's in 't : says ‡Juxton, prythee do.

When over 't was distinctly read,  
To deep consult went ev'ry head,  
Both in the high and lower hut,  
For form's defence, but found it not.  
Juxton, who matters duly weigh'd,  
Utter'd his voice, and thus he said ;  
I gather, by my skill in reading,  
That reformation's first proceeding  
Was grave, and went on by slow steps,  
And jump'd not to the top by leaps.  
First, Harry th' eighth the pope deny'd,  
Yet did with no reformer side ;  
But under young king Ned, his son,  
The Zuinglian gospellers begun,  
Who in a five or six years' work  
Built up a sort of §Zuinglian kirk ;  
These held the pope for antichrist,  
The bishops for the horns o' th' beast,

\* Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield.

† Bishop of Oxford, expelled.

‡ Bishop of Canterbury, expelled from London.

§ The character of king Edward's Zuinglian church.

And priests for lesser limbs at least;  
Disowning all the character,  
That consecration could confer;  
Therefore both forms \*abolished,  
That bishops might no more be made,  
Nor priests; and then devised two  
Unuseful forms, that we have now;  
Which forms were not for consecration  
Of bishops, nor for ordination  
Of priests design'd; nor is the name  
Of priest or bishop in the same  
(As I have often said before,  
You'll think on 't better, th' oft'ner o'er),  
Which plainly shows Ned's church ne'er meant  
To have a priest or bishop in 't.

The end for which those forms were made,  
Was only that it might be said,  
*This is the man that's pitch'd upon  
For elder, by election;*  
And was deputed to that honor  
In solemn-wise and formal manner.  
Thus, if a layman was but chosen,  
By fellow laymen half a dozen,  
Such choice was held for good vocation,  
Without a farther ordination,  
And qualify'd him to be sent  
To preach, and give the sacrament:†  
With power enough to labor hard  
In the new vineyard of the Lord:  
Thus they held on all Mary's reign:  
At Frankfort chose, and chose again,  
And the elected held the chair  
Of Presbyter but for his year;

\* Their abolishing the ancient Catholic ordinal of consecrating and ordaining bishops and priests, and devising new forms for electing of them.

† See the twenty-third of the Thirty-nine Articles, and the bishop of Sarum's Exposition on it.

Then to another gave it o'er,  
And turn'd a layman as before.  
But afterwards, when Bess, the queen,  
Came to the eighth year of her reign,  
She had a mind to have them bear  
The priests' and bishops' character ;  
And so had they. To this intent  
They humbly sue the parliament  
To make them bishops, and by act  
Confer the character they lackt.  
The parliament grants their petition,  
And, by a statute, gives them mission ;  
Enacts them to be priests and bishops,  
And that the forms, us'd by their worships,  
Were good enough for ordination  
Of priests' and bishops' consecration ;  
And that such as, in time to come,  
Should be ordain'd by either form,  
For priests and bishops should be taken,  
To be as good as Rome could make them.  
Now to consider let us go,  
If they be valid, aye or no,

At this to work went ev'ry head ;  
Erastus o'er again was read,  
And all the arguments were brought on,  
For and against, that could be thought on,  
Till by and by speaks\* Ironside,  
The thing must thoroughly be tried ;  
For 'tis of great concern, and weighty :  
The enemy's expert and mighty,  
And therefore must have no occasion  
To say we argue without reason.  
I grant, at first, the forms were made  
Only for choosing, as is said,  
And that they neither can confer  
The priests' nor bishops' character.

\* Bishop of Bristol.

Perhaps to this some may object,  
The queen supplied this sad defect;  
So did the parliament, by act.  
To this I answer, that's a dream,  
Which from the *ivory postern* came,  
To think states temporal can by act  
Supply a spiritual defect:  
That act is null, as if it were not;  
*For who can give the thing he has not?*  
'Tis certain not one word of Christ's  
Impower'd lay-states to make priests;  
Besides, the forms being really null,  
To say they're good, is a monstrous bull;  
Or, what is worse, a contradiction  
(*This age cannot be gull'd by fiction*).

The arguments of this Erastus,  
Should we pretend to solve, would last us  
Till thread of life grew out of nook,  
Yet leaves unanswered the book.  
Besides, this book's so public now,  
That, maugre all that we can do,  
The world will see our sad defect,  
And hold us but for bare elect:  
And here he stopp'd. Quoth bishop† Sheldon,  
I judge it would be very well done  
So leave those forms, and make us new ones,  
Such as the world must own for true ones;  
And then by these ordain hereafter.  
At this \*Stern burst out into laughter.  
Admit we make new forms, says he,  
Pray what shall we the better be,  
Unless we able were to use them?  
All we can do is to abuse them,  
Because we are no bishops, nor  
So much as priests; therefore give o'er,  
And never let me hear of this.

† Bishop of London till 1663, then of Canterbury.  
Bishop of Carlisle.

Hush ! hush ! says Juxton, hold your peace :  
Think you the people will examine  
Whether we bishops are, or laymen,  
Provided that ourselves we bear  
As if we had the *character* ?  
What's this, quoth Stern, and spoke in heat,  
But at the best a pious cheat ?  
I say, let 's ne'er pretend to grant  
To others what ourselves do want :  
It is more honesty, by far,  
To tell folk plainly what we are.  
Quoth \*Frewin, such advice as this is,  
Will hazard all our benefices,  
And turn us out of diocesses.  
Can we suppose folk will allow us  
Such revenues, when once they know us  
To be but laymen, like themselves ?  
'Twill split our very church on shelves ?  
For where no bishop can be found,  
There can be no church. This is own'd ;  
'Tis therefore fit we have regard  
Unto our dignity, says† Ward,  
And keep the name of bishop up ;  
Or else we're mad, says ‡Bryan Dupp.  
What signifies, quoth Stern, a name,  
Where no just right is to the same ?  
'Tis but assuming that among us,  
Which in plain terms doth not belong t' us,  
Since people have so many years  
Call'd us ecclesiastic peers,  
Few but will think it is our due ;  
Let us be silent then, quoth Frew ;  
'Twere madness, certainly, if ever  
We should our nakedness discover :

\* Bishop of York.

† Bishop of Exeter in 1661.

‡ Duppa, bishop of Winchester.

Let 's meddle then with neither form ;  
The changing of them must do harm,  
And give men cause to think them null.  
That's true, quoth \*Griffith, so it will ;  
For changing them in any fashion,  
Will be their *tacit* condemnation ;  
For if (they'll say) they were before  
Sufficient forms, what need we more ?  
But, if we change them, then they'll swear  
They're good for naught, and always were.  
Brothers, quoth Juxton in a huff,  
You talk ; but think not deep enough.  
'Tis this Erastus spoils their credit :  
I curse the author when I read it.  
If it had never been set out,  
Of changing them I'd never thought,  
But, for the reasons that you show,  
Should let them stand as now they do.  
But he so teazes us about them,  
That we had better be without them,  
Than always be thus sadly pelted.  
The day is hot, I'm almost melted :  
Come let us to the tavern go,  
And take a glass of wine or two :  
It is too hard for us to think,  
And talk so long without some drink :  
'Twill whet our wits, and make us sprightly,  
As men should be that scan things rightly :  
Indulging sometimes with a can,  
The *outward* helps the *inward man* ;  
And by the gravest may be done,  
Provided there's no looker-on.  
We'll be alone, none shall come nigh us,  
Unless my landlady be by us ;  
And she's a merry harmless woman :  
Do what you will, she'll tell of no man.

\* Bishop of St. Asaph.

This pleas'd them all, and out they sally,  
To rinse with sack their brains from folly,  
And wash their milts from melancholy. }

Scarce thrice the glass its round had ran,  
When Juxton thus again began :  
For long debates time will not last us ;  
In short, who 'll grapple with Erastus ?  
What say you to it, brother\* Cosin ?  
Not I, my lord ; I'm sure a dozen  
O' th' learn'dst bishops in the land  
Dare never take this task in hand.  
I'm o' your mind, I do protest,  
Quoth Sheldon. This o'ersway'd the rest.  
Well then, quoth Juxton, there's no way  
But make new forms. Amen, say they :  
And now, good brothers, let us see  
How 't must be done ? They all agree,  
That, at such times as hands are laid  
Upon the elected party's head,  
Such words be us'd, as can confer  
On priests the *priestly character* ;  
And words that can make bishops, right as  
St. Paul did Timothy and Titus.

Concluding thus, they go away  
To convocation house, and pray,  
Where for a while they silent sit,  
And on the matter meditate,  
Till they perceiv'd sufficient light  
For wording their *new forms* aright ;  
Then call a notary, who soon,  
As they did dictate, wrote them down  
Just as they stand below,† pray read,  
And then compare with those of Ned.

\* Bishop of Durham.

† The rest of the bishops were, Roberts, of Bangor, expelled before in 1642 ; Pierce, of Bath and Wells, expelled ; King Chichester ; Lucy, of St. David's ; Wren, of Ely, expelled ; Folsion, of Gloucester ; Monk, of Hereford ; Morgan Owen, of

Now, reader, I must let you know,  
 These forms devis'd in sixty-two,  
 Were never authorized yet  
 By article or canon ; but  
 To Ned's form, the ordained till now  
 Are bound to swear, and swear they do,  
 If by \*subscription and assent  
*Ex animo*, an oath he meant.

daff, expelled ; Saunderson, of Lincoln ; Reynold, of Norwich ; Ben. Lany, of Peterborough ; Warner, of Rochester ; Henschman, of Salisbury ; Morley, of Worcester ; Walton, of Chester ; Barrow, of the Isle of Man.

The form of ordaining priests made by K. Charles the second's bishops, after his restoration, anno 1662.

Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God and of his holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The form of consecrating bishops, made in the year 1632, by the above-named.

Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God, committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by this imposition of our hands ; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness.

The form of ordaining priests, devised (by six clergymen and six laymen, or the major part of them) in the reign of K. Edward the sixth.

Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of his holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The form of consecrating bishops, devised under K. Edward the sixth (by perhaps six laymen, and one clergyman).

Take the Holy Ghost ; and remember that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee, by the imposition of hands : for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness.

\* They subscribe and swear to the old, but are ordained by the new. See Canon 36, and Art. 36.



Yet what they swear to, they refuse,  
And forms not sworn to now they use.

*Here's perjury upon record,*

*At entering the vineyard of the Lord.*

Charles (as is said) restor'd again,  
Things bode a long and peaceful reign :  
'Twas undisturbed for many years,  
'Till jealousies began, and fears.

Two ugly *scarecrows* hatch'd of late  
By *knaves* to fright the *fools* of state,  
On wings of malice, for a while,  
These flutter'd up and down the isle ;  
But were by Cæsar little dreaded,  
He lay at ease, and nothing heeded,  
'Till all his people into fits  
Began to fall and lose their wits,  
For fear some grisly o'er-grown giant,  
Or Gallic king, a monster nigh hand,  
Should suddenly drink up the sea,  
And join the land to Picardy,  
And drive them from their tenements,  
And \*abbey-lands, and churches' rents,  
And bring 'em back again to Rome  
(*They 'd go to hell ere they 'd come*).

At that time 't was the kingdom's fate  
To have a minister of state,  
That hated mortally great Cæsar,  
And James, the duke, beyond all measure ;  
Hated the queen and her religion,  
And all the papists in the region.  
In short, he bent his malice at  
The monarchy of church and state :  
He was a little dapper fellow,  
And had a hole bored in his belly,  
In which he wore a silver tap,  
To let out his hydropic sap :

\* See the impossibility of this in Dr. Johnston's *Bool Abbeylands*.

Deep was his head, profound his wit,  
No man alive could fathom it,  
Till Charles himself (almost too late)  
Outreach'd this monster of the state.  
In turns of state he was an ape,  
Could take upon him every shape ;  
A loyalist till forty-one,  
And then another face put on,  
Became a canting Presbyterian,  
And then a long-parliamentarian,  
And after that an Oliverian ;  
And often, for his master's ease,  
Would climb, and seek the Lord in trees ;  
Nor would the seeker leap to ground  
Till Noll perceiv'd the Lord was found.  
This man, as soon as Charles came in,  
Became a loyalist again ;  
And by the king was made a lord,  
And placed at the council board ;  
In ev'ry turn of state he met,  
The cat fell always on his feet.

But, why the king exalted this  
Arch-traitor, is not hard to guess ;  
He had a mind to have well-try'd  
That maxim taught by Gaffer\* Hyde,  
To wit, " To call to sit at helm  
The greatest rebels in the realm :  
For, by this means, your foes you bring  
To be good subjects to the king,  
Your friends will always be your friends ;  
So will your foes, for their own ends.  
Those rebels, therefore, sir, prefer,  
And for your friends you need not care."

\* I know the publisher of Clarendon's History endeavors to free him from this imputation, but in vain ; for, alas ! the king's friends knew too well the truth, and too wofully experienced the effects of that direful counsel, ever to have it cancelled out of their memories by bare denial ; and this denial not from the lord himself, but from strangers that spake without book.

This council, villanous and base,  
To the ungrateful king's disgrace,  
Chased from court all honest men,  
And into rule plac'd rogues in grain.  
Those villains, he so fondly made of,  
Strove at the last to cut his head off.

This \*Shaftsbury, for so he's hight,  
Since Charles to earl exalted knight,  
Observing well how matters went,  
The nation's fears, and discontent,  
Their jealousies and sad distraction,  
By him fomented, and his faction,  
A crew of hot-brain'd busy whigs,  
As ever sung Geneva jigs,  
Improves th' occasion, as was fitting,  
And sets his restless head a plotting,  
How the three kingdoms might be rent  
From Charles's drowsy government ;  
How James, the duke, to undermine,  
And so cut off the royal line,  
And drive out of the British region  
The holy Catholic religion.

He long revolv'd this in his mind,  
Rack'd his strong wit, but could not find  
In all the labyrinths of thought,  
What way i' th' world to bring 't about,  
From history he culls the notes  
Of Cecil's and of other plots,  
That cunning politicians mention,  
To help thereby his own invention ;  
Yet short came all his human skill,  
*Such plots as these are hatch'd in hell.*

In this disorder, to his bed,  
He goes to rest his troubled head,  
Fitly dispos'd, by such inaction,  
For such infernal power's distraction ;

\* Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

He dreams, and, waking out of dreaming,  
In dismal manner falls a screaming ;  
What spectre's this that thus awakes me ?  
O strange effect of fear ! how 't shakes me ?  
I must confess, with fumes ere now,  
That from the hypochondria flew,  
Up to the brain in ugly shapes,  
Of serpents, dragons, devils, apes,  
I have often been in distress,  
But ne'er had such dreams as this.  
Methought the kingdom's Çaco-demon,  
A horrid, deform'd, blind, and lame one,  
Hell ne'er dispatch'd a worse shap'd devil  
To tempt a nation to all evil,  
Stood up, with threat'ning look, before me,  
As if in pieces 't would have tore me,

“ From the grand seignior of hell  
I come (says he), Tony, to tell  
Thee, that our empire will assist  
Thy undertakings. Do thy best.”  
Then, lifting up his claw-shap'd hand  
In threat'ning manner gave command  
That I and Monmouth (Charles's son)  
And other chiefs should join in one,  
To kill the king, the duke, the queen,  
The popish lords and gentlemen.  
And then to give a strict command  
To all the rabble in the land  
To spare no age, sex, or degree,  
But quite extirpate popery.

This said, it closer on me prest,  
And spread a claw upon my breast,  
And in its other held a bar  
Of glowing steel, three inches square,  
Threat'ning me with ten thousand stripes,  
And then to rive out all my tripes,  
If I obey'd not, out of hand,  
With all my power, his dire command.

In this condition, you may guess,  
'Twas not my best to promise less ;  
I therefore *plighted him my troth*,  
And he, on his part, pledged his oath,  
To help us in the undertaking.

While those conditions were thus making,  
Flash'd round a flame of sulphurous blue,  
In which away the devil flew.

But why relate I this, when none  
Is by ? (*Oates*. Mistake not, here is one.)

*Shaft*. Who in the devil's name art thou ?  
And how got hither, tell me how ?

*Oat*. The name of Titus Oates, I bear,  
A church of England's minister.

*Shaft*. Well, be it so : but by what spell  
Art thou dropp'd here i' th' name of hell ?

The doors are fast, how got you thro',  
Tell me, in the name of wonder, how ?  
And, what's your business, let me know ?

*Oat*. My lord, from Fox Hall I am brought,  
By something swift, as any thought,  
Which mounting me upon its back,  
Like Mahomet on Elborack,  
Thro' yielding air we flew in haste,  
And down the sooty chimney past,  
And hither, lo, my lord, I come  
On great design 'gainst Church of Rome.

*Shaft*. I'm glad of that, tell me your meaning ;  
And all without reserve or feigning.

*Oat*. My\* father, a poor needy fellow,  
Wrought on his loom to feed his belly,  
Save now and then he earn'd a tester,  
For dipping of some holy sister ;  
But all his life was kept so bare,  
When I grew up, he'd naught to spare.  
This made me set my wits a plodding,  
How to get bread, and beef, and pudding ;

\* *Oates*' father was a ribbon weaver, and a dipper.

And, being hopeful, 't was not long  
Ere I was call'd by Dr. Tong,  
Just at the time that he was reading  
Andrew Habernfield's proceeding,  
A feigned plot, and charg'd upon  
The Jesuits, in forty-one.

Quoth he, dear Oates, I see thou 'rt poor,  
Ready to beg from door to door;  
But I'll relieve thy present want,  
If thou can'st swear, and lie, and cant.  
I can, said Oates, for you must know,  
My dad from cradle taught me how.  
Quoth he, I'll try thee with a trick,  
Go feign thyself a Catholic,  
And outwardly the looks pnt on  
Of a devout and godly man:  
Then to the Jesuits apply  
Thyself, and beg most earnestly,  
That to St. Omer's they will send thee.  
When thou art entertain'd, apply  
Thyself to play the subtle *spy*,  
Takes notes of e'erything you see,  
Then back again return to me.

A word's enough; I know your meaning,  
Said Oates, to send me out a gleaning.  
I'll catch whate'er they do, or say,  
Their very thoughts I'll steal away.

Resolved thus to cant and lie,  
And play the saint, away went I,  
O'er to\* St. Omer's first I went.  
Thence to Valladolid was sent,

\* The rector of Watton, in his attestation of Oates' behavior at St. Omer's, says, that Oates was unknown to them till the year 1677, and then he was received as a mere neophyte, without any language, &c., wherefore they sent him to Valladolid; he was turned away from thence after about four months' stay; yet, by his importunity and promises of amendment, he got admittance into the seminary of St. Omer's, where he was put to study, &c. Some suspected him to be a spy, sent by some enemy to religion. They were resolved to dismiss him, being neither a good Char-

Where I remain'd not long, before  
That college kick'd me out of door,  
For my bad manners, I confess,  
And one that had no sign of grace.

To England I return'd from Spain,  
Tong sent me over sea again ;  
B'ing for my negligence well chided,  
For coming back so ill provided  
Of observations and good notes,  
From which to frame designed plots.

I act, in outward show, the saint,  
And by a hypocritic cant  
Prevail so far, they take me in,  
And with my studies I begin .  
But study and a good behavior  
With my ill nature suited never ;  
For presently I fell to swearing,  
Lewd beastly tricks, and domineering ;  
To lying, cheating, cuffing, nay  
To twenty ill turns every day :  
So that, ere I was seated well,  
The college drove me from my cell,  
As a profane lewd rogue, and lazy,  
And never but in mischief, easy.

Thus slighted by the Jesuits,  
Who are a sort of piercing wits,  
That are not long deceived by cheats ;  
My boiling blood to choler chang'd,  
And I resolv'd to be reveng'd :  
But how to wreak my malice on them,  
And bring destruction down upon them,  
Ev'n for my life I could not tell,  
Without th' infernal help of hell.  
I therefore took the resolution  
To pawn my soul, for their confusion ;  
And so addressed myself, by prayer,

tion to God, nor a good subject to the king. See also L'Estrange's  
Hist. of the Times.

To Belzebub and Lucifer,  
When, lo ! at last came in a hobbling,  
Monstrous, ugly, ill-shap'd goblin,  
Horrid, and dreadful to behold :  
Tho' naturally I'm very bold,  
Yet at the first appearance on 't,  
A trembling seiz'd every joint.  
Gasping awhile, like one half dead,  
I took my Bible up and read,  
Till, gath'ring courage, thus I spake  
(As I do now my natural squeak),  
*In name of Satan what art thou ?*  
One sent from Lucifer below,  
Says he, and lo ! I bring directions  
To thee, O Titus, and instructions  
To Dr. Tong, at Fox's Hall,  
Go straight to him, he'll teach you all :  
Only I charge both thee and Tong,  
Be rul'd by Cooper all along ;  
Swear all that he'll put in thy mouth,  
Whether it be, or be not truth ;  
As soon as ever it is day,  
Call up a sculler and away.  
He said, and vanished to thin air,  
And I by break of day was there,  
Where knocking, Doctor Tong came down,  
Roll'd in his rug for morning gown,  
And kindly led me by th' hand,  
My friend, says he, I understand  
By that same active plotting sprite  
That spoke to you but yesternight,  
How to revenge us, out of hand,  
On all the Jesuits in the land,  
Nay, if you'll be advis'd by me,  
And impudently swear and lie,  
We'll clear the land of popery.  
Swear !—yes, said I, you need not doubt it ;  
Let 's therefore briskly go about it.



—  
We must, says he, a plot invent,  
I've Habernfield's for precedent,  
So, 'tis not difficult to do,  
Only some notes I want to know :  
The names, i' th' first place, write me down  
Of all the Jesuits you have known  
Either in Flanders, Spain, or here,  
What office, and what place they bear,  
And tell with *whom* they live, and *where*,  
And what transactions you have seen  
'Mong that society of men.

To those, from noble men put down,  
The noted'st papists in the town,  
The richest, and of greatest fame  
Thro' all the nation let us name ;  
All which into a plot we 'll bring,  
Conspiring to destroy the king,  
And set the duke upon the throne,  
And pull the church of England down.  
We'll make 'em hold intelligence  
With the great potentate of France,  
By whom an army shall be sent  
To overset the government ;  
All which, when vouched upon oath,  
The parliament will take for troth,  
And loudly will proclaim our merit,  
And doubtless will reward us for it.  
Beside, the *Wisdom of the Nation*\*  
Will be right glad on this occasion,  
Under pretence of which to work,  
To exclude the popish duke of York ;  
The people too will all believe it,  
We will so dext'rously contrive it.  
When this our plot is made complete,

\* The Parliament, at this time, greatly affected the title of *The Wisdom of The Nation*, and dignified Oates with the surname of *The Saviour of the Nation*.

Swear it before a magistrate ;  
Swear you yourself t' have been one  
Engag'd in this conspiracy,  
So 'came acquainted with feats  
Of popish lords and Jesuits.  
When thus we once have made a breach,  
We'll find enough who will impeach.  
Well, well, said I, do you prepare,  
The plot ; let me alone to swear.

At this time we took a hearty drink,  
And then to work with pen and ink,  
To frame a narrative we haste ;  
Tong dictated, I wrote as fast ;  
Which finished, I made no stay,  
But, mounting waft-horse, rode away,  
As swift as witches when they ride  
On greased cowl-staff's back astride.  
That what I say, you may believe,  
Read this.

*Shaft.* What is't ?

*Oat.* My narrative.

*Shaft.* I'm satisfied from what you say,  
That hell has put us in a way  
To manage what you go about ;  
For my part, I shall help you out ;  
For, when it's brought before the king,  
See how I'll handle everything,  
There 's evidence enough to hire,  
To back you out in what you swear ;  
But let me charge you, maugre grace,  
To steel your conscience hard as glass ;  
That false oaths make therein no dint,  
More than your fingers can in flint.

*Oat.* Doubt not, my lord, I have a conscience  
Can swear to contraries, and nonsense.  
No lie so great, but from my mouth  
Shall pass by oath, for solid truth.

*Shaft.* Upon my soul, a blessed youth?

—  
This is, you say, the narrative,  
That you and Tong did late contrive.

*Oat.* It is, my lord, a rough drawn draught,  
Well, well, says Shaftsbury, and laugh'd;  
Sit down, I'll read it o'er, and then  
I'll tell what must be out or in,  
And put it upon such a foot,  
As may make out a current plot.

It was not long ere he had done;  
Haste back, says he, to Dr. Tong:  
Let not a minute be neglected,  
But just as I have this corrected,  
Bid him methodically draw  
A narrative, without a flaw,  
Which you must get by heart, d'ye hear?  
That you to everything may swear.

*Oat.* I shall, my lord, it's time to go,  
The devil's come to fetch me now.

*Shaft.* I do not see him.

*Oat.* Look, he's here.

*Shaft.* What makes you pale?

*Oat.* A sort of fear,

That damn'd villains do inherit  
At the appearance of a spirit.  
At this a voice was heard, and shrill,  
"Haste, Oates, the morning air I smell;  
Come, mount: for lo, methinks I spy  
On eastern hills a paler sky,  
And shades that dwell in gloomy night  
Cannot endure the rays of light.  
Come, quickly come, the day does break."

*Oat.* D'ye hear, my lord, the goblin speak?

*Shaft.* Yes, fare you well, be not afraid.

*Oat.* I go—and so he disappear'd;  
Mounted upon the back of air,  
To Tong at Fox Hall does repair;  
Where Tony's notes upon the plot  
They into proper method put.

The narrative, thus made complete,  
Oates swore it 'fore a magistrate,  
Whose name (if at full length it pass)  
Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey 't was.

Before this justice, Tong and Oates  
Made full discovery of their plots.  
A Bible 's tendered, for you know,  
Things must be done in form of law.  
On Prophets and Evangelists  
Oates lays his sacrilegious fists,  
Changes the color of his face  
To ghastly black (ill sign of grace),  
Gnashes his teeth : foams like a boar ;  
And, chill'd with trembling horror, swore.  
For yet remain'd in human nature  
A certain horror at the matter.  
But maugre nature, and what can  
Be thought left in him yet of man,  
Malice prevail'd ; the monster swore  
Such lies as ne'er were heard before :  
Which the amazed justice hearing,  
And the strange manner of his swearing,  
Believ'd that from the villain's mouth  
Came not one syllable of truth,  
And therefore fear'd to act in what  
He'd heard relating to the plot.

I'm sure (thinks he) the villain lies,  
His oaths are horrid perjuries :  
My conscience tells me, if I be  
Concern'd, I sin as well as he.  
Sure then it's better all things waive,  
And, for his lying, check the knave.

But then again, on t' other hand,  
Those of his sacrilegious band  
Will say, my slighting of the thing  
Is treason in me, 'gainst the king,  
Tost by contrary thoughts the man  
Resolv'd, and unresolv'd again,

Till tir'd ; by undulating mind  
With and 'gainst conscience inclin'd ;  
Sometimes on side of justice bent,  
Then to the contrary side it went ;  
And here it stopp'd, by thoughts that he  
Acted, tho' ill, yet *legally*.  
Resolv'd at last, away he goes,  
And tells the council all he knows ;  
Leaves Gates's depositions there,  
And home returns, but in despair.

The atoms that flew from his spleen  
Jump'd into shapes of murder'd men,  
And wander'd up and down his brain,  
Already seeming to complain.  
We're by your plots unjustly slain ;  
Foreboding, as he deem'd, what was  
From Oates's plot to come to pass.  
Nor was he eas'd in sleep, for, when  
A seeming slumber shut his een,  
Strange spectres seem'd to haunt his dreams,  
And startle him with dismal screams.

Thus burden'd with huge heaps of thought,  
He dragg'd himself a while about,  
Till, at the last, borne down with weight,  
Resolv'd to \*die, and force his fate ;  
His body to a ditch bequeath'd,  
And in his guts his sword he sheath'd.

A mile from town, on Primrose Hill,  
It was, where on his sword he fell ;  
The hilt his breast press'd to the ground,  
The blade seem'd growing thro' the wound :  
And thus for divers days he lay,  
Tho' he was sought for ev'ry day ;  
During which time rose a report,  
By Cooper spread thro' town and court,

\* See Sir Robert L'Estrange's History of the Times, Part III.,  
on the death of Sir Edm. Bury Godfrey.

That by the papists he was slain,  
Tho' none knew *how*, nor *where*, nor *when* ;  
But, being found, the wiser sort  
The malice smelt of this report.

Cooper, who saw he could not warrant  
Its truth, to make it pass for current,  
Without an oath, or two, or three,  
And ev'ry one a whisking lie,  
Fully resolv'd to spare no cost,  
In bribing wicked knights o' th' post .  
Proclaims of \*gold a good round sum  
For any one, that would but come  
And let the council understand  
How Godfrey died, and by what hand.  
One William Bedloe, captain hight,  
From being engag'd by whores to fight  
In bawdy-houses as their bully,  
To drive away some drained cully,  
Soon hears of this, and hastes to Tony,  
In hopes, by swearing, to get money.  
Welcome he was, and with old Cooper  
Was honor'd to sit down to supper,  
Where table-talk of Dr. Oates.

And things relating to his plots,  
Between them past, and now and then  
Bedloe his own exploits brought in ;  
His duels bragg'd, and tankard-wars,  
And to his honor, show'd his scars.

Cooper scarce pleas'd with his vain clatter,  
Drew on more closely to the matter.

*Shaft.* Captain, I know that you can fight,  
But can you swear ? We've things of weight,  
That want an oath, what say ye, man ?

*Bedl.* Swear can I ? Aye, by G— I can,  
Provided that I like my pay.

\* There was a proclamation issued out, and a reward of five hundred pounds promised, and William Bedloe was the first that leaped at the bait. L'Estrange's Hist. of the Times, Part III., p. 85.

*Shaft.* What will you have?

*Bedl.*

Ten pounds a day,

To be continued for a year,

Or longer, if I longer swear.

*Shaft.* Oaths, at that rate, are dearly bought.

*Bedl.* D'ye think that I'll be damned for naught?

*Shaft.* No, here's five hundred pounds in gold,  
Shall down upon the nail be told,

For ten or twelve great oaths sworn stoutly.

*Bedl.* Dam'me, for that I'll swear devoutly.

But what's the matter? tell me soon,

Or else the money first lay down;

For, on my soul, I'm very needy.

*Shaft.* Thou'st heard of Oates's plot already.  
And of sir justice Godfrey's death.

*Bedl.* Godfrey did naught to me bequeath,  
It therefore troubles not my head  
Whether he be alive or dead.

*Shaft.* But prithee, captain, leave thy banter.  
And grow more serious: dare you venture  
To charge on papists Godfrey's murder?

*Bedl.* That's nothing; I dare venture further.

*Shaft.* Well, after this, then join with Oates  
In evidencing all his plots.

But to Sir Edmund's death let's hear  
How you'll contrive't, and how you'll swear.

*Bedl.* Th' invention I'm afraid you'll laugh at,

I'll swear they hang'd him in his cravat,  
In Somerset House, one night when late,  
And kept him there five days in state:  
His lodging was beneath the altar.

At last they loos'd his muslin halter,  
And, on horseback set astride,  
To Primrose Hill they made him ride:

His feet bound fast beneath the belly,

Behind him sat a sturdy fellow,

And on each side there marched one.

Thus all the way they propp'd him on,

'Till, having got him out of town  
A full long mile, they threw him down,  
And thro' his body thrust his sword.  
All this I'll swear : will 't do, my lord,  
Dye think the matter well contriv'd  
To be by council-board believ'd ?

*Shaft.* The board is temper'd well enough  
To take for current any stuff ;  
They swallow 'Tis and *It is not*,  
So one side do but own the plot.

*Bedl.* But when all this is done, I know,  
One single witness will not do ;  
I'm sure there should, at least, be two. }

*Shaft.* Well, captain, leave all that to me,  
I'll get you seconds two or three,  
Here 's Prance, the goldsmith, shall be one.

*Bedl.* Poor Caitiff, he 's as good as none ;  
He dare not damn his soul, I fear.

*Shaft.* I'll have him tortur'd till he swear ;  
I'll make old Richardson torment him  
In Newgate, for I've thither sent him,  
Until he swear what Dr. Lloyd  
Shall teach him, whom I have employ'd  
To go and see him ev'ry day,  
And tell him what to swear and say ;  
And Richardson has promis'd me  
To torture him to that degree,  
That he shall yield to swear and lie,  
Or under weight of torments die.  
Thus far for Godfrey's death. But what  
Further relates to Oates's plot,  
Swear as you find occasion offer,  
Or as new circumstances differ,  
Sometimes to *this*, sometimes to *that*,  
For 't is a daily growing plot ;  
In short, attend to my direction.

*Bedl.* I shall : but get me a protection :  
For my revealing of the matter



Must also prove myself a plotter ;  
And it would be a merry jest,  
Should I be hang'd in good earnest.

*Shaft.* I'll get a pardon from the king,  
Then you may swear to anything.  
All this was done as they agreed,  
And Bedloe swore, and Toney feed.

But now to Oates. Before the king  
He came, and \*swore to ev'rything  
That in his narrative was found,  
And ten times more than there is own'd.

He swore he saw strange letters writ  
By this and t'other Jesuit,  
And all about seditious things,  
As raising armies, murd'ring kings.

He swore that Pick'ring should, with gun-shot,  
Have kill'd the king himself at one shot ;  
But, just as he was taking aim,  
Came Chance, a nimble-finger'd dame,  
And as he did his trigger pluck,  
Whips quick his flint out of the cock.

He swore that Groves was also busy  
A king-fowling with per'lous fuzee,  
'Till one day having in the Park  
A fair sight of his royal mark ;  
Of murd'ring musket, fill'd with powder,  
He claps the butt-end to his shoulder,  
Shuts his left-eye and with his right,  
Like dext'rous gunner, takes his sight :  
When, just as he was taking aim,  
In happy time to mem'ry came,  
That yet he had not loaded gun  
With bullet, as he should have done ;  
The counter-charming silver bullet  
He searches for 'tween lip and gullet  
(For in his mouth he'd wisely hid it  
To have it ready when he needed),

\* Oates's Oaths.

But found it not : for lucky Chance,  
Which still preserv'd the sovereign prince, }  
Had, none knows how, convey'd it thence. }  
This bullet, as learn'd Titus said,  
Was of the lunar metal made,  
'Cause champ'd silver kills stone-dead  
Such as are musket-proof 'gainst lead.

He swore that Wakeman, skilful knight,  
From nightshade, hemlock, aconite,  
From galls of dragons, adders, asps, }  
From baleful Mercury sublimate, }  
And things more poisonous than that,  
All mix'd with Lycoctonon,  
And purify'd in horses' dung,  
Drew out a virulent extraction,  
The quintessence of putrefaction,  
So mortal, that above a league  
Its smell would poison like the plague.  
This Katy was to give the king ;  
But Phœbus, who abhorr'd the thing,  
Having his great elixir by him,  
Came in the night, when none could spy him,  
And by a drop infus'd therein,  
Turn'd baneful dose to medicine ;  
Which Wakeman knowing, when 'twas day,  
The bottle broke, and threw 't away.

He swore that he had private holes  
Under the ground, like other moles,  
And that he wander'd to and fro  
Beneath, as men above ground go,  
To make discoveries below :  
And had in divers places found  
Huge popish armies under ground,  
Well disciplin'd, and fit to work,  
As e'er drew sword against the Turk.

He swore he saw in dead men's tombs,  
Grenadoes, fire-balls, and bombs.

He swore he liv'd in honest rank,

A pensioner in Salamanc ;  
By any in the school unseen,  
Yet took degrees, as if he'd been  
As visible as other men ;  
Till he became more a divine  
Than any Scotus or Aquine.  
He told the king he had the honor  
To entertain Don John at dinner ;  
And being asked, what a one  
He was ? he swore *a tall black man* ;  
At which the king and courtiers smil'd,  
To see fond Titus thus beguil'd.

He swore the pilgrims of St. James  
Would sail from Spain and fill the Thames,  
Transported in the scallop shells ;  
That forty thousand good *black bills*  
Were ready made, that, when they landed,  
They might not long stand empty-handed,  
But each grasp hold of trusty bill,  
And make what haste he could to kill ;  
But that those bills might not be found,  
The papists hid them under ground.

He swore he took the sacrament,  
Before the Jesuits would consent  
That he should of their council be,  
And swore an oath of secrecy ;  
By which means he fish'd out their plots  
And dark intrigues. *Oh cunning Oates !*

He swore the Jesuits, ere we mind them,  
Steal in unseen, that none can find them,  
And cut our throats, and burn our houses,  
And stop our windpipes in close nooses,  
As country farmers strangle hares,  
And noxious pole-cats catch in snares,

He swore, with flaming faggot-sticks,  
In sixteen hundred sixty-six,  
That they thro' London took their marches,  
*And burnt the city down with torches :*

Yet all invisible they were  
Clad in thin coats of Lapland air.  
"That sniffing whig mayor, Patience Ward,  
To this damn'd lie paid such regard,  
That he his godly masons sent  
T' engrave it round the monument.  
They did so ; but let such things pass,  
His men were fools, himself an ass."

I did, swears Oates, fly once between  
St. Omer's and the Strand unseen,  
And with strong pinions cut the welkin  
As swift as any Norway falcon,  
'Till o'er the White Horse in the Strand  
On hov'ring wings I made my stand,  
And prying o'er the roof of house,  
As sparrowhawk for tittymouse,  
I spy'd a little chink between  
Two tiles that had ill join'd been ;  
At which I clos'd my wings and fell,  
As Lucifer did once to hell,  
And, darting full butt at the hole,  
Pass'd thro' the cranny in the wall :  
And, taking thro' the rooms my round,  
All fill'd with Jesuits I found ;  
For there, in deep consult they met,  
About contriving of the plot.  
I minded ev'rything they did,  
And went their errands when they bid,  
For their debates were sent by me,  
From company to company.  
Tho' thus officious, yet none saw me,  
Nay not a man of them did know me,  
Nor knew they that themselves were there,  
Nor did they to the *inn* appear ;  
And what is stranger yet, not one  
Knew at St. Omer's they were gone ;  
For there they still their places bore,  
And acted as they did before.

The self-same time my shape they saw  
Move at St. Omer's to and fro,  
As I was wont, it ly'd and swore,  
And cuff'd the boys, as 't did before.  
While I remain'd at Valladolid,  
I was at the same time at Madrid.  
Altho' a hundred miles asunder;  
At my *ubiquity* you'll wonder.

I to the bishop spoke of Tuam,  
Tho' I can swear, I never knew him,  
Nor ever saw that prelate me,  
Yet we convers'd familiarly.

Thus Titus swore; and Oates's pay,  
For swearing, was eight crowns a day,  
Settled on him by senate's vote,  
Paid by th' exchequer to a groat;  
With daily presents sent him down  
From the whig party of the town;  
No doubt but from the country too;  
All took for Christ this perjured Jew,  
And put a gown upon his back,  
And doctor's scarf about his neck,  
To make him seem in eye of rabble,  
More god-like, and more venerable.  
The party, more to authorize  
This villain's oaths and wicked lies,  
Entitl'd him, by declaration,  
The blessed *Saviour of the nation*;  
And ev'ry word of Oates's mouth  
They voted for a *saving* truth,  
And who the contrary suspected,  
Were held for *popishly affected*.

Nor was it Oates alone, and Bedloe,  
That thus they waged; but a medloe  
Of knaves and fools of ev'ry sort  
Flock'd from all quarters to the court,  
Where they were listed into pay  
Of, at the least, two crowns a day,

In name of the king's evidence,  
Tho' neither truth they spoke, nor sense.  
Mowbray, and Smith, and Bollron swore,  
Tag-rag-and-bob-tail; divers more,  
As Dugdale, Daggerfield, and Prance,  
And shoals of Irish evidence  
Follow'd Mac Duff, also Mac Guire,  
To get preferment *by the swear*.

Cooper, who kept the swearing office,  
Instructed wisely ev'ry novice  
In what concern'd the swearing art:  
The blockish Teagues were least expert,  
Yet he allow'd of all they said,  
For all the blund'ring bulls they made;  
And at that day Cooper's report  
Was oracle to town and court,  
So far, that all the grossest fictions,  
Nonsense, bulls, and contradictions,  
If countenanc'd by him, pass'd current  
For truths, as if on scripture-warrant.

Tho' naught those villains swore was true,  
At ev'ry oath a halter flew  
About some harmless neck, nor mist,  
Where'er 't was aim'd, the fatal twist,  
Five holy Jesuits drawn and quarter'd,  
Viscount Strafford was also martyr'd;  
Coleman, and Langhorn, reverend Thwing,  
Groves, Hill, and humble Pickering,  
Fell all within the reach of string;  
Archbishop Plunket lost his head,  
And father Ireland's blood was shed.

Nor spar'd they father Posket's blood,  
A reverend priest,\* devout and good,

\* His cell was upon a lingey moor about two miles from Mulgrave Castle, and five miles from Whitby; an exciseman, in hopes of getting twenty pounds (which he never did), apprehended him at Whitby; he was condemned at York, where he suffered, not as a plotter, but only as a priest, I knew him well.

Whose spotless life, in length was spun,  
To eighty years and three times one;  
Sweet his behavior, grave his speech,  
He did by good example teach;  
*His love right bent, his will resign'd,*  
Serene his look, and calm his mind;  
His sanctity to that degree,  
As angels live, so lived he.

A thatched cottage was the cell  
Where this contemplative did dwell;  
Two miles from Mulgrave Castle 't stood,  
Shelter'd by snow-drifts, not by wood;  
Tho' there he liv'd to that great age,  
It was a dismal hermitage;  
But God plac'd there the saint's abode  
For Blackamoor's far greater good.  
The holy lives of those bless'd saints should I }  
Presume to write, and had a thought could fly }  
Beyond the limits of the vaulted sky, }  
Yet would my verse ten thousand times fall short  
Of their due praise. Let angels in consort  
Sing forth their virtues on celestial lyres,  
They are exalted to these peaceful choirs:  
Stop, then, my pen, and to this period come,  
*God saw them worthy of martyrdom.*

Besides the blood that thus was spill'd,  
All prisons in the land were fill'd,  
Five noble lords did long endure  
A close confinement in the Tower.  
*Powis and Arundel, and Petres,*  
And *Ballasis*, remained in fetters:  
And happy *Stafford* unto whom  
God gave the crown of martyrdom.

The mob ran round the town in swarms,  
Under pretence to search for arms,  
Headed by some *right worshipful*,  
That to the peace bore no good will:  
*For instance one Sir William Waller,*

A wig made up of zeal and choler,  
Would with his rabble enter chambers,  
And break open chests and trunks with ham-  
mers,

And what he lik'd, devoutly stole he,  
Under pretence that it was holy.  
And blest for superstitious uses.  
I take 'em to prevent abuses,  
Cants he, and then the *crucifix*  
And *chalice* from the *altar* clicks;  
They're blest, says he, for use in *masses*,  
Be 't bowl, salt, tankard, still it passes.  
Guineas are medals, or Pope's heads,  
And necklaces of pearls are beads.  
This *Waller* 'mongst his other tricks,  
Stamp'd under foot a *crucifix*,  
As *Hollanders* are wont to do,  
When on *Japanian* shore they go,  
To show they utterly detest  
All Christianity and *Cerist*.  
By this time those that lov'd the king,  
And saw the bottom of the thing.  
Convinc'd him that a turn of state,  
Was what false *Cowper* aimed at.  
And that he set the plot on foot,  
As the best means to bring 't about.

*Charles* saw it was no longer fit  
To seem insensible of it,  
Begins to ridicule the plotters,  
To slight the plot and their abettors;  
Releases from the Tow'r the lords,  
And papists treats with gentle words.  
All prison doors fly open, and  
He frees the rest thro' the land,  
Disgrac'd the plotters, and their plots,  
And kickt out *Seafsbury* and *Oates*.

Old *Tony*, griev'd to see his cost,  
And fruit of his invention lost,



Resolves that yet another plot\*  
Should hit, what he had miss'd in that;  
And this was, by the help of *senate*,  
To bring about designs he then had;  
He and his Whigs move round the town,  
As busily as bees in *June*,  
And o'er the nation letters send,  
To put in motion ev'ry friend,  
That hated *Cæsar* and his laws,  
And wished well to *the good old cause*.  
Num'rous they were, and insolent,  
Revil'd the king and government,†  
Poison'd the country and the town,  
And drew affections from the crown.  
They got a house of commons packt,  
Three parts in four, o' th' Whiggish sect.  
A parliament, much such a one,  
As that which sat in *forty-one*.

They vote at first the tolerating  
Dissenters, and *associating*  
All *sects* and *schisms* in the land.  
This you may guess a loyal band.

They vote to have the martial bands,  
And guards, turn'd o'er into their hands,  
That they for one and forty days  
Might rule the nation as they please.  
That wicked Whiggish parliament,  
Was so maliciously bent,

\* They joined in an express league of association to take up arms against the king himself, and to lay violent hands upon the government. L'Estrange's History, p. 147.

† They did all they could to stop the command of his militia and the choice of his officers. L'Estrange, page 147, and many other places. They voted that whosoever had killed the king, the papists should have gone to pot for it. They designed the murdering him themselves, and giving it out that the papists had done it. The true Protestants were to kill the king and the papists to be hanged for it. L'Estrange, page 159, and other places. L'Estrange of the Times. They did all they could to leave the king neither money, power, credit, nor friend. They made it penal even to assert his regalities, or to come near his person. L'Estrange's History, p. 17.

To vote that if the king should die,  
Whatsoe'er the cause of it should be  
(Tho' chance or sickness stopt his breath),  
To charge the papists with his death,  
And take, from that pretence, occasion,  
To murder him thro' all the nation:  
Tho' at the same time, those damn'd elves  
Designed to murder him themselves.

Another piece of senate's work  
Was to exclude the *Duke of York*,  
And force his brother to declare  
The bastard *Monmouth* for his heir.

Treason they voted it for any  
To *lend* or *help* the king with money,  
Tho' he should stand in greater need  
Than poor *Jane Shore* did once for bread;  
In hopes, by starving and defiance,  
To hector him into compliance,  
And make him sign the bills he made,  
Which when he did, they promis'd aid:  
A *tax* by act of parliament,  
That bravely would relieve his want,  
And would pour down their gold in show'rs  
For his relief and all his w—s;  
But if their bills he would not sign,  
They would not grant one groat of coin.  
The king displeas'd at all their votes,  
Which drove at naught but cutting throats,  
Cast all their *bills* behind his back,  
And then dissolv'd the factious pack.

Crost thus in their designs they now  
Resolv'd without more ado,  
To kill the king and duke, but how  
To bring 't about they did not know.  
In divers deep consults they meet,  
Cabals were held in ev'ry street,  
Each gives his judgment in the case,  
About the manner, time, and place.

Hone from *Bow steeple* with *cross-bows*,  
Would have them shot as men do crows,  
But *Rumbold* held it better way  
To blow the *play-house* up, when they  
Were in 't; so end the tragic play.  
Others, less cruel, thought it fit  
To shoot the brothers from the pit.  
Or as returning from *Whitehall*,  
To lay in wait near *Bedford* wall,  
And there to kill 'em in the night,  
Maugre their guards, and God's despite,

Or, else when in their barge they were  
Upon the *Thames* to take the air,  
With a swift *hoy* to overrun 'em  
Or suddenly to come upon 'em,  
And with their blunderbusses charge  
The king, and sink the royal barge.

\**Rye-house* at last was pitch'd upon,  
Where this black deed was to be done.  
*Rye-house* two miles from *Hogsden* stands,  
I' th' road, and then in *Rumbold's* hands;  
A single house as you do from  
*Newmarket* up to *London* come.  
Here forty men in ambuscade,  
Arm'd cap-a-pee, were to be laid  
When they should from *Newmarket* pass,  
Close by the door of that arm'd place,  
Where an o'er-turned load of hay  
Was for a while to stop the way;  
And then the rogues to sally out,  
And charge the coach at either *boot*.  
And *Rumbold* was to lead them on,  
And see the execution done,

\* *Rye-house* plot. I refer the reader to the history of this *Rye-house* plot. The book is entitled, *A true account and declaration of the horrid conspiracy against the late king, his present majesty and the government, as it was ordered to be published by majesty (king Charles II.) printed in the Savoy, 1685.* This being so common, may easily spare me the labor of marginal

Whilst *Walcot* was to fight the guards  
With *blunderbusses*, *pikes*, and *swords*.

As soon as ever news should come  
To *London* that the deed was done,  
The traitorous lords should rise from table,  
And armed go to head the rabble ;  
Who should, upon the beat of drum,  
Down from their garrets armed come ;  
For thousands ready waiting lay,  
Against the now approaching day ;  
And flying posts prepared were  
To carry news thro' every shire,  
For their confederates to rise  
In numerous armies in a trice ;  
So that in turning of a hand,  
They'd be in arms thro' all the land.  
But *Providence*, who orders things,  
And hovers over lawful kings,  
Secur'd the brothers in her arms,  
From danger of impending harms,  
For, from *Newmarket* they retire,  
Forc'd by a providential fire  
That broke out in the evening,  
Nigh to the lodgings of the king ;  
This made the brothers come away  
Two days before th' expected day.  
Thus was preserv'd the Lord's anointed,  
Thus the damn'd plotters disappointed.

Remorse of conscience now begins  
To touch some of 'em for their sins.  
An oil-man, one that hight *Jos. Keeling*,  
Was the first struck with inward feeling,  
Goes to the king, the\* treason tells,  
And clapp'd the traitors by the heels.

\* See the depositions of Murray, laird Philipshaugh ; Scot, laird of Gallashells ; Walter, earl of Tarras ; Carstairs, Montrose, &c., they, and this whole Rye-house conspiracy, is found in the book above-named, p. 85.

Not all, for some that durst not stay  
The inquisition, sneak'd away :  
And others, of their own accord,  
Declar'd the fact at council board ;

*Monmouth* himself came and confest  
With *Rumsey*, *Shepherd*, *Blaney*, *West*.  
Some bonny *Scots* told all they knew  
To save their heads and bonnets blue.  
Yet others of 'em, as *Argyle*,  
To *Holland* fled and left the isle.  
*Walcot* got hid, but writ a letter,  
In which he open'd all the matter,  
In hopes thereby to save his bacon,  
And own'd what he had writ (when taken).  
*Bourn*, *Holmes*, *Rouse*, *Horn*, and *crafty Lee*,  
With sundry traitors such as he,  
Confess'd, and some their pardons got,  
When hanging should have been their lot.  
Some noblemen confess'd the matter,  
*Russell* was one, a season'd traitor ;  
*Howard* of *Eskrick* too confest,  
And so did divers of the rest.

*Algernon Sidney*, when he died,  
'Tis for the good old cause, he cried,  
Nor any sign show'd of repentance ;  
*Armstrong* protested 'gainst his sentence,  
And to the last the fact deny'd ;  
Thus these two desperate ruffians died.

Old *Shaftsbury*, who but so late,  
Presum'd to sway the *English* state,  
That teeming *England's* monstrous mouse,  
Death seiz'd in a *Dutch* coffee-house ;  
The earl of *Essex* cut his throat ;  
Thus ended they ; thus fell the plot.

## APPENDIX.

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### *King Edward's Forty-two Articles,*

Agreed upon by the bishops and other learned men, in the convocation held at London, in the year 1552, for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and establishing consent touching true religion. Published by the king's authority.

### *And Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-nine Articles,*

Agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy, in the convocation holden at London, in the year 1562, for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and establishing consent touching true religion. Published by the queen's authority.

K. Edward's First Article. *Of faith in the Holy Trinity*—There is but one living and true God everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in the unity of this Godhead there "are" three persons, ( ) one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Q. Elizabeth's First Article. *Of faith in the Holy Trinity*—There is but one living and true God everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness: the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in the unity of this Godhead

there "be" three persons, "of" one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

K. Edw. II. *The word of God made very Man.*—The Son, which is the word of the Father, ( ) took man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, of her substance : so that the two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and Manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided ; whereof is one Christ, very God and very Man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men.

Q. Eliz. II. *Of the Word, or Son of God, which was made very Man.*—The Son, which is the Word of the Father, " begotten from everlasting of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father," took man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, of her substance : so that the two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and Manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided ; whereof is one Christ, very God and very Man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men.

K. Edw. III. *Of the going down of Christ into hell.*—As Christ died for us and was buried ; so also it is to be believed, that he went down into hell : " for his body lay in the grave till his resurrection ; but his soul, being separate from his body, remained with the spirits which were detained in prison, that is to say, in hell, and there preached unto them, as witnesseth that place of Peter."

Q. Eliz. III. *Of the going down of Christ into hell.*—As Christ died for us, and was buried, so also it is to be believed, that he went down into hell. ( )

*King Edward's fourth Article is the same with the following of queen Elizabeth's.*

Q. Eliz. IV. *Of the resurrection of Christ.*—Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last day.

*Queen Elizabeth's fifth Article is not in king Edward's book of Articles.*

Q. Eliz. V. *Of the Holy Ghost.*—The Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one substance, majesty, and glory, with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God.

K. Edw. V. *The Doctrine of Holy Scripture is sufficient to Salvation.*—Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, "although sometimes it may be admitted, by God's faithful people, as pious and conducing unto order and decency," yet is not required of any man, that it should be delivered as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. ( )

Q. Eliz. VI. *Of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation.*—Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, ( ) is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or to be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. "In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the



Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church."

*Of the Names and Number of the Canonical Books.*—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, the First Book of Samuel, and Second Book of Samuel, the First Book of Kings, and Second Book of Kings, the First Book of Chronicles, and Second Book of Chronicles, the First Book of Esdras, and Second Book of Esdras, the Book of Esther, the Book of Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, or Preacher, Canticles, or Song of Solomon, Four Prophets the greater, Twelve Prophets the less. And the other Books, as Hierom saith, the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine; such as these following: The Third Book of Esdras, the Fourth Book of Esdras, the Book of Tobias, the Book of Judith, the rest of the Book of Esther, the Book of Wisdom, Jesus the Son of Syrach, Baruch the prophet, the Song of the Three Children, the Story of Susanna, of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, the First Book of Maccabees, and Second Book of Maccabees. All the Books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them canonical.

K. Edw. VI. *The Old Testament is not to be rejected.*—The Old Testament ( ) is not to be rejected, as if it were contrary to the New, but to be retained. Forasmuch as in the Old Testament, as in the New, everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator betwixt God and man, being both God and man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, who feign, that the old Fathers did look only for transitory promises. ( )

**Q. Eliz. VII. *Of the Old Testament.***—The Old Testament “is not contrary to the New, for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, being both God and man.” Wherefore they are not to be heard, which feign that the old Fathers did look only for transitory promises. “Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any commonwealth; yet notwithstanding no Christian man whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral,”

**K. Edw. VI. *The three Creeds.***—The three Creeds, Nice Creed, Athanasius’ Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles’ Creed, ought thoroughly to be received; ( ) for they may be proved by most certain warrants of the Holy Scripture.

**Q. Eliz. VIII. *Of the three Creeds.***—The three Creeds, Nice Creed, Athanasius’ Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles’ Creed, ought thoroughly to be received “and believed;” for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.

**K. Edw. VIII. *Of original Sin.***—Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk, “and at this day is affirmed by the Anabaptists”) but it is the fault and corruption ( ) of every man, &c. as from *this mark\* in the ninth Article of Elizabeth.*

**Q. Eliz. IX. *Of original or Birth-sin.***—Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam, (as the Pelagians do vainly talk) ( ) but it is the fault or corruption “of the nature” of every man,\* that naturally is engendered of the off-

spring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit; and therefore, in every person born in the world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation: and this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, called in Greek *φρονημα σαρκος*, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God. And though there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the apostle doth confess, that concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin.

K. Edw. IX. *Of free will.*—( ) We have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have good will, and working with us, when we have that good will.

Q. Eliz. X. *Of free will.*—"The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith and calling upon God. Wherefore" we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will.

K. Edw. X. *Of grace.*—The grace of Christ, or the Holy Ghost, which is given by him, doth take from man the heart of stone, and giveth him a heart of flesh. And though it rendereth us willing to do those good works which before we were unwilling to do, and unwilling to do those evil works which before we did, yet is no violence offered by it to the will of man; so that no

man when he hath sinned, can excuse himself, as if he sinned against his will, or upon constraint; and therefore that he ought not be accused or condemned upon that account.

*This tenth article of king Edward's is not in queen Elizabeth's.*

K. Edw. XI. *Of the Justification of Man.*—Justification by faith only in Jesus Christ, in that sense wherein it is set forth in the homily of justification, is the most certain and most wholesome doctrine for a Christian man.

Q. Eliz. XI. *Of the Justification of Man.*—We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore that we are justified by faith *only*,\* is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the homily of justification.

*The following article of queen Elizabeth is not in king Edward's book.*

Q. Eliz. XII. *Of good Works.*—Albeit, that good works, which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's judgment: yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith, insomuch that by them a lively faith may be as evidently known as a tree discerned by the fruit.

K. Edw. XII. *Works before Justification.*—Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit,\* &c., as in the 13th of queen Elizabeth.

\* *Faith only.* Dr. Heylin was so incensed at the word ONLY, that he chose rather to pass for a corrupter of the article, than to have it appear in his edition of the 39 Art., and so left it quite out. See Hist., p. 354.

**Q. Eliz. XIII. *Of Works before Justification.***—Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit,\* are not pleasant to God: forasmuch as they spring out of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make men meet to receive grace, or, as the school authors say, deserve grace of congruity: yea rather, for that they are not done as God hath willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have nature of sin.

**K. Edw. XIII. *Works of Supererogation.***—Voluntary works, besides, over and above God's commandments,\* &c., as in the 14th of queen Elizabeth.

**Q. Eliz. XIV. *Of Works of Supererogation.***—Voluntary works, besides, over and above God's commandments,\* which they call works of supererogation, cannot be taught without arrogancy and impiety; for by them men do declare, that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do, but that they do more for his sake, than of bounden duty is required: whereas Christ saith plainly, When ye have done all that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants.

**K. Edw. XIV. *None but Christ without Sin.***—Christ, in the truth of our nature, was made like unto us,\* &c., as in queen Elizabeth's 15th article.

**Q. Eliz. XV. *Of Christ alone without Sin.***—Christ, in the truth of our nature, was made like unto us\* in all things (sin only excepted), from which he was clearly void both in his flesh and in his spirit. He came to be a lamb without spot, who, by sacrifice of himself once made, should take away the sins of the world; and sin, as St. John saith, was not in him. But all we, the rest (though baptized and born again in Christ) yet offend in many things; and if we say we

have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

K. Edw. XV. *Of the Sin against the Holy Ghost.*—Not every deadly sin, willingly committed after baptism, is sin against the Holy Ghost, and unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost, we may depart from grace given, and fall into sin; and by the grace of God we may arise again and amend our lives. And therefore they are to be condemned which say, they can no more sin as long as they live here, or deny “the place of penance” to such as truly repent.

Q. Eliz. XVI. *Of sin after Baptism.*—Not every deadly sin, willingly committed after baptism, is a sin against the Holy Ghost, and unpardonable. Wherefore, the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost, we may depart from grace given; and by the grace of God we may arise again and amend our lives. And therefore they are to be condemned, which say, they can no more sin as long as they live here, or deny the “place of forgiveness” to such as truly repent.

K. Edw. XVI. *The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.*—The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is then committed, when any man, out of malice and hardness of heart, doth fully reproach and persecute in a hostile manner the truth of God’s word, manifestly made known unto him, which sort of men, being made obnoxious to the curse, subject themselves to the most grievous of all wickedness; from whence this kind of sin is called unpardonable, and so affirmed to be by our Lord and Saviour.

*The foregoing 16th article of king Edward is not in queen Elizabeth's book : and here is place enough to give the reader the reason why it was omitted.*

Note then, That king Edward's article was designed against the emperor Charles V. who at that time was at war against his rebellious subjects, the Lutherans, and other heretics, who had rebelliously taken arms against him for a propagation of their new gospel : and therefore the framers of the article resolved to make him and all loyal subjects that assisted him in the war, blasphemers and unpardonable sinners against the Holy Ghost : and to this end defined the sin against the Holy Ghost in the odd and malicious manner as you see in the article. But queen Elizabeth and her article-makers, knowing themselves to be now turned reproachers and persecutors of Catholics, considered that the article would strike with the same force (only turn the tables) against themselves, that it was at first designed to do against the emperor and his Catholic subjects, and therefore left it quite out of the queen's book of articles.

K. Edw. XVII. *Of Predestination and Election.*

—Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby, before the foundations of the world were laid, he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret unto us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen ( ) out of mankind, to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honor. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called, according to God's purpose, by his spirit working in due season ; they through grace obey the calling, they be justified freely, they are made "sons of adoption," they are made like the image of the only begotten Jesus Christ, they

walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity. As the godly consideration of predestination and election in Christ is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things, as well because it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation, to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God: so for curious and carnal persons, lacking the spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thrust them either into desperation, or into the wretchedness of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation. Furthermore, "though the decree of predestination be unknown to us," yet must we receive God's promises in such wise as they be generally set forth to us in holy Scripture; and in our doings that will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the word of God.

Q: Eliz. XVII. *Of Predestination and Election.*

—Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby before the foundations of the world were laid he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen "in Christ" out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels made to honor. Wherefore they, which being endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called, according to God's purpose, by his spirit working in due season. They through grace obey



the calling, they be justified freely, they be "sons of God by adoptions," they be made the image of the only begotten "Son," Christ; they walk righteously in good works and at length, by God's mercy, they attain everlasting felicity.—As the godly consider of predestination and "our" election in Christ full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly affections, and drawing up their minds to high heavenly things, as well because it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation, to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God: so for curious and carnal persons, lacking the spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predestination is most dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thrust them either into desperation, or into the wretchedness of most unclean living, more perilous than desperation. Furthermore, we must receive God's promises in such manner as they be generally set forth to us in holy scripture; and in our doings that will of God is followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the word of God.

K. Edw. XVIII. *Everlasting Salvation to be obtained only in the Name of Christ.*—They are to be accursed, &c.,\* as in queen Elizabeth's article.

Q. Eliz. XVIII. *Of obtaining eternal Salvation only by the Name of Christ.*—They also are accursed,\* that presume to say, that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame himself according to that law, and the light of nature.

for holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved.

K. Edw. XIX. *All men are bound to keep the Precepts of the Moral Law.*—Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, or the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any commonwealth; yet, notwithstanding, no Christian man whatsoever is exempted from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral.† Wherefore they are not to be heard which teach, that the holy Scriptures were given to none but to the weak, and brag continually of the spirit, by which they do pretend, that all whatsoever they preach is suggested to them, though manifestly contrary to the holy Scripture.

*King Edward's 19th article is not in this place of queen Elizabeth's book: but the latter part of her 7th article is made up of the former part of this.*

K. Edw. XX. *Of the Church.*—The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, &c.,\* as in queen Elizabeth's 19th.

Q. Eliz. XIX. *Of the Church.*—The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men,\* in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same. As the church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred; so also the church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith.

K. Edw. XXI. *Of the authority of the Church.*  
—( ) It is not lawful for the Church to ordain

† The latter part of this article is nowhere in queen Elizabeth's book.

anything that is contrary to God's word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another : wherefore, although the church be a witness and a keeper of holy writ ; yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation.

Q. Eliz. XX. *Of the authority of the Church.*—“ The church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith. And yet” it is not lawful for the church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore, although the church be a witness and a keeper of holy writ : yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same it ought not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation.

K. Edw. XXII. *Of the authority of General Councils.*—General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes, &c.,\* as in queen Elizabeth's.

Q. Eliz. XXI. *Of the authority of General Councils.*—General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes,\* and when they be gathered together, forasmuch as they be an assembly of men, whereof all be not governed with the spirit and word of God, they may err and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless it be declared that they are taken out of holy Scripture.

K. Ed. XXIII. *Of Purgatory.*—The “ doctrine

of the schoolmen," concerning purgatory, pardons, worshipping, and adoration as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints, is a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather "perniciously" repugnant to the word of God.

Q. Eliz. XXII. *Of Purgatory.*—The "Romish doctrine" concerning purgatory, pardons, worshipping, and adoration as well of relics, and also invocation of saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather ( ) repugnant to the word of God.

K. Edw. XXIV. *No man to minister in the Church except he be called.*—It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office, &c.,\* *as in queen Elizabeth's 23d.*

*Note.* The reader may gather from this article, that both in king Edward's time, and long after, they held only choosing and calling (without episcopal ordination) sufficient to qualify ministers for the Lord's vineyard. Burnet, bishop of Sarum, speaking only of a company of laymen, says, that if such a body (of laymen) should, by a common consent, desire some of their own number to minister to them in holy things, this is not condemned nor annulled by the article: for we are sure, says he, that not only those who penned the articles, but the body of this church, for above half an age after, did acknowledge the foreign churches so constituted, to be true churches as to all essentials of a church. See his Exposition on this 23d article, p. 259.

Q. Eliz. XXIII. *Of ministering in the Congregation.*—It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute

the same; and those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and called to this work by men, who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard.

K. Edw. XXV. *All things to be done in the Congregation in such a tongue as it is understood by the People.*—It is "most fit and most agreeable to the word of God," that nothing be read or rehearsed in the congregation in a tongue not known unto the people, which Paul hath forbidden to be done, unless some be present to interpret.

Q. Eliz. XXIV. *Of speaking in the Congregation in such a tongue as the People understandeth.*—It is "a thing plainly repugnant to the word of God, and the custom of the primitive Church," to have public prayers in the church, or to minister the sacraments in a tongue not understood by the people.

K. Edw. XXVI. *Of the sacraments.*—"Our Lord Jesus Christ gathered his people into a society by sacraments very few in number, and most easy to be kept, and of most excellent signification; that is to say, baptism, and the supper of the Lord." ( ) The sacraments are not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about; but that we should duly use them, and in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation; "not, as some say, *ex opere operato*, which terms, as they are strange and utterly unknown to the holy Scriptures, so do they yield a sense which savoreth of little piety, but of much superstition;" but they that receive them unworthily receive to themselves damnation. The sacraments ordained by the word of God, be not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profes-

sion, but rather they be certain sure witnesses, and effectual signs of grace and God's good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him.

Q. Eliz XXV. *Of the Sacraments.*—( ) Sacraments ordained by Christ be not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses, and effectual signs of grace and God's good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him. There are two sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the gospel; that is to say, baptism, and the supper of the Lord. "Those five, commonly called sacraments, that is to say, confirmation, penance, orders, matrimony, and extreme unction, are not to be counted for sacraments of the gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the apostles, partly are states of life allowed by the Scriptures, but yet have not like nature of sacraments with baptism, and the Lord's supper, for that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God." The sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them; and in such only as worthily receive the same they have a wholesome effect or operation; ( ) but they that receive them unworthily, purchase to themselves damnation, as St. Paul saith.

K. Edw. XXVII. *The wickedness of the Ministers takes not away the efficacy of Divine Institution.*—Although in the visible church the evil be ever mingled with the good, &c.,\* as in queen Elizabeth's 26th article.

Q. Eliz. XXVI. *Of the unworthiness of the*

*Ministers which hinders not the effect of the Sacraments.*—Although in the visible church the evil be ever mingled with the good,\* and sometimes the evil have chief authority in the ministration of the word and sacraments; yet, forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, we may use their ministry both in hearing the word of God, and in receiving the sacraments. Neither is the effect of Christ's ordination taken away by their wickedness, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such, as by faith do rightly receive the sacraments ministered unto them, which be effectual, because of Christ's institution and promise, although they be ministered by evil men. Nevertheless it appertaineth to the discipline of the church, that inquiry be made of evil ministers; and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences; and finally, being found guilty, by just judgment, be deposed.

K. Edw. XXVIII. *Of Baptism.*—*This article is the same with that of the 27th of queen Elizabeth, till it comes to the last period or sentence, which is as follows:* \*The custom of the church, for baptizing young children, is both to be commended, and by all means to be retained in the church.

Q. Eliz. XXVII. *Of Baptism.*—Baptism is not only a sign of profession and mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others that be not christened; but it is also a sign of regeneration, or new birth, whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive baptism rightly, are grafted into the church; the promises of the forgiveness of sin, of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed; faith is confirmed, and grace increased by virtue of prayer to God. \*The

baptism of young children is in any wise to be retained in the church, as most agreeable with the institution of Christ."

K. Edw. XXIX. *Of the Lord's Supper.*—The supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have amongst themselves one to another; but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine), in the supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture ( ) and hath given occasion to many superstitions. ( ) "Since the very being of human nature doth require, that the body of one and the same man cannot be at one and the same time in many places, but of necessity must be in some certain and determined place: therefore the body of Christ cannot be present in many different places at the same time; and since (as the Holy Scriptures testify) Christ hath been taken up into heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the world, it becometh not any of the faithful to believe or profess, that there is a real or corporeal presence (as they phrase it) of the body and blood of Christ in the holy eucharist." The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.

Q. Eliz. XXVIII. *Of the Lord's Supper.*—The supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another; but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; insomuch



that such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine), in the supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, "overthroweth the nature of a sacrament," ( ) and hath given occasion to many superstitions. ( ) "The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the supper only after a heavenly and spiritual manner; and the mean, whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper, is faith." The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.

*The 29th article of queen Elizabeth is not in king Edward's book.*

Q. Eliz. XXIX. *Of the wicked which eat not the body of Christ in the use of the Lord's supper.*—The wicked, and such as be void of lively faith, although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth (as St. Augustin saith) the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ; yet in no wise are they partakers of Christ; but rather, to their condemnation, do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.

*Nor is this 30th of Elizabeth one of king Edward's articles.*

Q. Eliz. XXX. *Of both kinds.*—The cup of the Lord is not to be denied to lay people; for both parts of the sacrament, by Christ's ordinance and commandment, ought to be ministered to all Christian men alike.

*King Edward's 30th article is the same with the 31st of queen Elizabeth, only it has not the word blasphemous in it.*

Eliz. XXXI. *Of the One oblation of Christ offered upon the Cross.*—The offering of Christ made is that perfect redemption, propitiation and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is no other satisfaction for sin but that alone; therefore the sacrifices of masses, in which it is commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

Edw. XXXI. *A single life is imposed upon none by the word of God.*—Bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's law, either to avow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage: ( )

Eliz. XXXII. *Of the marriage of Priests.*—Bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's law either to avow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage. therefore it is lawful for them, as well as all other Christian men, to marry at their own discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness.

Edw. XXXII. *Excommunicated Persons are avoided.*—This article is the same with the 12th of queen Elizabeth.

Eliz. XXXIII. *Of Excommunicated Persons, they are to be avoided.*—That person which, by excommunication of the church, is rightly cut off from the unity of the church, and excommunicate, ought to be taken of the whole multitude of the faithful as a heathen and a publican, until he be openly reconciled by penance, and received into the church by a judge that hath authority thereunto.

Edw. XXXIII. *Of the traditions of the church.*—It is not necessary, that traditions and

ceremonies, &c. "This is the same with q<sup>d</sup> Elizabeth's 34th article, till it comes to words that are added after *weak brethren*,"

—\* "Every particular or national church &c.) which sentence is not in king Edw's book.

Q. Eliz. XXXIV. *Of the traditions of Church*.—It is not necessary that traditions ceremonies be in all places one and utterly al for at all times they have divers, and may changed according to the diversity of count times, and men's manner, so that nothing ordained against God's word. Whosoe through his private judgment, willingly and posely doth openly break the traditions ceremonies of the church, which be not re<sup>n</sup>ant to the word of God, and be ordained approved by common authority, ought to be buked openly (that others may fear to do like), as one that offendeth against the com<sup>m</sup>orders of the church, and hurteth the auth<sup>o</sup> of the magistrate, and woundeth the consci<sup>e</sup> of weak brethren. \* "Every particular or tional church hath authority to ordain, cha<sup>n</sup> and abolish ceremonies or rites of the chu<sup>r</sup> ordained only by man's authority; so tha<sup>t</sup> things be done to edifying."

K. Edw. XXXIV. *Of the Homilies*.—( ) "homilies lately delivered and commended to church of England by the king's injuncti<sup>o</sup> do ordain a godly and wholesome doctrine "and fit to be embraced by all men;" and for that cause they are diligently, *plainly*, distinctly to be read by the people. ( )

Q. Eliz. XXXV. *Of the Homilies*.—( ) "second book of homilies, the several t<sup>h</sup> whereof we have joined under this article," contain a godly and wholesome doctrine,

"and necessary for these times," as doth the former book of homilies, which were set forth in the time of Edward VI. And therefore "we judge them to be read in churches by the ministers," diligently and distinctly, "that they may be understood by the people."

*None of the names of the homilies are in king Edward's articles.*

*In queen Elizabeth's, the names of the homilies are,* 1. Of the right use of the church. 2. Against peril of idolatry. 3. Of repairing and keeping clean churches. 4. Of good works, first, of fasting. 5. Against gluttony and drunkenness. 6. Against excess of apparel. 7. Of prayer. 8. Of the place and time of prayer. 9. That common prayers and sacraments ought to be ministered in a known tongue. 10. Of the reverend estimation of God's word. 11. Of alms-doing. 12. Of the nativity of Christ. 13. Of the passion of Christ. 14. Of the resurrection of Christ. 15. Of the worthy receiving of the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. 16. Of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. 17. For the rogation days. 18. Of the state of matrimony. 19. Of repentance. 20. Against idleness. 21. Against rebellion.

K. Edw. XXXV. *Of the Book of Common Prayer, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.*—The book lately delivered to the church of England by the king and parliament, containing the manner and form of public prayer, and the ministration of the sacraments in the said church of England, as also the book published by the same authority for ordering ministers in the church, are both of them very pious, as to the truth of doctrine: in nothing contrary, but agreeable to the wholesome doctrine of the gospel, which they do very much promote and illustrate. And for that cause they

are, by all faithful members of the church of England, but chiefly of the ministers of the word, with all thankfulness and readiness of mind, to be received, approved, and commended to the people of God.

Q. Eliz. XXXVI. *Of consecration of Bishops and Ministers.*—The book of consecration of archbishops and bishops, and ordering of priests and deacons, lately set forth in the time of king Edward VI. and confirmed at the time by authority of parliament, doth contain all things necessary to such consecration and ordering, neither hath it anything that of itself is superstitious and ungodly. And therefore whosoever are consecrated or ordered according to the rites of that book, since the second year of the aforementioned king Edward unto this time, or hereafter shall be consecrated or ordered according to the same rites, we decree all such to be rightly, orderly, and lawfully consecrated and ordered.

K. Edw. XXXVI. *Of the Civil Magistrates.*—The king of England is, *after Christ*, the supreme head on earth of the church of England and Ireland. The bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England. “The civil magistrate is ordained and approved by God, and therefore is to be obeyed, not only for fear of wrath, but for conscience sake.” ( ) Civil or temporal laws may punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences. It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons, and to serve in the wars.

Q. Eliz. XXXVII. *Of the Civil Magistrates.*—The queen’s majesty ( ) hath the chief power of the realm of England and over her dominions, under whom the government of all estates of this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or

civil, in all causes doth appertain; and is not, nor ought to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction. ( ) “Whereas we attribute to the queen’s majesty the chief government, by which title we understand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended; we give not to our princes the ministering either of God’s word, or of the sacraments; the which thing the injunctions also, lately set forth by Elizabeth our queen, do most plainly testify; but that only prerogative, which we see to have been given always to all godly princes in holy Scriptures by God himself; that is, they should rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil doers.” The bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England. The laws of the realm may punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences. It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and serve in the wars.

K. Edw. XXXVII. *The goods of Christians are not common.*—This article is the same with Elizabeth’s 38th.

Q. XXXVIII. *Of Christian men’s goods which are not common.*—The riches and goods of Christians are not common as touching the right, title, and profession of the same, as certain Anabaptists do falsely boast. Notwithstanding, every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor, according to his ability.

K. Edw. XXXVIII. *It is lawful for a Christian to take an oath.*—This differs not from Elizabeth’s 39th article.

Q. Eliz. XXXIX. *Of a Christian man’s oath.*—

We confess that vain and rash swearing is forbidden Christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ, and James his apostle ; so we judge that Christian religion doth not prohibit, but that a man may swear when the magistrate requireth, according to the prophet's teaching, in justice, judgment, and truth.

*The rest of king Edward's Articles. XXXIX.*

*The resurrection of the dead is not past already.*—The resurrection of the dead is not past already, as if it belonged only to the soul, which by the grace of Christ is raised from the death of sin, but it is to be expected by all men in the last day : for at that time (as the Scripture doth most apparently testify) the dead shall be restored to their own bodies, flesh, and bones : to the end that man, according as either righteously or wickedly he hath passed this life, may according to his works receive rewards or punishments.

*Note.* Queen Elizabeth's faith-makers holding, that good works are not meritorious (as in their 11th article), were forced to omit this 39th of king Edward, because it teaches that men receive rewards, &c., according to their works.

XL. *The Souls of men deceased do not perish with their bodies.*—They who maintain that the souls of men deceased do either sleep, without all manner of sense, to the day of judgment, or affirm that they die together with the body, and shall be raised therewith at the last day, do wholly differ from the right faith, and orthodox belief, which is delivered to us in the holy Scripture.

XLI. *Of the Millenarians.*—They who endeavor to revive the fable of the Millenarians are therein contrary to the holy Scriptures, and cast themselves down headlong into Jewish dotages.

XLII. *All men not to be saved at last.*—They also deserve to be condemned, who endeavor to restore that pernicious opinion, that all men, though never so ungodly, shall at last be saved : when for a certain time, appointed by the divine justice, they have endured punishment for their sins committed.—*End of King Edward's articles.*

As to queen Elizabeth's articles you must know, that the original manuscript of them, that was signed by both houses of convocation, anno 1562, doth differ in many places from the printed editions ; as in the 3d article of the print, there is only this, as " Christ died for us and was buried ; so also it is to be believed, that he went down into hell : " but, in the original and subscribed manuscripts, the rest of the article is set down at large, as in king Edward's article above. They believed the doctrine of *limbus patrum* in the manuscript, but disbelieved it in the print, though not a year between them.

The 29th article in the manuscript is but the 28th in the print. Their title is the same, i. e. *of the Lord's supper*. But that of the manuscript (like king Edward's 29th) does so confine and shut up our Saviour Christ in heaven, as not to allow it by any means possible for him to be present in the blessed sacrament ; no, nor earth, till the day of judgment. But this foolish, impious, and blasphemous conceit is left out in the printed article.

The articles are authorized by act of parliament in 13 Eliz., c. 12, and by these following canons. *Can. 5.* Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that any of the thirty-nine articles, agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy in convocation, holden at London, in the year of our Lord 1562 (for establishing consent touching true religion),



are in any part superstitious or erroneous, or such as he may not with a good conscience subscribe unto, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*; and not restored but only by the archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors. Canon 36 obliges the clergy to subscribe to them all.

It is here to be remarked, that the book of articles, mentioned by the canons, can be truly meant of no other but only the original manuscript, made in the year 1562, or a true copy of it. Now that manuscript has lain ever since dormant in Corpus Christi college in Cambridge, utterly unknown to the people, and a true copy of it was never yet in print. The bishop of Sarum sets down eight or nine remarkable differences between that manuscript and those printed editions now extant, one of which is the aforesaid addition to the 29th article, of which he says, "this alteration of importance was made in the year 1571."

And yet the printed editions are entitled, articles agreed upon, &c., in the year 1562, as the manuscript is: but it is a false and unduly imposed title, on purpose to make the young subscribing clergy and the people believe, that the printed copies do in all things agree exactly with the original manuscript.

Thus a false, unauthorized copy of Protestant articles of faith is obtruded upon the people and ignorant clergy, under the notion and title of a true one, which, in plain terms, is the imposing a *lie* upon them, and binding them by canons to believe it under pain of excommunication.

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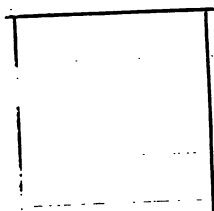
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